

Seduce a Senator

ArgentumSol (SilverDaye)

Star Wars Prequel Trilogy / Star Wars - All Media Types Complete



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Summary

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Description:

The Empire has come into existence earlier than in cannon due to Vader being discovered and trained as a Sith at a young age. Now with the Sith Empire secure, the Emperor has a mission for Darth Vader. To seduce the Senator of Naboo to turn her into a spy against the growing Rebellion. Except Vader wants more from the senator. He wants her as his wife and mother to his children.

Chapter 1

“Senator Amidala.”

“Mr. Skywalker.”

The night air was cool. Senator Amidala leaned against the balcony, staring out at the night cityscape of the freshly minted Imperial Center. The ball tonight was one of many in a weeklong celebration for the remaining of the planet. The Imperial logo hung from flags, etched into buildings, decorated napkins and table runners, and plastered almost everywhere the eye looked.

Darth Vader walked up to the small senator. He couldn't stop his eyes from lingering on her backside. Her tight dress hugged her ass very nicely. Like most people at the ball, her dress was black in honor of the Empire. Vader wore an Imperial navy uniform with the markings noting his rank as a lieutenant. Though his real rank was much higher. For now the simple ruse worked.

“It seems we keep meeting like this,” the senator said as she glanced over at him and smiled.

“Perhaps it is fate,” he replied.

She straightened up and looked at him. He was disappointed that he lost the view of her nice ass, but now he had a great view of her breasts. Her dress was tight and strapless. Her cleavage was on full display.

“I see your boss in attendance,” the senator said as she nodded slightly to her right. Vader followed her gaze.

The balcony the two stand on overlooked a lush manicured garden. The grand building the ball took place at bordered the garden on three sides, leaving the fourth side open to the city skyline. Standing silhouetted in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows to their right was a tall man covered completely in a dark cloak. The hood was pulled down, so most of his face was obscured. Vader's body double was doing a good job standing out of the way and glaring at the party go-ers. No one approached him.

“I believe everyone is here at this party,” Vader said turning away from his decoy and back to the senator.

“Including you,” the senator said as she too draws her attention back to him. “We keep meeting like this you know.”

“Like what?”

“Serendipitously at various events. In the hallway of the senate building.”

Vader only flashed her a smile. Those run-ins were not chance as the senator believed them to be. Vader had been assigned a mission by his master, the Emperor.

“She has ties to the Rebels,” the Emperor hissed. “Seduce her. Make her yours. Then use her as a spy.”

The Emperor was not pleased that Vader was taking a slower route. Vader had been assigned such missions before. The fact no one knew Vader’s real face allowed him to move as Anakin Skywalker quite easily. He had charmed and seduced politicians, warlords, royalty, and pirates. He was well versed in the techniques of the Dark Side that could speed the seduction up, but Vader didn’t want to do that. Not with her.

Senator Amidala was different. After his first meeting with her, he received a vision. The senator was naked and flushed laying under him, moaning his name as he thrust his cock deep inside of her. Then he saw her with her belly swollen, pregnant with child. Lastly he saw her holding a small baby with blond hair and blue eyes. She smiled at him as she walked over and handed the child to Vader. It wasn’t lost on him how much this child looked like him.

The Emperor had said to make Amidala his, but the old sith merely meant as a slut addicted to his cock. No, Vader decided, she would be more. She would be his wife, the mother of his children. He could easily manipulate her into becoming another pathetic whore, constantly aching for his fat dick. But no, he wanted all of her. Body, mind and soul. She would be his. So Vader moved slowly.

“It doesn’t have to be that way,” Vader responded. “What if we actually arranged a meeting?”

“Oh?” she asked. Vader’s eyes were drawn to her full lips. “Are you asking me on a date, lieutenant?”

“Yes, I am,” Vader said leaning a bit closer to her. He could smell her perfume. A pang of pleasure coiled inside his gut. *Force*, he wanted to take this woman, bend her over the balcony railing, and fill her with his seed right now. Instead he asserted his self control leaned back away from her.

“Very well. I look forward to it,” she replied.

Lieutenant Skywalker picked Padmé up at her apartment two days later. He had said to dress comfortably for a walk. She wore a blue outfit made up of pants and cropped top that exposed her midriff. The back of the top cascaded down to her knees. She had done her hair up in simple coils and decorated with some light blue beaded pins.

Once inside the speeder, she couldn’t help but look over at the man. It was the first time she had seen Anakin Skywalker not wearing his uniform. He wore a simple v-neck white shirt with a gray leather jacket and black pants. It wasn’t anything too flashy, but it hugged him in all the right spots.

Anakin had been piloting the speeder for quite a while. They had left the main center of the newly-minted Imperial Center long behind. The neverending city still stretched below them. Padmé had never been out in this direction. She noticed the buildings here seemed to be mostly residential high rises along with business centers and schools. Finally they came up to a large glass structure.

“Here we are,” Anakin announced as he landed the speeder. “The Tramnee Family Gardens.”

“I’ve never heard of them,” Padmé said as she allowed Anakin to help her from the speeder.

“I find not many have. It’s a bit out of the way from the main action of the planet,” he said as he looped one arm onto hers and led her into the building. “The Tramnee family is a wealthy family who built this greenhouse. Originally for their personal use, but eventually they opened it up for public viewing.”

The gardens were massive and multistory. Gardens and decorative walkways wound their way through various well groomed plants and flowers. Small streams and ponds were scattered between sections of the garden. Draping vines with flowers hung from the higher stories of the gardens, often next to gentle waterfalls that emptied into pools filled with exotic fish. The fish weren’t the only animals in the garden. Colorful and exotic birds were seen fluttering from branch to branch in the trees.

“It’s lovely,” Padmé exclaimed. “I can’t imagine someone like you would enjoy this type of place.”

“You wound me, senator,” Anakin replied lightheartedly. “Just because I work for Lord Vader, doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy the beauty of nature.”

Anakin led her through the paths. They would stop and examine some of the plants. A few times Anakin would lean in close to let her to get a good look at a flower. She could feel the heat of his body. Smell his earthy scent. Her cheeks would flush. She wanted to reach up and touch his chest, but had yet to act on such desires. The most recent time he had stopped, his face came closer to hers. His lips were mere inches away from hers. She hoped he might lean in and kiss them, but then he pulled away and she sighed longingly.

It wasn’t just his good looks that drew Padmé in, he was also well versed in the political landscape of the Empire. He claimed such knowledge was necessary for his position. “Vader doesn’t like anything to catch him off guard,” Anakin once commented. Anakin talked to her about the bills and legislature she was working on or had voted for.

“I understand the need to focus on education, especially for planets in the outer rim,” Anakin said. “You’re going to get a lot of opposition from the core planets, since you want to fund this project with shipping taxes. This affects the core and mid-rim worlds much stronger than the outer rim worlds. The vast majority of their economy is based on trade.”

“Taxes they can afford,” Padmé explained. “It would only raise the current taxes by one percent. They are only angry at anything that might impede on their profits.”

“Your opposition will spin it that it will hurt the outer rim’s economy as well. Claim such a tax rise will hurt the poorer planets much worse than the rich ones. They will then say that a stronger financial stability on an outer rim planet would then promote stronger schools and education for the planet.”

“Except it generally doesn’t,” Padmé argued. “Those systems that take such a side, do not put their money back into their communities. Especially those communities of non-

humanoids or lower socioeconomic standing. Ignorant masses are much easier to control and keep the status quo. But all sentiments in the galaxy deserve a proper education.”

Their talks ranged from education to infrastructure to the military. Every now and then Anakin would stop and point out a plant or a flower. He would explain it was native to a certain system. Sometimes he would have a story about it such as how the locals used the petals in dyes or in tea. The two currently found themselves in a small alcove off the path. It was sectioned off by a circular garden trestle. It formed almost a tower of vines that clung to the trestle.

Anakin steered the two towards some of the pink flowers of the vines. Again she found him very close.

“You know these flowers are found on . . .,” he said. She could feel his breath on her cheeks. She lost herself for a moment, realizing she didn’t hear some of his words. “. . . don’t like odd numbered flowers as gifts. But you can’t send sixteen, as that is the number of the royal family. To send pink flowers would indicate youth or a love that is newborn.”

At this his paused and stared down at her. Her heart was pounding in her chest. He stepped closer, and she involuntarily took a step back. But her back was pressed against one of the thick support beams of the trestle. He reached his hand out and cupped her face. His thumb started to gently caress her cheek. She noticed his blue eyes fall to her lips, and she can’t help but part her lips open a small bit inviting him in.

He apparently got the message as he swiftly closed the space between them. His other hand wrapped around her head, bringing the two together. Their lips meet. At once her lips opened for his. His tongue was inside her. They pull apart briefly, Padmé took in a deep breath, but then he’s back on her. She wrapped his arms around his shoulders pulling him closer to her.

She kisses and kisses and kisses him. There is a heat growing in their mouths and along their bodies. She can’t get enough of his taste. As he pulled away she leaned in after him, trying to steal a few more kisses before he is out of range. He took two small steps back and his eyes traveled over her body. He wore a smug satisfied grin.

“Shall we keep going? Through the garden that is?” he asked as he holds out his arm for her. She can feel her face is bright red and can tell some her hair had come loose from its coils. She took his arm and is thankful that there are few other visitors walking the paths.

The rest of the tour goes on without incident. Anakin drove her back to her apartment. As he stopped at her private landing pad, Padmé hesitated to step out. Her mind kept going back to that kiss. She would really like a repeat performance.

“Anakin . . .” she said softly. “I enjoyed today very much . . . Thank yo—”

His hand is wrapped around her neck as he brings her in close. A soft breath escaped her lips in relief as she welcomed his lips once again. Her hands tangled themselves into his curls. Their lips meet and meet again. In the small moments when he pulled away from her, she finally able to take a deep breath as she finds she is breathless with they are together.

Then he pulled away and murmured a soft “Goodbye Senator Amidala.” She took her cue and exited the speeder. She stood at the doorway and watched his speeder disappear into the

busy traffic of the city.

Vader buttoned up the shirt of his lieutenant uniform. His black cloak and clothes of Darth Vader are thrown on the back of a chair. The office is small and lined with monitors and holoprojectors. It is Vader's private and secret office in the senate building. Vader has no public office here, for why would he? But amongst the hidden passageways, there is a private office that Vader uses.

He checked the monitor he stands in front of again. Senator Amidala is making her way towards her office, and she is alone. Vader smiled as he leaves his office and made his way into the public hallways. He searched along the Force for her presence and easily found it. He had personally marked it during one of their intimate encounters at the garden. He would be able to track her down now much easier. He's able to time his run-in perfectly. The two turn a corner at the same time and bumped into each other.

"Excuse me— Senator Amidala?" Vader said faking his surprise.

"Oh! Lieutenant Skywalker!" she replied as a genuine smile graces her beautiful face.

"What a pleasant surprise to run into you here," Vader said. "Here I was thinking my trip to the senate would be dull and boring."

A slight blush crept along her cheeks. "And what business of Darth Vader has brought you here? I don't see him doing much political work."

"You're right, he doesn't," Vader responded truthfully. "I'm here to speak to the senators of the Brath Qella and Yinchorr systems. There is current rebel activity there. Vader wants information about the systems. Where have there been areas of unrest, who has been outspoken against the Empire, and what kind of planetary forces are there. Normal stuff."

"You know . . ." the senator said shyly. Vader can only smile as he can sense her desire in the Force. "After our trip to the gardens, I realized I don't have a way of contacting you."

"Hand me your comlink," he said, which she quickly supplied. He put in his frequency and handed it back to her. "There. Now you can contact me whenever you wish."

"Excellent," she said as she tucked the com away. "I was hoping . . . I was hoping perhaps you would like to join me for dinner some time?"

"Oh how forward of you senator," Vader said as he leaned down. He can sense her small amount of lust towards him growing. "I would love to. Perhaps you can com me the details later tonight. I'm afraid I must be going."

"Of course, I do not want to keep you from your duties," she said.

When he had gone a few steps away, he turned and watched her walk down the hallway. His gaze lingered on her gown flowing around her ass. When she turned the next corner, he made his way back into the hidden passageways. Out of sight, his hands dug into pants grabbing at his already half hard cock.

He slid his hands up and down his member, easing it into a full erection. His mind floated to the senator. To his visions he had of her. Her naked body on a bed writhing in pleasure as she took the full length of his cock.

“Fuck,” he murmured to himself.

Despite his desperate and aching cock, he was no closer to cumming. He hastily and painfully shoved himself back into his pants. He didn’t have to pleasure himself. He had sluts for that. His mind quickly came to which slut he could call upon in the Senate. The senator from Denon would sate his appetite for now. She was on the older side for Vader’s personal taste, but she had a thick, curvy body. She would do for a quick booty call.

He felt for the marker he put on her Force signature. He quickly located her and delved into her weak unprotected mind. He quickly found her lust and emotions and pulled hard on them. He could imagine the senator suddenly going weak in the knees as strong waves of lust filled her. He kept that string taut. He wanted her hot and wet. He was not in the mood for foreplay. His cock was already full and hard.

Vader exited out of the secret passageway near the senator’s office. He stormed into it unannounced. The senator, a human woman, had both hands on her desk as she leaned over. Her face was deeply flushed. Her eyes widened when she saw him.

“Skywalker!” she said in an out-of-breath voice. She did her best to straighten herself up. “I’m so glad you’re here. I was just thinking about you.”

Vader said nothing as he quickly approached. She turned to face him, ready to bring him into an embrace, but Vader was not here for that. He grabbed her shoulders and turned her around. He pushed her down onto the desk and pulled the skirts of dress up to her hips.

“Sky-Skywalker,” she pleaded. “What?”

“You know exactly what I’m here for,” Vader growled. He ripped her panties off and stuck a hand into her pussy. Her folds were hot and wet. “Looks like you’re ready.”

He unlatched his pants, again freeing his erect cock. With one quick thrust, he slid fully inside of her. She let out a gasp and then a moan. One hand gripped her thick hips while the other slapped her fat ass.

“Skywalker,” she moaned, “Please!”

“Please, what?” he purred.

“Fuck me,” she pleaded.

In response, he pulled back and slammed back into her. He started a rough and fast rhythm. Her moans and mewls of pleasure filled the room along with the slapping of his body ramming into hers. He closed his eyes and imaged the petite senator.

He saw her as he did in his visions. Her naked body laid on a bed with light colored sheets. Her back arched as waves of pleasure took her. Her mouth parted in a moan. Her hands gripped the sheets and her toes curled. She threw her head back with her eyes closed.

“Anakin,” she gasped.

Vader was drawn out of his fantasy when he realized the voice didn't match the sweet Amidala. Instead it was deeper, huskier. It was the Denon senator. Vader let out a low growl of frustration. This woman was not Amidala. Not even close. Both of his hands gripped her hips tighter. He pushed and pulled her violently into him as his thrusts became harder. Her moans echoed a bit of pain now.

"Skywalker," she pleaded. "Stop. You're going too hard."

But he didn't ease up. He kept his pace. His dick slid in and out of the woman's pussy. But it wasn't enough. She wasn't enough. He wanted more. He wanted Amidala. He wanted her sweet pussy tightening around his dick. He wanted her moans. He wanted her full of his seed. He wanted to fuck her. Breed her.

Suddenly his body shuddered in orgasm. His dick let out shots of his warm, creamy seed into the Denon senator who also came at the same time. He let her orgasm milk his dick. When it was over he let himself take a few deep breaths before he pulled out. He used her skirts to clean himself up before he put himself back together. Without a word, he left the spent senator still bent over her desk with his juices leaking out of her cunt.

Later that night he sat in his private quarters in the Imperial palace. The suite of rooms was expansive and large. They were decorated in black and metal gray, sharp edges, and only the essentials. It was made to carry the image of Darth Vader. One of fear and coldness. Vader himself had nothing to do with the design. It was all the Emperor. Not that he honestly cared about such things.

But Vader's private bedroom was a bit different. The large bed had been pushed into a corner. A large table was set in the room with various mechanical parts and tools. A few droids were in various states of dismemberment either on the table or on the floor nearby. He sat in a chair at the table with his feet propped up on the table. He smiled as he just finished talking with Amidala. She had invited him to dinner in two days.

Soon, he thought to himself. Soon she'll be mine.

Chapter 2

Padmé ran a hand over her gown to smooth the silk. The dress was deep dark blue. It bore a heart-shaped neckline. The corset of the dress was snug and showed off her curves nicely. The corset was decorated with large swirling vine motifs in gold lace. As the vines ended, the dress flowed into a layered skirt with gold trim on the edges. She had let her brown curls hang loose, but wore a simple gold beaded headband. It matched the vine motifs on her corset. A few strands of gold beads hung loose down the side of her face.

Anakin Skywalker escorted her into the restaurant. He wrapped his arm loosely around her waist as they were led to their table. He wore an all black suit. It was tailored nicely to his body. He caught her staring at his body, and she quickly glanced away. She could hear a soft chuckle escape him. She felt him lean in close.

“Like what you see, senator?” he said in a low voice that sent a shiver through her gut.

“Here we are,” the host said who had been guiding the two to their table.

“Thank you,” Anakin said straightening up.

Padmé noticed their table was situated a bit back from the rest of the tables. It sat near the large windows that overlooked a large tree lined boulevard. Shops, cafes, theatres and other restaurants lined the street. The street was busy with lots of people walking about entertaining themselves this night. Anakin led her over to the two chairs, which were seated side by side and not on opposite ends of the table.

Anakin flashed her another one of his dazzling smiles. “I may have called ahead when you told me the restaurant name and put in a request,” he said as he pulled the chair out for her. The two settled down. His leg was flushed against hers. They were quite close. “Why am I not surprised this is a Nabooian restaurant?” Anakin asked.

The interior of the restaurant was done in the style of Nabooian. The domed roof was done with green tiles. A colonnade circled around it with arches connecting the soft orange brick columns. There were plenty of potted plants, white marble statues, and small fountains scattered throughout. Padmé felt the restaurant did a decent job at emulating the feel of Naboo.

“I’m not sure what to get,” Anakin said as glanced at the datapad menu.

“What is it that you like?” Padmé asked. “Poultry? Fish?”

“Perhaps you should just order for me. I trust your tastes after all.”

The waiter brought wine for the two of them. “Have you never been to Naboo?” Padmé asked.

“No,” he replied.

“Really? From our walk of the garden it seems like you gone almost everywhere in the galaxy.”

“Just because I’m well read on fauna of the galaxy, does not mean I’ve been to each of those systems. I have been to quite a number of places, but Naboo is not one of them.”

“That’s a shame,” she said. “It is like no other.”

“It must be if that’s where you come from,” he said smiling at her as he took another sip of his wine.

“And where is it that you come from Anakin Skywalker?”

He turned away from her, his eyes look out towards the window and the city. She can’t help but frown when she noticed his serious face. He looked back over at her.

“I don’t like talking about my past, senator. There isn’t much to it. I’m from some dustball planet in the outer rim. Raised by my single mother, who died when I was still young. I was then found by my . . . father. He raised me from there.”

She didn’t miss the way he said father. She wondered what he truly meant by that, but didn’t press the issue. “And how did you come into the service of Darth Vader? I can’t imagine someone who is, how did you word it, so well read up on the fauna of the galaxy in the employ of Vader.”

“My father,” he said matter-of-factly. “He’s very well connected.”

“I don’t recall anyone of note with the name of Skywalker.”

“It’s my mother’s name, not my father’s,” he said a bit softly. The two fall silent. There is more to this story, she can tell. But from what she can guess, it’s not a happy one. Anakin spoke up again. “And your family? Still on Naboo?”

She smiled at him and told him about her parents, her sister, and nieces. She then lost herself into going on about her childhood. Then she felt his hand come to rest on her knee closest to him. He started to gently squeeze it. She stopped talking as she felt her cheeks flush.

“Keep going,” he said in a low voice. “What happened after your sister found out about your lie?”

“Well my mother . . .” She kept going in her story, but her voice was unsteady. Anakin was slowly pulling up her skirt until his skin was touching hers. He continued to massage her knee, but now his hand started to creep up her leg.

“Ana-Anakin,” she said.

“Hmmm?” he asked playing coy.

His hand moved up further still. He was now halfway up her thigh. She wanted to tell him to stop, but the feelings his hand was invoking deep and low inside of her felt so good. However her thoughts are interrupted by the waiter brought their food. Anakin’s hand didn’t leave her thigh. Didn’t stop its ministrations. Yet, Anakin started to eat with his other free hand. She followed his lead, but her mind was still very distracted by his hand under the table cloth.

“Mmm, this is quite delicious. I knew you’d pick out an excellent dish,” he said after his first few bites. ‘Would you like to try some?’ He held out the fork filled roasted meat towards her. When she didn’t respond, he continued. “Like this,” he said as he turned the fork towards him. He opened his mouth and bit down on the fork. But then he very slowly, and dare she say sensually, slid the fork out.

“Your turn,” he said as he got another portion on the fork. Her cheeks are now burning, and she is sure they are a bright red. She leaned in and opened her mouth. He gently and slowly put the fork in her mouth. She attempted to copy him with her lips pursed together as he slowly pulled the fork back out. “Well, was it delicious?” he asked.

She’s about to respond, but then she let out a small gasp as his hand started to move again. It went higher and higher until it’s right on her upper thigh. He is so close to her pussy. The heat is no longer isolated to the blushing on her cheeks. She can feel the heat spreading through her, especially between her legs.

Her reaction doesn’t go unnoticed by Anakin. He smiled at her and said, “I’ll take that as a yes. You know you look a little overheated. Perhaps you should drink some more wine to cool yourself down.” She followed his suggestion and took a sip of her wine. His massage grows stronger.

It felt so good. His fingers massaged deep into her leg. She is so warm. Her pussy aches. His hand leaves her thighs. She is about to release a disappointed sigh, but instead lets out a startled gasp as she felt his hand slip under the waistband of her panties. His fingers slid down into her. He started to massage her clit by squeezing it and stroking it. Then his fingers go lower. They slid into her already wet folds.

One finger slid into warm pussy. He started to gently slide it in and out. Her breath was growing so warm. She couldn’t look at him, but she knew he’s watching her with that stupid seductive smile on his face. Her body shuddered in excitement as he slipped a second finger inside of her. She can feel her muscles squeezing around his fingers.

“Are you done? Can I clear the plates?”

Padmé jumped in her seat. Her heart pounded in her chest as she looked up at the startled waiter.

“Yes, we’re done,” Anakin said smoothly. The waiter started to clear the plates away.

“Ex-excuse me,” she mumbled to Anakin. “I need to go to the refresher.”

As she pushed her chair back, she felt his fingers slide out of her. She hastily pulled her skirt down, promptly stood and left the table behind. She could feel his eyes on her back. She thanked the gods that the refreshers are small private rooms and not communal. Once inside she quickly went to the sink and splashed water on her face. The cool water felt good against her hot skin.

She took a handful of paper towels and dabbed her face dry. Her makeup was probably ruined now, but she could deal with that. She’d rather walk out of her calm and collected than the flushed mess she had walked in here as. She would have to pull her chair away from Anakin and give herself space from that man when she returned. As she thought about Anakin she became aware of the wetness soaking her panties.

She hitched up her skirt and pulled her panties down. Indeed the undergarment was soaking wet. She sighed as she again grabbed a handful of paper towels and did her best to dry her underwear knowing it was generally fruitless. She then turned to cleaning up the wetness between her legs. Her pussy was still sensitive and aching.

“What are you doing?”

Her heart leapt into her chest. She spun around as her skirts fell. Anakin leaned against the door with his arms crossed against his chest. *How did he get in here?* She had locked the door. She hadn’t even heard him. A huge smile is across his face. He looked her up and down and softly shook his head.

“Are you in need of some help, senator?” he asked as he started to slowly walk towards her.

“No-no,” she said as she backed up but only ended up butting into the sink. ‘I’m fine, thank you.’ She couldn’t be around him right now, but he only got closer. Then his hands are grabbing her skirts, pulling them up to her waist. “Anakin, no,” she said but her voice is weak and unconvincing.

His hands grabbed her waist and pulled her up to sit on the sink. Her panties had fallen to her ankles when he came in earlier. Now they fell to the ground. Her bare ass hit the cold porcelain of the sink counter.

“I just want to help you clean up. After all I’m the one who made this mess,” he said leaning over and whispering into her ear. “Just say the word and I’ll stop.”

Then he just paused. Padmé can feel his breath against her face. He’s waiting for her permission. She should say no. She opened her mouth to even voice the word, but she couldn’t. Deep down she wanted this. Her pussy still ached for completion. Gods, she had never felt this much want towards another before.

“Don’t-don’t stop,” she said in a barely a whisper. But he heard her.

Her spread her legs apart. “Beautiful,” he said taking a good look at her exposed pussy. “Better get this cleaned up.”

He knelt on the ground and grabbed her thighs as his head came in. Then she felt his tongue toying at her clit. His lips suck at the tender skin. His tongue rolled around and back and forth. She couldn’t help but moan and wrap her legs around his shoulders bringing him closer to her.

His tongue moved lower and deeper. He lapped at her folds and pushed deep inside of her. It felt so good. His tongue felt like warm velvet stroking her. Then she felt a finger slide into her. Then another and another. His tongue never stopped servicing her as the fingers pumped into her needy pussy. She bucked her hips into him in her nonverbal pleas for more. She could feel herself spiraling into completion.

She let out a long moan as she climaxed. Her body shivered in delightful waves of fulfillment and desire. Anakin’s fingers slipped out of her satisfied cunt, but his tongue didn’t stop. He was licking up her cum. When he was done he stood back up.

“What a delicious dessert,” he purred as he cupped her face. She could feel her own wetness on the one hand that was fingering her. Then they were kissing. She can taste her juices on him. She’s the one to pull away this time.

“I think it’s time we get going. The wait staff may be getting worried,” she murmured not looking him in the eye.

“Oh I’ve already paid the bill,” he said. “Shall we get you home?”

Padmé was glad for the cool night air on her flushed skin. Anakin piloted the speeder back to her apartment. During the ride, Padmé had tried her best to look away from Anakin. She tried to look at the city passing by, but her eyes kept sliding back over to him. She would look at his full lips then her eyes would go down his body until they settled on his lap. She could easily make up the tight lump pressing against his pants.

A soft bump brought Padmé’s attention away from Anakin. She looked around realizing they were at her apartment. Anakin was watching her with his blue eyes. Her wore a half smile. Instead of moving out of the speeder, she scooted closer to him. Anakin made no movements, no advancements.

She placed her hand on his upper thigh. He flinched slightly, but otherwise made no reaction. She couldn’t help but smile. *Let’s see how well he likes a taste of his own game*, she smirked.

“You know, Anakin,” she said in a low voice. Her hand slid up and down his thigh. “Tonight was very memorable.” She brought her hand over the tight bump. She could feel his warm, harden cock straining against his pants. He let out a soft gasp as she started to stroke his member through the pants.

“I really enjoyed it,” he said. His voice was a bit strained. No longer the confident and even voice she had experienced all night. She squeezed his cock through the pants. A small moan escaped his lips.

“I can tell,” she replied with a growing smirk of her own. “Before you leave, I just wanted to thank you.”

She didn’t wait for a response as she brought up both hands to undo his pants. As soon she undid the clasp, his large cock sprung out of his pants in a full erection. Her hands lightly brushed his hard shaft. One hand slid up to the head. As lightly as she could she stroked the head and the small beads of precum that had formed.

“Ngh,” Anakin moaned as he leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Padmé smiled as the other hand slid lower and lower along the dick. It slid down into his curly pube hairs and gripped his balls. She gently started to fondle them as her other gripped the top of his cock. She slid the hand all the way down the base and then all the way back up.

“How does it feel to have the attention on you?” she purred.

“Force, Padmé,” he said.

“Now let me repay for you earlier,” she said sweetly as she leaned over into his lap. Her mouth opened wide.

Chapter 3

Vader's hand gripped the side of the speeder tighter as Padmé took his cock into her mouth. One hand continued to play with his balls, while the other was sliding back and forth over his fat needy cock. Her mouth was so warm and soft. It felt like velvet. And *Force*, her tongue.

She's no virgin, Vader smirked to himself. *She's done this before*. Part of him was pleased with her experience, but yet part of him was jealous. Jealous that any other had had her attentions before. That any others dare have what was his.

She sucked as she put more of him inside of her mouth. Her tongue glided across his warm skin. Then she pulled back up. She brushed her lips around his tip, and then she sucked back down. She went deeper. Vader couldn't stop the moan that escaped his throat. Her mouth and hands worked his cock so well. His hand reached into her curls, tangling in them.

More, a dark thought whispered at him.

He couldn't help himself. He bucked his hips into her, shoving her deeper into him. His grip tightened in her hair, preventing her from pulling back. Yes, he needed more. There were sounds of gagging as her mouth and throat adjusted to his swollen cock so deep inside. He pulled her hair, pulling her back up but then pushing her back down. He kept going. Pushing and pulling. His hips grinded into her giving her a face fucking.

Despite the earlier discomfort, Padmé had started to once again suck. She was starting to move on her own. Her throat had accumulated to his large girth. She herself was pushing his cock deep into her throat. He could feel his climax starting to grow. *Force*, she felt so good. He had plenty of others suck his cock, from his needy addicted cock sluts to just regular whores. Yet nothing compared to her.

He let go. He shot his load of cum into her throat. He made sure his grip on her hair was still tight. He wanted her take all of his seed in her mouth. As he wanted his seed inside her. When he was finally spent and growing limp, he untangled his hand from her curls. She pulled back. Her chin was covered in spit and spunk. He couldn't help but enjoy and smile at the sight.

"Would-would you like to come in?" she asked.

He leaned towards her. He let his hand lay softly against her breast. He gently slid it over the decorative gold lace that vined it's way over the blue satin. She leaned into him and he could clearly feel her warm tit through the fabric.

"I know what it is you want," he said huskily.

"You do?" she replied smiling.

"Yes," he leaned over. His face was almost touching hers. "But no. Not tonight."

He leaned back to get a good look at her shock.

“What?” she said flabbergasted.

“Don’t take it as an insult, Senator,” he said calmly. “I assure you I very much appreciate the offer, but . . .”

“But?” she said.

“I think we have both let our emotions get the better of us tonight. I think we both need some time away. Time to think.” He paused. She was biting her lower lip. He leaned back in. A curl of pleasure washed through his gut as her mouth parted, ready to take him in. But he didn’t. ‘If in two day’s time,’ he whispered to her, “you want to continue where we left off, let me know.”

Again he leaned back. Again he enjoyed her frustration at having him so close, but not acting. He was enjoying this little game.

“I think by that time we’ll both be able to make leveled headed decisions,” he concluded.

She sighed and looked towards her apartment. “I suppose you’re right,” she said softly.

He had been expecting her to protest and argue. All of his other marks had, if he ever played this game with them. They were so needy. They couldn’t believe they had offered everything to him, and he would back away from it. Some got angry. One or two of them tried to jump him on the spot, demanding he fuck them right there.

Padmé placed a soft hand on his thigh. His cock was still exposed as he had yet to tuck it back into his pants. Her eyes darted down to it before going back up to his eyes.

“I guess we’ll see how we feel in two days. Good night, lieutenant,” she said flirtily. She got out of the speeder and made her way into her apartment. He pulled the speeder away and made his way back to the Imperial palace.

Vader was delighted in how she had responded to his game. He played it to give her a sense of power. That she was in control, and he would move according to her. He wouldn’t leave her with regrets the next morning. None of the other sluts understood it. They were already so focused on his cock they wanted nothing else. Granted that was the point of it. To seduce them to be utterly addicted to him. He wasn’t going that route with Padmé. He could, but he wasn’t. He wanted her completely. He hadn’t used any mind tricks on her. He let nature take its course between them.

As he entered his rooms in the Imperial palace, one of his servants approached. It was an older man dressed in all black.

“Lord Vader,” he greeted as he bowed deeply at the waist. “Everything has been arranged.”

“Good,” Vader said as he pulled his jacket off and threw it at the man. He walked away without a second glance. As he had made his way through his rooms, his thoughts had gone back to Padmé. Everything about her had been amazing. Even chewing her out and licking her cum. Vader wasn’t one to pleasure others. They were to pleasure him. Feeling her slight squirms as he ate her pussy and hearing her soft moans had delighted him.

Heat ran through his groin as his cock started to harden at the memories from earlier tonight. He paused as he came to a door, and pressed the door panel to open it. This was a guest bedroom. Like everything else in his quarters, it was decorated in blacks with harsh

corners. Nothing soft. The room contained only the basics: a large bed, two nightstands, a dresser, and a small table with two chairs. The room also contained a naked woman. Vader smiled as he saw her. His staff had followed his instructions very well.

The prostitute was human. Small. Petite. Long brown curly hair. She had a strong resemblance to Vader's delicious senator. There were a few discrepancies. Her eyes were green. Her ass and breasts were fuller. Most likely enhanced due to the woman's line of work. Yet Vader could work with this. It was far better than that fat cock slut Denon senator. Hopefully Vader could at least lose himself in the fantasy he was fucking Padmé.

"Undress me," he ordered the whore.

She moved without speaking. Vader smiled again. His staff had versed her of his expectations. He didn't like a talkative whore. He wasn't paying her to talk. He was paying her to fuck. Her hands moved expertly to remove his clothes. Once free of his clothes, he took a seat in one of the chairs at the table.

"Now work your ass," he ordered. "My cock needs to harden."

Again she followed orders without a word, only a slight smile. She turned around and pushed her fat round ass into his lap. Then she started to work her ass against him. His cock hardened. Her warm soft ass moved up and down. The whore let out soft moans. Vader bit back his anger at her fake sounds. But she was just a whore. Plus she would be making real moans of pleasure soon enough.

It had been two days. As soon as the Senate session was over, Padmé quickly left her pod behind and made her way to the office. She didn't stop to talk with anyone. Once inside she brought up Skywalker's frequency on her com. He didn't answer. Padmé sighed and threw the com on to her desk.

"Curse that man," she said to herself. "Curse that man to all nine hells."

She understood why Anakin said they should wait. It appeared he was taking their relationship seriously. He wasn't in it just for some ass, but by the gods Padmé really wanted some ass right now. The waiting had been hard, especially at night when she didn't have work to keep her busy. Her fingers often found themselves slicking her pussy in pathetic attempts to please herself. Sadly, her fingers didn't compare to his. Nothing had compared to him. She had been with other men before, but honestly they were few and far between. And Anakin Skywalker was better.

She jumped when her com went off. She snatched it off the table.

"Senator Amidala," she answered.

"It's lovely to hear your voice, Senator," came the smooth voice of Anakin. It was a voice-only call.

"I'm calling to see how your feeling after two days . . ." she trailed off blushing to herself.

"Hmmm. How are *you* feeling?"

That kriffin flirt, she cursed to herself. “Well I was hoping you’d be able to join me for dinner tonight. If that answers your question,” she said trying to keep her voice even.

There was a small laugh from the com. “Ahhh Padmé I would want nothing more. However, I’m afraid I cannot join you tonight.”

She was now glad it was not a holo call. She scowled deeply. “Wo-work?” she asked. “Then perhaps tomorrow?”

“I’m off planet,” he explained.

This time she couldn’t hide her dismay and frustration. “*Off planet?*”

“Rebels,” he said dryly. “Lord Vader was called in by the Emperor himself to deal with the situation. I go where Vader goes. Until the situation is fixed, here I am. I’m sorry Padmé. I assure you, I’d much rather be there with you.”

“Is it that business with the Brath Qella and Yinchorr systems?” she asked. There was a pause. “You mentioned it before. When we met at the Senate last.”

“Oh, yes. I forgot about that,” he said. “But yes, the Brath Qella and Yinchorr systems.”

A small silence fell between them. “Do you think it will take long?” she finally asked. She couldn’t keep the longing out of her voice. “I haven’t stopped thinking about you since the other night.” She could almost hear the smile growing on his lips.

“Neither have I,” he said in a low sultry voice. “I hope this business with the Rebels is finished swiftly. I’ll com you when I’ve returned. Until then, pleasant dreams Senator Amidala.”

The connection was closed. Padmé stood still as she mulled over their conversation. Finally she let out a sigh of frustration. Who knew how long he was going to be gone. How long she was going to have to wait. Her mind went back to the speeder parked at her apartment. His impressive cock. Over the past two days she wondered how that cock would feel inside her. It was bigger than she had ever had before.

“Ugh!” she said to herself. She sat down on at her desk determined to get some work done. Better to lose herself in work then allow her thoughts to wander. They only wandered to one thing as of late. She hadn’t gotten that far in editing her draft for a current bill proposition, when the door of her office chimed.

“Senator Amidala, are you available to talk?” the voice of Senator Organa of Alderaan said through the door com.

“Bail! Of course come in!” she said as she pressed the button on her desk. The door slid open and Bail Organa walked in. He was a long time friend of hers. Not just professionally, but an honest friend beyond the senate as well. She rose from behind her desk to meet him.

“Padmé,” he said, “I’m afraid I didn’t get to catch you at the end of the session today. I had hoped to talk to you.”

“Sorry,” she apologized. “I had an important call to make.”

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything,” he said.

“Oh no, that business is finished,” she said dismissing it with a slight wave of her hand. “What is it that you wanted to talk about?”

The two each took a seat in the chairs in front of her desk.

“I was hoping to talk to you about the Alliance,” he said a bit softly. “That I could get you to commit to our cause.”

Padmé shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She glanced down at her lap and then back at Bail. “I’m sorry, I just don’t know . . .” she said a bit softly. “Especially after Mon . . .”

“Mon’s excuention was hard on us all,” Bail said sadly. “But that is why we need you more than ever, Padmé. You’re already a source of strength for so many. You already write and fight for bills that aim to truly help people.”

“What more do you want of me?” Padmé asked.

“With your voice you can get us more support,” Bail said passionately.

“More support for what?” she asked. “To push the galaxy back into a war? Like the one that destroyed the Jedi and the Republic?”

“For freedom! For democracy! I know you see the cruelties of this empire, Padmé! I know you can’t ignore it. You fight so hard to bring about change, but so little change actually happens. It’s a corrupt system. We’ve got to fight back.”

“Like on what’s happening on the Brath Qella and Yinchorr systems?”

Bail leaned back in his chair as he looked at her. “The Brath Qella system? How do you know about that?”

“I— I heard there was some Rebel activity happening there, and that forces were sent there to subdue them,” she said.

A long tense silence stretched between them. Padmé could tell Bail was examining her and going over her words. She knew she had slipped up.

“I only found out about the Imperial attack on the Rebel cells of Brath Qella this morning,” Bail finally said. “We had factories there manufacturing relief supplies. With their destruction, the Alliance is in desperate need of new supplies. That is why I came to you Padmé, to see if you could help us. But the Yinchorr system as well? There have been no reported Imperial activity or attacks there. Why did you say Yinchorr?”

She couldn’t stop the heat that crept across her face. “I may have heard something,” she said nonchalantly.

“Heard from something? From where? From whom? Padmé, if attack is coming to Yinchorr, please let me know!”

She sighed. “I heard it from an aid working under Darth Vader,” she said softly.

“What? When? How?”

“It doesn’t matter,” she said straightening herself and trying to regain some composure.

"It does!" Bail said as he leaned forward. "Padmé, if you have a source close to Vader . . . I must implore you, no I must beg you, to use it!"

"I— I— I don't think I can do that, Bail," she stuttered.

"Do you understand how many lives you could save if we had some idea of Vader's movements? If we had known he was going to the Brath Qella system, we could have prevented so much loss! We could have saved our relief supplies. Shipped it out to systems who truly need it! Padmé, please consider," Bail said. "I'll give you some time to think about it. I need to get in contact with the Alliance and warn them about Yinchorr."

Bail stood to leave, but Padmé did not join him. She stayed sitting in her chair. Bail paused. "Thank you Padmé. Please don't feel bad for giving away Imperial secrets. You're saving a lot of lives." Then he left.

Guilt ran through her. What had she done? If Vader was planning on attacking Rebels on Yinchorr, but discovered them gone when he got there, what would the Sith think? Would he suspect there was a security breach? What of Anakin? A cold chill washed through Padmé. Darth Vader was not known for kindness. He was known for strangling anyone who angered him.

She jumped up and grabbed the comlink of her desk. Before she knew it, she had dialed Anakin's frequency. This time he picked up.

"Padmé?" he asked.

"Anakin!"

"Padmé? What's wrong?"

"Anakin! I—"

She stopped. She hadn't thought this out. What was she going to say? That she accidentally gave away Darth Vader's movements to a leader of the Rebel Alliance? She would be forced to give away Bail's name. Who could she spare from Vader's wrath? Anakin or Bail?

"Padmé?" Anakin's voice sounded again. She started to cry. She couldn't stop herself. "Padmé! What's wrong? Please tell me what's wrong!"

"I'm sorry, Anakin! I'm so sorry! Please, please don't ask me how I know this."

"Know what? Padmé, just talk to me. What's going on?"

"Does Darth Vader still plan to attack rebel cells on Yinchorr?" she asked. There was no response. He was silent. "They—they know!"

"They?" his voice was soft and calm.

"The Rebels," she said. "They know you're coming!"

"The Rebels? How do they know? Padmé?"

"I'm so sorry! I just couldn't let you get hurt!"

“Padmé, I’m fine. Nothing is going to harm me, but I need to know. How do the Rebels know?”

“It was me!”

“You told the Rebellion of my movements?”

“No! I mean yes! But not on purpose! You have to believe me! It was an accident. But I knew if Darth Vader arrived on Yinchorr without the Rebels there, he would suspect there was a security breach. I couldn’t let it be traced back to you. I couldn’t bare if something happened to you because of me.”

“Padmé, nothing is going to happen to me,” he said soothingly.

“But Darth Vader! Everyone knows he kills off anyone who angers him! If he found out you told me his movements, I don’t know what would happen.” She heard him softly laugh. “Anakin! This is no joke!”

“Padmé, thank you for worrying about me. It means a lot. It does.”

“But Anakin—” she started but was cut off.

“I can handle Lord Vader,” he said confidently. “Do not worry. Nothing will happen to me, and I won’t let anything happen to you. But Padmé, who is it that you accidentally told?”

She took a deep breath. “I can’t tell you.” She heard an annoyed sigh come from him. “Anakin, I’m sorry, but I can’t tell you who it was.” He was silent for a minute.

“Padmé, we can discuss this when I get back, but listen this is not something you can keep secret. This is the safety of the Empire we’re talking about. Rebels. Terrorists.” She didn’t respond. ‘It will be much better if you tell me than have to face Darth Vader,’ he said. “When I return I hope you can tell me who this Rebel is.” Then the line went dead without Anakin waiting for her response.

Chapter 4

Darth Vader sat hunched over at a desk. He had just ended the call with Padmé. His mind was at war with himself. He was currently juggling two missions. The first one was to seduce the senator. The second was to eliminate the Rebels on Brath Qella and Yinchorr. The conversation with the senator had drastically changed both missions. Vader was absolutely pleased with the developments in his relationship with the senator. He was absolutely pissed about the Rebels knowing he was coming to Yinchorr.

In the end, the senator mission won out. Rebels were insignificant little pests. They could scatter, but eventually Vader would eliminate them all. Padmé Amidala was not insignificant. She was marvelous. She was to be his, and she had just taken another step into becoming Vader's. Vader smiled at the memory of her desperation. Desperate to keep him safe. She was afraid that Anakin Skywalker would be killed by Darth Vader.

Oh my dear sweet senator, he thought softly. If only you knew that Darth Vader and Skywalker were one and the same. But I do deeply enjoy that you're putting me above the Rebellion.

Vader brought up his com and sent a call out to his personal and loyal security staff. One of his agents answered. "Lord Vader."

"Are you still tracking Senator Amidala's movement?" he said a dark authoritative voice. The voice of Darth Vader.

"Yes sir."

"What have been her movements for the past two hours?"

"She was in her pod in the Senate until the session ended at 0525 hours. Then she returned to her office in the Senate. She has been there ever since."

"Did anyone visit her?"

"Yes my lord. Senator Bail Organa of Alderaan. He was in there from 0553 till 0637."

"Good," Vader replied. "Continue as planned." He hung up without waiting for a response. Then keyed in the frequency that would connect him directly to the Emperor. He knew the old man wouldn't answer right away. Vader moved from his seat and stood in the center of the office. He had commandeered it upon arriving on Brath Qella.

Luckily, Vader didn't have to wait long. His com beeped, and Vader placed the com on the floor and kneeled. This call would be a holo call. The blue hologram of the hooded Emperor filled up the space in front of Vader.

"What is it Lord Vader?" the Emperor's voice rasped. There was a slight edge to the Emperor's words, which Vader understood all too easily understood. Vader better have a good reason for contacting the Emperor.

“There has been a development, my master,” Vader said still kneeling. “The Rebels of Yinchorr have learned of my impending arrival. I fear they will be gone by the time I finish my business here on Brath Qella.”

“And how did such scum know you are coming? Did you not scramble all transmissions on Brath Qella?” The Emperor’s displeasure was obvious.

“Of course I did, my master. There was a . . . leak in information.”

“Have you found this leak?”

“I have. I believe that leak is myself.”

There was a moment of silence. “Explain yourself, Vader,” the Emperor hissed. Vader could feel his master’s anger through their Force bond.

“You ordered me to seduce Senator Amidala of Naboo due to her connections to the Rebellion. I let it slipped to her that Darth Vader would be going to Brath Qella and Yinchorr. She informed the Rebels. It was too late to act against Brath Qella. However . . . in her guilt, she called to inform Skywalker what she had done.”

“Did she mention who she spoke to in the Rebellion?”

“Organa,” Vader replied simply.

The Emperor let out a wheezy laugh. “Good. Good, Vader. I see you are winning the senator over. I was starting to doubt your methods. I can expect that soon she’ll be revealing the secrets of the Rebellion. Then we can crush this pathetic insult to my Empire. But Organa is not enough. We already knew his connection. We will need some hard facts to connect him to the Rebels. Plus I want more names and locations.”

“Yes, my master,” Vader replied.

“What done is done, my apprentice. Finish your mission on Brath Qella then return to Imperial Center. No need to go to Yinchorr yourself. Send a team to investigate. You shall return to seducing the senator. Make her completely yours.”

“Yes, my master,” Vader replied. The blue hologram of the Emperor disappeared.

Vader collected his com from the floor and moved back to his desk. He was glad he would be able to return back to Imperial Center soon. He was very ready to get back to his senator. It was clear he still needed some more work with her. Her loyalty had to be with him, and him alone. He needed to rid her of any Rebel connections. Darth Vader’s wife could not be known as a Rebel sympathizer or collaborator.

Vader had no plans to use Padmé to get to the Rebellion, because he didn’t need to. He already had enough information on the Rebellion. He had the hard evidence connecting not only Organa to the Rebellion, but several other high ranking individuals in the galaxy. In truth, Vader could have crushed the Rebellion out this very moment if he wished. The thing was, he didn’t wish it.

Vader kept the Rebellion around to keep the Emperor and himself busy. The Emperor was paranoid and loathed any and all who questioned his reign. If there was no Rebellion, the Emperor’s paranoia would turn to someone else. Vader didn’t want that attention on himself

as it was known that eventually all Sith apprentices would turn and kill their masters. So Vader gave the Emperor a Rebellion to focus on. Vader purposely fed the Rebellion information at times, to make sure they kept being an annoying headache to the Emperor.

Vader sighed as he gave himself a moment to collect the energies of the dark side of the Force. There was a strong sense of fear in the Imperial base he was currently at due to his presence. He had already killed off some poor hapless officer if only to make this fear stronger. Like all Sith, he fed and strengthened himself off of fear. It was time to destroy what was left of the Rebellion on this planet. He pulled the hood of his black cloak low on his head.

A short time later he was on a shuttle moving towards the remaining factory that the Rebel leaders of this planet's cell had holed themselves up in. Vader was to collect the leaders and drag them back to Imperial Center. There they would face the Emperor's wrath. Sometimes that meant quick executions by Vader in the throne room. Sometimes it was a public execution. Other times it indefinite imprisonment and torture. If they were good looking enough, they might be handed over to the troopers as a reward of a job well done.

"My lord," an officer spoke up as they approached the factory. "Are you sure you don't require any troops?"

"No," Vader replied darkly. "I alone am enough. I do not need anyone else in my way. You are to be on standby till I say it is clear. Then you may send in troops to escort the Rebel leaders to my ship and clean up everything else."

"Of— of course my lord," the officer said.

The shuttle landed and Vader strolled down the ramp. The outside of the factory was quiet and still, but Vader could sense the many lifeforms inside the factory. He could sense their feelings of righteousness and courage. Soon they would only know fear and death. Igniting his red lightsaber, who walked into the factory.

He didn't want any squads to accompany him, because Vader wanted to be able to lose himself completely in the fight and the dark side. He didn't want to worry about ordering troops or protecting them. He just wanted to relish killing the Rebels. And relish it he did. He held nothing back. He unleashed his full power. The Rebels were barely worth his time. They fell to his saber, to his dark powers, and sometimes to their own blaster bolts that Vader reflected back at them. In short order he had the base under control, including the three Rebel leaders.

When the troopers arrived to escort the leaders out, Vader stalked out of the factory. His dark cloak billowed behind him and his hood still hid his face. He was ready to get back to Padmé. He thought back to his visions of her. He was ready to make those visions come true. He wanted her full of his cock, writhing in pleasure, moaning his name, swollen with his child.

He thought about that child. Doubt crept upon Vader, which was not an emotion Vader often dealt with. Could he be a father? Did he even want to be a father? The vision had appeared so real. He could feel the small weight of the child as Padmé passed the baby into his arms. He could smell the baby. Feel the feathery blond hair. He could sense the absolute

purity of the child in the Force. The love. The unconditional love between the father and child.

What would that be like? Vader couldn't help but wonder. He didn't know what love was. He had forgotten whatever love his mother had shown him. That had been quickly erased from his training under Sidious. Vader had no love for anyone else. Did he love Padmé? He wasn't sure. He definitely felt different towards her than he had anyone else. But it wasn't the same feeling he felt in the vision towards his son.

It was so . . . innocent. Pure. A love that simply was. Something Vader didn't have to work for. He didn't have to manipulate anyone for it. His son loved Vader because he was his father. And that, Vader decided, was well worth becoming a father for. He wanted to know what that was like in real life. Not to just live with it than for a fleeting moment of a vision.

The irony of his thoughts with his surroundings didn't go unnoticed. As he moved through the factory, he stepped over the bodies of the Rebels. Here he was, dark lord of the Sith, master of death while he thought of creating life. A small laugh bubbled up from him, but there were only the dead to hear it. That was as it should be, he mused to himself. The Sith were the ultimate power in this galaxy. They held sway over life and death.

Darth Vader had already mastered death. It was time he made life.

Padmé Amidala walked through the halls of the Senate building. There had been no session of the Senate today. Instead senators, like herself, were busy with drafting bills or meeting with other senators to garner support in upcoming votes. Padmé herself had been working on her outer rim education bill. She had just talked with two senators in the outer rim. She wanted their opinion on her bill. Both senators had been vague and uncertain towards her, which left her frustrated.

She was ready to put it behind her for now. She was ready to head home and relax. Tomorrow she would rethink her approach and figure out better wording to draw in more support. She just needed to go back to her office and settle a few things before she could head home.

Her thoughts had been all over the place that day due her dream the night before. Even now her mind thought back to it without.

Padmé stood in front of the windows of her bedroom in her apartment. The room was dark and the lights of the city through the window illuminated the room. She wore a thin white slinky nightgown. Her hair was pulled up into a messy bun on top of her head.

"Hello senator," came a voice from behind her. His voice.

"Anakin," she said softly, but didn't turn around.

She felt his hands rest on her shoulders. Then he started to deeply massage her shoulders. His hands moved to her neck and then started to slowly move down her back. His fingers moved deeply into her muscles, and it felt so good. Lower and lower his hand works. His hands reached her waist, her hips, and they went lower still until his fingers worked into her ass.

She couldn't stop the soft moan that escaped her lips. His hands continued to work deep circles into her ass. When he reached the bottom of her cheeks, he pulled her nightgown up. His skin was now touching hers. He started his massage again, this time working up. The nightgown rose with his hands. She realized she wasn't wearing any underwear.

He worked his way back up her ass, to her hips and waist. As he made his way up her back he leaned in and started to leave big open mouth kisses on the base of her neck. She arched her back and pressed her ass into him. He wasn't wearing any clothes, at least any pants. She could feel his full hard erect cock. He took a step closer so his cock pressed against her ass and back.

His hands moved their way to her sides and then to her breasts. He started to massage her breasts at the same time he started to grind against her. His hard cock slid up and down her ass. His hands found her nipples. He squeezed them, flicked, rolled them between his fingers all the while he kissed at her neck.

Her nightgown was completely gone. Disappeared in the haze of the dream. Heat was rushing through her body, pooling in her gut and between her thighs.

"Anakin," she whispered softly. "Please."

He said nothing as one hand left her breast and slid across her stomach. It went down through her lower curls and quickly found her warm and yearning pussy. He played with her clit. Massaging it deeply as he had her ass and breasts. She arched her back against his grinding cock and into his hand on her pussy.

His hand then moved lower into her now wet cunt. He wasted no time in inserting two fingers into her. She started to move with him. To move with his fingers sliding in and out of her pussy and with his cock sliding up and down against her ass. His fingers felt so good, but she wanted more. She wanted it deeper and harder. She pushed in to his fingers to drive him further into her.

She could feel her climax building. Her whole body was warm and over sensitive. She was very aware of his tongue and mouth against her neck. His hand still massaging her breast and playing with her nipple. His massive cock still move against her ass and back. His fingers pumping into her needy, aching cunt.

Then it all stopped. She let out a gasp. She had been so close. Her body trembled. It needed to release.

"Tell me what it is you want," came his voice in her ear. His hot breath brushed against her cheek.

"I want you," she said desperately.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes-yes," she moaned.

She took a step back in hopes of bringing them back into contact with one another, but there was nothing there. She heard him let out a soft laugh. Then suddenly she felt his strong arms grab her. She was whisked off her feet and placed onto her bed. She closed her eyes and

leaned her head back. She felt his legs push her own legs aside as he situated himself. Then she felt him enter her.

He was big. His fat cock filled up her pussy completely. She gasped in pleasure as he kept pushing deeper and deeper into her. Oh Force, she had never had this much cock inside of her before. Then she felt his hands grip her hips as he started to thrust against her. He started off slow.

“Say my name,” he demanded.

“Ngh,” she moaned. “Anakin.”

As if in response his thrusts got faster and deeper.

“Say my name,” he said again.

“Anakin!”

Again his paced picked up. Her toes curled and her back arched.

“Say my name,” he said again. She was only vaguely aware his voice was lower, darker. More of a growl.

“Anakin! Oh! Anakin!”

She was surprised that his thrusts became harder and deeper still. It almost felt like her whole body was filled with his cock. Her body could stand it no more. She climaxed. She screamed out his name as her body tightened and spasmed. Her body was filled with delightful tingles racing all through her. Then she felt her pussy explode with warmth as he came. Warm cum quickly filled her.

She laid there panting. She could feel him panting as well. Through the whole ordeal she had yet to look at him. Her eyes were still close.

“Anakin,” she said in a pleased voice.

“That’s not my name.”

She finally opened her eyes and looked at him. Yet it wasn’t the face of Anakin that she looked into. This man wore a dark hood that deeply covered his face in shadow. A cold chill washed over her.

“Vader . . .” she whispered.

“Ah, yes. That’s my name,” the man said with a smile.

As she walked through the Senate hallways she still got a chill recalling the ending of the dream. Why had she dreamt of Vader fucking her? She had assumed it had been Anakin. Maybe it was just her unconscious fear for Anakin and herself. She didn’t know. She finally made her way to her office. Yet her office was not empty when she walked in. There standing next to the windows stood a tall robed man with the hood pulled deeply over his face.

“Darth-Darth Vader,” she said surprised.

“Lord Vader,” he corrected in a deep voice. The same voice from her dream.

He turned to face her. His face was completely in shadow despite the well-lit room. He wore the black robe over a well-cut black outfit done in a similar style of the Imperial military uniforms. However, this outfit held no military insignias. She also noticed the metal cylinder of his rumored lightsaber attached to his belt.

“Forgive me, Lord Vader” Padmé said as she hesitantly stepped deeper into her office. “Can I help you?”

He stood there for a long moment just staring at her. Then he moved. His steps were long and powerful. He stopped right in front of her. Both of his hands were gloved, and one came up and grabbed her chin. He tilted her head to look at him. Despite the proximity, his face was still hard to make out in the shadows, but it she could make out the general features. However, she did notice his eyes were yellow. A glowing yellow that was fixed strongly on her.

His gloved thumb came up and slid across her lips. She felt her cheeks blush with a warm heat. She involuntarily stepped back. His hand fell and a chuckle escaped him.

“I ask again, is there anything I can help you with?” Padmé said this time finding her words stronger. Anger at his touch fueling her.

“My Lieutenant Skywalker speaks highly of you, Senator Amidala,” he said. A cold chill washed through her. ‘He tells me you are not a traitor to the Empire. I’ve come to determine that for myself.’ She had started to tremble. She clenched her hands tightly. “Now tell me, senator, are you loyal to the Empire?”

She was staring at the ground. She couldn’t look up at the man. Fear was growing inside of her. Darth Vader was here in person. She knew this might happen. But she thought back to her conversation with Anakain.

“I can handle Lord Vader,” he had said confidently. “Do not worry. Nothing will happen to me, and I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“Is Lieutenant Skywalker . . .” she paused, but took a deep breath. She straightened herself up and looked back into the yellow eyes set in the shadowed face. “Is Lieutenant Skywalker all right?” She saw a smile had creep upon Vader’s lips.

“How touching,” he said in a amused tone. ‘Your first thought goes to Skywalker. Do you fear for him, Senator?’ He took a step forward, again closing the distance between the two. Her mind flashed to the dream. The warmth of his body felt so real. “He did slip out confidential information. Information that cost me my victory over the rebels on Yinchorr, but you already knew that. For you also let that same information slip, didn’t you?”

Padmé found her mouth quite dry. Her tongue felt swollen. She didn’t know if she could form words. Again his gloved hand was on her chin and tipping her head to look up at him.

“Who did you tell this information?” he said in a low voice.

Her eyes widen in fear. She couldn’t tell him. It would be sentencing Bail to death or worse. But what would happen to her? Or Anakin? Vader leaned in. She felt his lips brush against her ear. *“Tell me what it is you want,”* he had asked her in the dream. Despite how close he was to her, his face was still vague and covered in shadows.

“Tell me,” he said into her ear. His breath was warm. Her heart pounded in her chest. “Tell me and nothing happens to Skywalker or you.”

She opened her mouth. Noises came out, but they weren’t words. Just small sounds that could have been made into words. She still couldn’t do it. She couldn’t give Bail away. Then Vader withdrew from her. He took a few steps back.

“I already know who it is you talked to, Senator,” he said. “Bail Organa, no?”

She was frozen. She had completely turned to ice at that statement. Her insides were cold. She couldn’t move. Couldn’t breath. Couldn’t speak.

“Surveillance puts him in your office between the two calls you made to Skywalker. Quite simple to figure out,” Vader continued. “But I already knew he was a Rebel supporter. He’s nothing new. But you, my dear, are you a Rebel supporter?”

“No-no,” she said finally finding the way to speak. While Bail was her friend, she hadn’t joined the Alliance despite Bail’s insistence.

“Good,” Vader replied. ‘I do hope you plan to keep it that way. I’d hate for such a promising senator to throw her life away due to such pathetic scum.’ Padmé could only nod at the obvious threat of what would happen if she continued associating with the Alliance. Vader brought up a gloved hand and pointed at Padmé. “You are not to inform Organa of this meeting. He is to know nothing that I already know he is a Rebel sympathizer. And I would recommend you, Senator Amidala, keep yourself clear of Rebel activity in the future.”

“Yes, I understand,” she said amazed at the own smoothness in her voice.

“Now, come,” he said.

She just stared at him confused. He grabbed her upper arm and started to pull her out the door. His grip was tight and hurt. His strides were long and it took effort to keep up with him as he dragged her through the hallway. Luckily no others were about in the hallway. They came to a lift and he pushed her inside. She noticed he pressed buttons for the lowest level, a basement level.

“Where are we going? Where are you taking me?” she demanded. Yet he didn’t answer. Images of the dream raced through her mind. She could feel the panic rising inside of her.

The doors of the lift opened, and once again he grabbed her arm. The hallways here were no longer the lavish halls. They were stark light gray with harsh lighting. Padmé noticed white stormtroopers walking the halls. Upon seeing Darth Vader, they would stop and salute. They would stay at attention until he passed.

They came to an open door and Vader pulled her into a large empty room. The room was filled with several troopers. They all stood attentive with their blasters across their chest. Vader pulled her off to the side. Then they waited. No one said a word. Padmé was about to ask, but then she heard the sounds of boots coming down the hall. Two troopers came in dragging an alien man by his arms. The alien was humanoid looking, but was thin and tall with purple skin and red eyes.

“Senator Sruddi Thekkas of Brigia,” Vader said breaking the silence. His voice was much harsher than he had been with Padmé earlier. The alien straightened up and glared at Vader.

“What is the meaning of this?” the senator demanded.

“Silence,” Vader growled as he extended a hand towards the senator. Long slender purple hands grasped at a long purple throat. The Brigian eyes were wide while he let out gasping sounds. Then Vader dropped his hand and the senator bent over taking deep breaths of air. ‘You should know now you are in the presence of Lord Vader,’ Vader said in a menacing voice. “You will not speak unless I have ordered you to do so.”

Padmé couldn’t help the small shivers running through her. Despite all of this, Vader still clung to her arm. She tried to tug her arm away, but instead Vader just tightened his grip and pulled her closer to him.

“Brigia was once a Separatist planet. It appears such *rebellious* sentiments never left,” Vader continued.

“Brigia is a loyal system to the Empire!” the senator exclaimed.

“Your lies mean nothing to me, Thekkas,” Vader growled. “Your planet has been supporting the Rebels.”

“You are mistaken! What proof—”

The senator’s words were cut off with a scream. Vader had brought his free hand up again. Two large sickening snaps were heard. The senator had screamed and fell to his knees. Then Vader turned to Padmé. He pulled her closer to him. Her body was touching his.

“Senator Amidala,” he hissed. “I brought you here so you can see what happens to traitors of the Empire.”

His free hand was up again, and again the Brigian senator was clawing at his throat. He started to rise off the floor. Padmé could only watch in wide eyed terror. She noticed his legs were bent at awkward angles. The Brigian struggled and choked while levitated in the air. Then Vader squeezed his fist shut, a bone-chilling snap echoed through the room, and then the senator fell limply to the floor.

“Tell Organa or any Rebels of my movements again,” Vader growled at Padmé. ‘This could very well be your fate, Amidala. Tell Organa I know he is a Rebel, this could also be your fate. Possibly Skywalker’s as well.’ With that, Vader released his grip on her. “Go,” he ordered. She didn’t need to be told twice. She fled from the room, the monster, and the dead senator.

Chapter 5

Vader made his way towards Padmé's office wearing his lieutenant uniform. He could sense her through the Force in her office. Vader hoped his little demonstration in the basement was enough to scare Padmé away from any future dealings with any rebels. His little senator was headstrong, and Vader felt like a strong message was best. He hoped it was enough. Vader didn't want to take any more drastic measures against Padmé.

As he made his way to her office, he noted her door was open. Voices were coming from within. Vader slowed his approach. He could sense two lifeforms in the office, one of which was Padmé. He was able to make out her voice and a man's voice. Vader frowned as he quickened his pace. He turned into the senator's office.

Padmé was the arms of some man. Anger, jealousy, and possessiveness roared through Vader. His hand was already half raised to choke the man, but snapped it down as Padmé caught sight of him.

"Anakin!" she said as pulled away from the other man and quickly came to Vader. The frown and annoyance from the man did not go unnoticed from Vader. It brought pleasure to Vader. The senator walked up to him and placed one of her small hands on his chest. "You're fine," she said with obvious relief echoed in her words.

"Of course," Anakin replied sliding back into his persona of the lieutenant.

"I was so afraid . . ." she said trailing off as looked down at the ground.

"So afraid about what?"

"Darth Vader," the man said. He walked toward the other two. His chin was held high. He had that sense of arrogance that Vader loathed in men. Most likely because he had lofty position. Thinking he was owed the galaxy.

"Anakin this is Rush Clovis," Padmé said introducing the man. "Rush this is Anakin Skywalker."

Vader nodded his head stiffly at the man. Clovis only smiled as he glanced over Vader's uniform. "Well met *Lieutenant* Skywalker." Vader channeled his anger away at the obvious insult. He would use that anger later.

"Anakin . . . I . . ." Padmé said bringing Vader's attention back to her. 'I just met with Darth Vader . . . I . . . He . . .' She paused as she looked up at him. Her eyes were glistening as if they would fill with tears at any moment. "I'm just so glad you're safe."

The dark beast inside Vader purred at her concern. As he had hoped, she was becoming more and more focused on him. Vader also enjoyed the jealousy pouring off Clovis. Vader put a hand on each of Padmé's shoulder.

"I'm fine," he said softly. "I'm safe. You're safe. I promised I'd keep you safe, and I will."

“And how do you suppose you’ll do that, Lieutenant?” Clovis said taking a step forward. The man was trying Vader’s patience, something honestly few lived to tell about.

“Skywalker works under Vader,” Padmé explained. Clovis raised an eyebrow as he looked over Vader.

“And where were you when Padmé was assaulted by Vader? You said you’ll keep her safe, but did you?” Clovis said in a haughty tone.

“Rush stop,” Padmé said. Then she turned back to Vader. “Anakin, he threatened you too.”

A small laugh escaped Clovis. “Not surprising,” he murmured. It may have been too soft for Padmé to hear, but with Vader’s Force enhanced hearing, he easily picked it up. Vader decided that soon Rush Clovis would meet personally with Darth Vader, which would most likely be the last sight he saw before his slow and painful death.

“Padmé may I offer to take you back to your apartment?” Clovis offered. Vader was tempted to Force push the sniveling man out the window.

“No thank you, Rush,” Padmé said. “Anakin already offered to take me back.”

Vader looked down at her. Her eyes were on him. Her message was clear: act like he had offered when in fact he hadn’t. Which was perfectly fine with Vader.

“Shall we get going?” Vader said with a smile as glanced back over at the frowning Rush.

Padmé nodded, before she turned back to Clovis. “Thank you Clovis. Have a good evening.”

To the man’s credit, he quickly collected himself. “You are most welcome Padmé. Please do not hesitate to call me in the future if you need anything.”

Padmé and Vader walked quietly through the Senate hallways. Vader wanted to ask about Clovis, but could still sense that Padmé was shaken from her earlier confrontation with Darth Vader. Pushing Clovis from his mind, Vader returned back to his original plan. He was here to comfort Padmé. To make her fall into his arms and feel safe and wanted there, which was true. She would be.

As he piloted his speeder to her apartment, Padmé sat right next to him. Her head rested against his shoulder. He draped one arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer. When they arrived at her apartment, he helped her out of the speeder. They took a seat on one of the veranda’s sofas. The two sat side by side and angled towards each other.

“Are you sure you’re ok?” she asked.

“Of course,” he said warmly. “So it’s true? You ran into Darth Vader? Are you ok? What did he say?”

“Yes . . . it was just . . .” she said she looked away from him. Within the Force Vader could feel her fear. Vader reached over and grabbed her hand. He gently squeezed it. “He warned me not to tell any Rebels of his movements again, or he might kill me. He said he might do the same to you too!”

He adjusted his position so the two were now side by side. Their bodies flushed against each other. He draped an arm around her, pulling her close. He could smell her perfume.

"Padmé, please do not worry," Vader said in a soft voice. "I told you I would protect you. Please trust me I will."

"But how?" Her voice held a desperate edge. "You weren't there! I saw him kill a senator right in front of me without even touching him!"

Vader reached out and put a hand under her chin. Then he lifted her face so she looked at him. His blue eyes met her brown eyes. "He won't hurt you." He leaned in and their foreheads touched. "I promise you," he said in a low soft voice.

Then he leaned all the way forward. His lips met hers. She was hesitant. The taste of fear was still on her lips, which Vader found a bit arousing. But she let a long breath. With it the tension she held in her body left her. This time it was she who pushed her lips against his. Her lips parted and their tongues met.

Vader let his arms wrap around Padmé, pulling them closer. Finally her lips pulled away, but she kept her body close to his. Her head came to rest on his shoulder.

"I don't know how you do it," she said softly.

"Do what?" he inquired.

"Work for Vader."

"I've been working for him for a long time now. Let's just say I'm probably the only person in this galaxy who truly understands him."

"And this is why you believe he won't hurt you?"

It wasn't lost on Vader that she hadn't said that he wouldn't hurt her. Her first concern had been for Anakin. Such a thought brought a curl of pleasure tingling through Vader.

"This is why I *know* he won't hurt *you*," he murmured softly into her hair.

He started to kiss her hair. He pushed her into the back of the sofa as his kisses moved to her temples and then down the side of her face. He left big open kisses along her neck and there he stayed. She could feel her breathing move heavier. He smiled to himself as one hand moved up her arm and the slid down to one of her perfect breasts. He squeezed the breast through her dress. A shiver ran through her, but not a shiver of pleasure.

She pushed him away. "No," she said softly. Vader frowned, but pulled away from her. "I just—I'm not . . ." she said as she looked down at her lap.

"I'm sorry," Vader grumbled. "Perhaps you would rather Rush Clovis."

"What? No!" She gripped his arm. "No! Anakin, I want you here. I just don't want *that* right now. Can't you please just hold me?" Her whole body leaned into him. He wrapped his arm around her, pulling her tight against him. They stayed like that for a long while.

"Perhaps we should do something about dinner?" Vader asked. "I could order something to be delivered."

The rest of the evening was spent on the couch. Either side by side or with Padmé in his arms. They talked about light hearted topics. She shared gossip about some of the senators. He shared gossip about some of the moffs, generals, and admirals. She briefly talked about some trashy holoshow she used to watch.

It was honestly the type of night Vader hadn't quite experienced. He was just enjoying Padmé's company. She had already said she didn't want to have sex tonight, and he respected that wish. He was a bit disappointed at first, but had come to enjoy the evening anyways.

"I best be going, Senator. It is quite late," he said. He moved to stand up, but she grabbed his arm pulling him back down.

"No, stay," she said.

"I thought you didn't want . . ."

He smiled as she blushed. "No, I don't," she said softly. 'But,' she said as she looked straight into his eyes. "That doesn't mean you still can't stay the night here. With me."

"Just sleeping?" he asked. She leaned into him and wrapped her arms around him.

"Yes," she said into his shirt. "I like it like this. With you."

He wrapped his arms around her. "Very well," he agreed.

Anakin had left early that morning. Padmé had slept in his arms all night. It was a restful sleep. One without dreams or nightmares. She was roused by the beeping of a comlink. She at first thought she heard it on the floor, possibly in the pile of Anakin's clothes for he had climbed into bed just in his underwear. However she soon heard a beep of the comlink come from Anakin.

"Lord Vader—" came a voice through the comlink, but then she heard it shut off immediately. Anakin cursed.

"Anakin?" Padmé asked in her half awake state.

"Sorry I must go," he said as leaned over and kissed her head. Then he was gone.

Padmé had then gotten up and summoned her handmaids to help her dress. It was another work day for the senate. She had hoped to work more on drafting her bill, but shortly upon arriving to work Rush Clovis walked into her office. He pressed her into joining him for dinner, but she politely declined. He wouldn't let the matter drop, until Padmé promised that sometime soon the two would dine together. Finally pleased, Clovis left.

Padmé had a productive morning until Bail Organa arrived. He greeted her with a warm smile, and she felt bad she didn't share that warmth. Her mind was going back to the basement scene yesterday.

"Have you thought any more of my proposition, Padmé?" Bail asked.

"Bail . . ." Padmé started.

“Padmé please listen. You helped so many on Yinchorr. The Alliance is deeply thankful for that intel. That is why I must implore you to join the Alliance.”

“Bail, I can’t.”

“Padmé I know your heart bleeds for the injustice that has befallen the galaxy, please just —”

“I can’t,” she said harder this time. ‘Bail . . . Bail, Darth Vader came to me yesterday.’ She paused to take in his reaction. He had leaned back in his chair. He face serious. “He . . . he knew I was the one who told the Alliance about Yinchorr. He threatened me Bail. He killed Senator Sruddi Thekkas of Brigia right in front of me without even touching him!”

A tense silence fell between the two. Bail was clearly in thought. Padmé wondered if Bail even knew who the Brigia senator was. Padmé hadn’t, but if perhaps Brigia was supporting the Alliance Bail did know of him.

“Padmé, did . . . did you say anything? To Vader?” Bail finally asked.

“No,” Padmé answered truthfully. ‘I never told him who I spoke within the Alliance.’ Again another silence stretched between. Padmé was the one who broke it this time. “Bail, I can’t join the Alliance. Not after . . . not after Vader’s demonstration. It was clear the same would happen to me.”

“I understand, Padmé,” he replied a bit sadly. “I wish it weren’t so, but I understand. I really do. I’m glad to hear you gave him nothing. He is a monster.”

A cold pang of guilt washed through her. She hadn’t given Vader anything, because he already knew. *Tell Organa I know he is a Rebel, this could also be your fate* . The dark words of Darth Vader haunted her. She was tempted to tell

“Bail,” she said softly. “Please be careful. I fear . . . I fear for you as well.”

“Yes of course,” he said with a small smile. Bail left shortly after that.

Padmé felt it hard to focus on her work after that. Her mind kept going back to Bail to the Brigia senator to Vader. Then she would sometimes think of Anakin and sometimes think of the dream. She would curse to herself when she realized she had let her thoughts wonder back to the dream.

Feeling unproductive and stifled in her office, Padmé left to simply just walk around the massive senate building. She went over the wording of bill proposal. She imagined herself as an objector of the bill. How would she dismantle it and take it apart? Where were the weaknesses? Then Padmé would make those parts stronger. As she made her way back to her office she felt like she had a good plan of attack for the rest of the afternoon. Except it all went out of her head the moment she saw Darth Vader sitting in her chair at her desk.

Like yesterday, he wore a black cloak with the hood pulled low over his shadowed face. His boots were crossed and propped up on her desk. She paused in doorway. She debated about turning around, ignoring him, but she doubted that would go over well. So she walked in and felt the brush of air behind her as the door closed.

“Lord-lord Vader,” Padmé said as she made her way slowly over to her desk.

“Senator Amidala,” Vader said in an amused voice.

Padmé came to a stop in front of her desk. An awkward silence fell between them. Vader dug around inside the pockets of his jacket. He then pulled out a small black device. Padmé looked at it curiously. She heard a soft clicking noise as Vader must have pressed a button.

Then she heard Bail’s voice. *“Have you thought any more of my proposition, Padmé?”*

“Bail . . .”

“Padmé please listen. You helped so many on Yinchorr. The Alliance is deeply thankful for that intel. That is why I must implore you to join the Alliance.”

“Bail, I can’t.”

Padmé clenched her teeth as she stared at the sounds coming from the black listening device. Clearly one Darth Vader had planted during his visit the previous day. Though his face was hidden in shadow, she was sure he had a smug smile on his face. Vader clicked the device off.

“I did plant this in your office,” Vader said. ‘I wanted to make sure you kept up your end of our deal. And I have to say . . . I’m quite pleased with you, Amidala.’ She didn’t stop the small angry huff of air that escaped her. He only chuckled in response. “But do you know what the problem with this recording is?” He paused, but she didn’t answer. “It gives me proof that Bail Organa is truly part of the rebellion.”

A rock fell in her stomach as her heart dropped into her knees. Cold icy water sliced along her spine and up her neck.

“What— but— You already knew Bail was a rebel!” she said.

“Yes, I *knew* that, but now I have proof. Undeniable proof.”

“No,” she said. What had she done? She had doomed Bail. She should have rushed him out of her office before he said a single word for her. She should have known her office was no longer safe.

“The only shame about this little device is there is only one. I have yet to back it up.” She just stared at him. Unsure at what he was getting at. “I’d be willing to hand it over to you, for the right price that is.” Again she just stared.

“Come now, think on it Amidala,” Vader continued. “What will happen if I hand this device over to the Emperor? He’ll demand Organa’s arrest and execution, most likely after a long and horrible interrogation. I wonder how long he would last before he tells the secrets of his precious rebellion. They always do spill their secrets when I’m their interrogator.”

Her blood was cold as it pumped through her body.

“Then the Emperor will unleash me on Alderaan. I’ll have to question the queen as well. Possibly many of the high ranking officials. I’ll doubt any of them will live through it. The planet will be handed over to some random moff that happened to currently please the Emperor,” Vader explained. “But you could buy *this* back. But—” he paused here, “Not with money. I have no need for such things.”

“With-with what?” she asked.

He stuck the device back into his pocket and crossed his arms across his chest. “Come now, you can’t think of anything?” Her silence was her answer. “Very well I shall show you. Come here.”

Padmé didn’t want to follow the order’s of that deep voice, but for some reason she did. She walked around her desk and came to stand beside him. He suddenly reached out and grabbed her waist and then pulled her into his lap. She braced her arms against his chest.

“What?” she said in a startled gasp. “How dare you!”

“This is how you can pay me for that recording,” Vader said a low silky voice as he pulled her tighter towards him. She pushed away, but his grip was too strong.

“You can’t be serious,” she said.

“Are you telling me you never thought of using this tight little body of yours to get anything you wanted?”

“What I do with my body is no concerns of yours,” she growled back.

One of his hands slid up to her shoulders and pushed her against his chest. His lips came next to her ear.

“All you have to do is fuck me,” he said. ‘Then I’ll give you this device.’ She could feel his warm breath against her skin and hair. “Think about it Amidala. Your friend would be safe. His wife. His staff. His planet. You just have to fuck me.”

His hand on her lower back moved lower. It now cupped her ass and gave it a gentle squeeze. Her mind was of course going back to the dream. Of how he massaged her body so damn well. She remembered his massive fat cock filling her completely. A flush of heat washed through her body, but that was quickly followed by an internal scowl. She couldn’t seriously be considering this, could she?

“What am I? Some whore?” she said disgusted as she pushed herself off his chest.

“Of course not,” Vader said. She was aware a cocky smug smile was across his shadowed face. ‘I don’t see you selling yourself so cheaply. But . . .’ he paused. She could tell his eyes moved up and down her body. “If you are, I have plenty of money.”

Her hand was up immediately, but before it could properly slap him, his hand caught her wrist.

“Let go,” she growled as she tried to pull her arm away, but his grip didn’t loosen. His hand on her ass squeezed her and pushed her deeper into his lap. She could feel the warm straining bulge in his pants against the side of her leg.

“Hmmm,” he purred. “No. At least not until you give me an answer. Do you want this device or not?”

“And what about the next time?” she hissed back at him. Her politician brain finally kicking in.

“Oh?” he said deeply amused. “There will be a next time?”

“The next time you get dirt on Bail?” she said. “The next time you trick me into revealing he is part of the Alliance?”

“Ahhh,” he said as he leaned back in the chair a bit. ‘You’ve caught on to my little scheme.’ She huffed at him. “Surely you’ll be far more careful now. It may be for the best to just avoid Organa for now. Cut all ties with him, especially if you wish to avoid situations like this.”

Silence stretched between them. Again she tried to push against him to stand up, but again he squeezed her ass and pushed her back. She could tell his dick was fully hard in his pants.

“Your answer, senator?”

“No,” she said.

“No?” She swear he raised an eyebrow. “You care so little for your friend? Here I thought you were so different from all those other heartless politicians.”

“I’m calling your bluff,” she said. He didn’t respond, so she continued. “You already knew Bail was involved in the rebellion. You could have gotten your evidence any multiple ways. Probably already have something else on him. You’re just toying with me. This is all for your personal amusement. This isn’t about Bail at all. You’re just horny with a kink for power play. Tell me is this how you usually get off?”

There was a pause as her words settled in. Then Vader laughed. “Oh senator!” he said when he finally calmed down. His hand let go of her wrist and went to her back. He pushed her body against his. His mouth came up to her ear. ‘How right you are,’ he said in a low seductive voice. “About some of it. Not all of it.”

He let his hand fall from her back. She at once pushed away from, but his hand on her ass still gripped her tight. He dug into a pocket and brought out a comlink. He brought it up to his mouth.

“This is Lord Vader,” he said.

“Ah Lord Vader, how may I help you?” came a voice from the com.

“I wish to meet with the Emperor at his earliest convenience,” Vader said. His voice was smooth and polite. Professional.

“Of course, my lord. Please wait while I find opening,” the person answered. A small silence stretched. “The earliest you can see the Emperor is in three hours. Will that work, my lord?”

“Yes,” Vader replied.

“Very good. Oh and my lord? The nature of this visit?”

“Tell the Emperor I have some new information regarding the rebellion.”

“Of course, my lord. Will that be all?”

“Yes,” Vader said as he clicked off the com and placed it back in his packet. She could tell his attention was back on her. ‘I can assure you of one thing,’ Vader said with a smile, “I am

not bluffing. In three hours I will meet with the Emperor. Your decision, senator. Shall I present him with this recording or not?"

A small tremor ran through her body. "Is this all a game to you?" she said in small but furious whisper. "You play with people's lives? Just so you can get some ass?"

"Oh but it's not just any ass. It's *your* ass." He squeezed her ass as he said it. 'I see you still need convincing,' he murmured softly. "Here let me show you." He brought his free hand up to her forehead. She tried to jerk away, but his pointer finger pressed against her forehead.

Suddenly her mind filled with visions. She saw Bail being dragged down a hall by stormtroopers. He was then hanging by his wrists in a dark cell. His body was bare and covered bruises and oozing wounds. Then she saw him kneeling on his knees in a large square in Coruscant. Vader behind him with his red lightsaber raised about to come down on his neck. Then she saw Aldera, the capital of Alderaan. Black smoke billowed from the palace. She saw Queen Breha kicking between two troopers that were dragging her away.

Then she was back in her office sitting on the lap of Darth Vader.

"You can stop all of it," Vader said. 'It'll just cost you some of your personal dignity.' Then he leaned forward and said in a sweet whisper. "Though honestly by the time we're done, you'll be walking away very satisfied. It will be far better than the horrible guilt you'll feel seeing your dear Organa arrested and executed."

She bit her lip to prevent the small laugh at his arrogance. But his words rolled through her. She could stop it. The images of Bail and Alderaan and Breha replayed in her mind.

"Very-very well," she whispered softly.

"Hmm?" he purred.

"Very well," she replied louder this time. "I have conditions."

"Oh?"

"One: You will give that recording to me when are done. When you meet with the Emperor you are not to mention Organa or his ties to the Rebellion. I am doing it to keep him safe. That means that there must truly be no other copy of that recording."

"Of course, and as I've mentioned, this is the only one."

"Two: This is between you and me. You are to keep this a secret. I will not be blackmailed or have my name smeared on the holonet as the slut who slept with Vader."

"You wound me," he said. "I would never stoop to such a level."

"You already are stooping to a low level. How do I know when and where you'll stop?"

"Touch é, but very well. I accept your conditions unless there are more?" She shook her head no. "Good then. Strip. This will be no fun with those clothes on you."

A hot wave crossed her cheeks at how crass he was. She felt his hand finally move from her ass. It felt a little cold now without his warm hand cradling her. But she slowly pushed herself off his lap. She found herself on unsteady legs. She took a few steps and then turned

away from him. How could she be doing this? How had she agreed to this? But . . . Bail . . . She took a deep breath. Vader was right. It was just a bit of hurt dignity. She could live.

She reached to the back of her gown and with shaking hands undid the clasps. The dress fell off her shoulders to her waist then pooled at her feet on the floor. She slowly took off her under slip leaving her in her underwear. Her back was still to him, but she could feel his eyes are her. Feel his deep amusement and pleasure in the air. She unbuckled her bra and let it fall to the ground on top of her gown. Then finally she slipped out of her panties.

She took a deep breath, crossed one arm across her exposed breasts, and then turned to face him. He had brought his cock out. It stood straight up. One of his hands was slowly rubbing up and down the long shaft as he looked over at her.

“That is so much better,” Vader purred. “Now come.”

His free hand stretched out to her. She walked back over to him slowly. She was unsure how they were going to proceed. She started to move so she would sit on his lap like before, but both his hands shot out and grabbed her waist. She let out a small startled gasp that earned a small laugh from him. He pulled her back into his lap, but this time she was straddling him. Her legs were on each side. His hands gripped her ass cheeks and pushed her into him. Her pussy was pushed against his giant cock.

One hand stayed on her ass and started to squeeze and massage it. The other hand came up to her lips. He gently rubbed back and forth. The dream came to mind at once. “*Ah, yes. That’s my name,*” the dream Vader had said.

“What was that?” Vader said in a surprised voice. “Senator! Why didn’t you tell me you’ve fantasized me ravaging you before? We could have skipped all that earlier mess.”

He pushed her ass, making her grind against him. Her soft folds parted as the shaft pressed into her. He didn’t stop. He moved his hips, so his hardened, upright cock moved up and down massaging her folds and clit. Despite her best efforts, her body started to react naturally. She could feel herself getting wet. Her juices smeared against his shaft where they met. His other hand moved to play with her breasts. His mouth found hers. The heat was starting to grow between her legs.

His kissed moved to the side of her mouth then along her cheek. He moved to her ear and sucked on her earlobe.

“Now,” he said hotly in her ear. “Fuck me.”

Chapter 6

Darth Vader had slept very little that night. He had enjoyed having his small senator curled up in his arms. But having her so close to him, not being able to touch her in the ways he wanted to, not being able to finally claim her, was torturous. But he kept his urges at bay. He played the respectable role of Anakin Skywalker. He took to memorizing her smell and the feel of her soft skin against his. He would play with her curls.

He had finally dozed off when he heard his comlink go off. It was still in his pant's pocket and without thinking he summoned it to him with the Force. When the fool who commed him called him Vader, he snapped fully awake. Padmé was awake, but just barely. Hopefully she didn't catch the mistake. Vader then left the senator's apartment.

His mood was sour as he went about his work. He had military briefings to attend. A pile of paperwork that needed to be dealt with. He also needed to shift through some new intelligence reports on the rebels. He felt slightly better when he choked the poor fool who called him earlier. Fear and death had a nice calming effect on him. It fed his powers to the dark side of the Force.

However, all of his work was soon pushed aside as he checked on his spies who were following Padmé. Rush Clovis had visited her this morning. A snarling rage of jealousy curled inside Vader. He ordered a report on Clovis and in short order one arrived to Vader. At least some of his agents were competent. Overall Clovis was unimpressive. But there was one detailed that made Vader grind his teeth. Clovis and Padmé had been involved when they both entered the Senate together. Romantically.

It was very clear Rush Clovis needed to be dealt with. Vader almost left right then and there to strangle the man. He would do it with his bare hands so he could feel the life slowly ebb out of the man. But then Vader decided not to as a wicked thought crossed his mind. He could get more enjoyment out of this. He would make Padmé's his, and he would make sure Clovis knew it. Then he'd kill him. It was perhaps a bit simple, but Vader rather liked the idea.

But Vader couldn't tame the beast that had unleashed. His jealousy and desire whirled around him. His mind kept going back to Padmé despite his best efforts to push her from his thoughts. A small ping from his datapad at lunchtime informed him that Organa had visited Padmé again. When he was informed she left her office, he decided he couldn't stay away. He quickly made his way to her office and collected the listening device he had placed the day before. As he listened to the audio, a smile crept upon his lips as a plan formed his head.

A plan that had worked out wonderfully well. For now he sat in the chair behind Padmé's desk and the senator herself straddled his lap naked. Her warm, wet pussy was pushed against his throbbing dick. His hand pinched one of her nice pink nipples. He could sense her inner struggle, her reluctance, but Vader didn't care. He was tired of waiting. He wanted her. Let Anakin Skywalker play the patient one.

He had been wonderfully delighted at the images from Padmé of some fantasy she had of him. It hadn't been of Anakin, but of *Vader*. Seeing it had caused a rush of warm lust to swirl in his gut. She wanted *him*. She wanted Vader. He had thought surely she was more attracted to his Anakin side, but clearly she also like his other side, his real side.

Of course she would, Vader mused to himself. The Force had given him visions of the two together. They were meant to be together. Of course she would want the real him. *This is going to be far easier than I thought*. He was going to let Padmé completely fall for Anakin. Only once she was securely Anakin's would he reveal his real identity. Yes, there would be some conflict about this truth, but in the end she wouldn't leave him. She would love him too much.

"Now," he said into her ear. "Fuck me."

The gasp she let out and the small shiver that ran through her pleased him. He was enjoying this so much. She slowly shifted her weight to her knees as she slowly rose. Her warm wet pussy folds slid up his fat cock. It left a delightful trail of her wet cunt juices. It went past his head. He bit back a small moan. Her small hand reached down and with a feathery touch, grabbed his shaft. Her other hand dipped into her folds as she started to guide him into her.

Then he was met with warmth as she pushed his cock into her. This time he didn't stop the moan as he felt her tight muscles squeezed around him as she slid further down onto him. She paused as she adjusted to his massive cock. She placed her hands on his chest. Her heart was beating fast. Her cheeks were flushed red. His using an incredible amount of willpower to stop from just slamming into her and fucking her hard and raw.

Slowly and finally, she started to move. She slowly raised herself. His cock slid inside her. Then she lowered herself. She started to form a very slow rhythm. He wanted her to move at her own speed. It was their first time. He didn't want to hurt her. He wanted her to enjoy this as much as he was. There of course would be more times in the future when he could play things his way.

As she got used to their bodies, she started to move a little bit faster. Her eyes were closed in concentration, but there was a pleased look on her face. He brought one hand to the small of her back and pushed her into him. Her lovely tits pushed into his shirt. He could feel their warmth through the fabric. He could feel her hard nipples scraping against the material as she continued to thrust up and down on him.

He brought his mouth up to hers. Moving his lips with hers as he claimed her mouth. She easily opened up to him. Desire and need and pleasure was rising inside of her. She was losing her edge and becoming more comfortable. His other hand he placed on her thigh and let it slide up to her hip. Her squeezed her hip and then used it to help guide her to go a bit faster. She easily followed his lead.

Force, she felt so good. He had to admit it was the best pussy he'd ever had. She was just so right. Her cunt relaxed enough to let in his whole cock in, but was still tight against his sides. The office was filled with the wet sounds of their bodies smashing together. He couldn't help but smile wondering what his other listening devices were picking up. He'd have to have them erased tonight by his agents. Padmé leaned away from him as she let out a moan.

“Ah yes,” Vader said. “That’s my girl. Enjoying my cock? I knew you would.”

She didn’t say anything, but he could sense the burning shame that washed through her. She was enjoying this. He placed both hands on her hips now. Guiding her a little deeper onto him and a little faster.

“Ahhh,” she moaned and then bit her lip. Her head rolled back as she continued to mew with pleasure. Vader leaned in to suck, lick, and kiss at her exposed throat. Leaving beautiful red marks along her neck. He could feel her vibrating with pleasure. She was close to release.

But then a dark thought came to Vader that made a new curl of pleasure move through him. He gripped her hips tight and in one solid movement, impaled her completely on his cock. He let out a delightful moan feeling his whole fat cock completely inside her pussy. Padmé let out a gasp and now sat trembling and panting. He pulled her to him and let her rest against his chest.

He felt her pussy squeeze his dick. She pushed against him placing her arms back on his chest. She started to push up, ready to continue, but he pushed on her down trapping her against him. She looked at him confused. She tried again, but he prevented her moving. Frustration flashed across her face as he felt her pussy squeeze him again. She was aching and needy.

“Tell me what it is you want,” he said in a deep low voice.

“I—” she started but closed her lips. She shifted again, her body again squeezing against his dick. Despite whatever her thoughts were, her body tingled and ached for completion. It craved.

“I . . .” she started. “I want you to finish.”

His smile grew big. “I want you to finish . . .?”

“Vader,” she said pleadingly. “I want you to finish me, Vader.”

He laughed. “You *want* me to fuck you?” She didn’t want to respond, but her body betrayed her as once again it squeezed his dick. “Very well,” he said.

Now it was his turn to take control. It started again so suddenly, Padmé let out a big gasp. He pounded into her deep and fast. She grabbed onto his shoulders, her fingers digging into him. His fingers dug into her hips as he thrust into her. To his pleasant surprise she started to move with him. She grinded against him making sure he went in deep and fast.

“Vader,” she moaned in a barely audible whisper. He smiled wickedly.

“Mmmm yes,” he said. “Say my name.”

“Vader,” she said a bit louder. The two were in sync, moving together as one. His cock moved in and out of her.

“Are you enjoying this?” he asked. She didn’t respond. He pushed into harder. She rolled her back and moaned. “Are you enjoying this?” he asked again.

“Yes-yes,” she answered. “Vader. Please.”

He couldn't deny her request. He kept fucking her. He knew she was so close. He absolutely enjoyed it when she did come. Her body arched against his hands. Her head flew back. She let out a loud moan. He could feel her body tingling and trembling and spasming. Her warm juices flowed down his cock, but all the while he kept fucking her. He hadn't had his orgasm yet. He was no hurry. He was going to take his time and savor it.

"Va-Vader," she murmured. Her head fell to his shoulders. Her hands wrapped around him and into his cloak. He had a slight fear she might try and pull down his hood, but she didn't. She just held him.

He let go his thoughts. He focused on her. On his dick thrusting into her. Of her velvet folds sliding and slurping around him. He could feel himself getting close. When his orgasm finally came, it was strong and sudden. Almost like an explosion. His thick warm cum shot jet after jet into her. She moaned and clutched him tighter.

"Fuck," he said as pure ecstasy exploded in his mind and washed tingling down his spine into the rest of his body. He let go of her hips. She sagged against him. They were both panting and sweaty. Their bodies were both trembling with the small aftershocks of their orgasms.

"Force," he said to himself. It had been everything he wanted and more. She was perfect. She was his. He knew right then he would never tire of her.

Padmé's body felt heavy but satisfied. She was hot and sweaty and a mess. She wanted to go home. She needed to get away from Vader. She didn't want to admit how right he had been saying she would walk away satisfied, because she had. It had been just like her dream, but more. He was good. Really good.

And he was also Darth *kriffin* Vader. Supreme Commander of the Imperial Navy. Second in Command of the Empire. The only person who stood above him was the Emperor himself. And he was a Sith lord. He had even used his horrible Sith magic on her earlier to show her images of Bail. She couldn't be doing this with him. She needed to get away and promptly avoid him. Forever.

Her body was shaky as she rose from his lap. His dick slid out of her. She felt the rush of their mixed juices flow out of her satisfied cunt and down her inner thighs. She slowly got her feet to the floor. On unsteady legs, she made her way back to her desk to where her pile of clothes were. She paused by the desk and bent over. She placed both hands flat against the smooth top.

Her body was still trembling. She tried to collect herself. Steady her breathing. Calm her body. She took deep breaths. Then she felt his hands slide around her waist.

"What are you doing?" she growled.

"I was watching the great view of your ass," he said. "I couldn't help myself from touching it."

His hands slid away and then she gasped as he slapped one of her ass cheeks. Again he slapped it, but this time he didn't pull away. He grabbed a handful of her round ass. The other

hand did the same. Both hands squeezed at her ass. Lust started to pool in her gut again.

Oh gods no , she said to herself.

One hand slid off her ass cheek and down into her crack. It slid down under her and into her pussy from behind. His fingers dug into sopping wet, spent, and over sensitive cunt.

“No-no,” she said trying to bite back the sounds of pleasure. It felt good. She was still filled with their juices, and she could tell his hand was now covered in it as well. Then his hand slid out and back along her center. Up along her ass crack and to her ass hole. “What?” she gasped.

His hand, wet from their juices, went around her rim. Then one wet finger slid in. A new wave of heat flushed through her. Her body was welcoming this.

“This was not part of the deal,” she said with a harder voice. She tried to move away, but found his free hand was on her back keeping her in place. Then the hand slipped away. He slammed down the black circular listening device on the desk. Then he crushed it in his hand. It broke apart in a small sputter of sparks.

He inserted another finger into her. Then he leaned into her. She could feel his cock was full and hard again. “If you want this to stop, then I’ll stop,” he whispered to her. ‘But be truthful with yourself, senator. Was that not the best fucking you’ve ever had?’ She bit her lip. She didn’t say anything because it *was* the best fucking she had ever had. Granted not like she had many other sexual partners, but she somehow knew nothing compared. He let out a low laugh. “Your thoughts betray you,” he said in a low seductive voice.

His fingers were now working to stretch her out. Loosening her ass up. Then he pulled out of her. She couldn’t stop the slight disappointment she felt. He leaned over her. She felt his weight against her back. She was keenly aware of his hard cock pushed against her back.

“You’re right,” he whispered. ‘Our deal is complete. If you wish to end it here, we can. Or . . .’ He let the unsaid promise hang. “I can take your ass and complete you in ways nobody ever has. Your choice.”

Then he paused. She was aware of his chest moving against her back as he breathed. Suddenly she was reminded of a similar scene with Anakin when she was in the bathroom of the Nabooian restaurant. This was so similar. He also had been pushy, but then paused and waited for her consent.

What did she want? She knew what her body wanted. Her body wanted his offer. Badly. But her mind? The smart part of her knew she should say no. She should go home and possibly think of retiring early to live her whole life back on Naboo if it meant staying away from Darth Vader. But . . . by the gods she did want this.

The seconds were dragging into a full minute by now. “I hate you,” she said in a soft whisper. She hoped he hadn’t heard it, but he did.

“I can live with that,” he whispered back.

“Fuck you,” she grumbled.

He laughed. “Is that a yes?”

“Yes,” she said again very soft.

“Such a naughty little thing you are,” he said. “So needy, but then again so am I.”

Then he leaned back. She felt his hands grabbing her ass, pushing her cheeks apart. Then she felt his tip push against her rim. She tensed up as he pushed into her ass.

“Fuck yes,” he murmured. “You’re so perfect. Such a perfectly delicious pussy and ass. My cock can’t get enough.”

He was in balls deep. She could feel his plump ball sack against her ass. Once again she was so completely filled with his cock. Then he started to thrust into her. She bit her lip at the pleasure rolling through her. Vader’s dick slid in and out and in out. Her rim sucked tightly along his cock.

Padme was so full of Darth Vader’s cock, and it felt so amazing. It was bliss. Her warm body was flooded with waves of pleasure that shot through her each time Vader’s fat, heavy dick rocked into her. She hadn’t had much anal sex before. In fact she count the times on one hand. Nabooian culture was very conservative. As such her younger sexual experiences were very vanilla. It wasn’t until she left the planet and entered the Senate that she started to explore a bit more.

Vader was just so much *more* . Not just this ass fucking, but the pussy pounding as well. Padme’s whole body vibrated in pleasure as Vader continued to claim her body. The only person who she had ever had anal with was Clovis, and he had never made her felt this good. Padme let out a small gasp as suddenly Vader seemed to push into her harder and faster. She knew she wasn’t going to hang on much longer. It was becoming too much.

Right as her orgasm hit, Vader came. With one mighty push that shoved his whole cock into her, he let loose jet after jet of warm cum. It only amplified her own orgasm. Her whole body shook in lightning of pleased tingles. Fresh juices trickled out pussy and down her thighs. Padme couldn’t believe how much cum Vader was filling her with. Already her pussy had been so full, and now her ass was as well. She took a few deep breaths.

Vader hadn’t pulled out. She could feel he was still half-hard. He leaned over her. She felt his weight against her. A hand came up to one of her tits and started fondle it and play with the nipple.

“I enjoyed that very much, Senator,” Vader said in a low husky tone.

Then he leaned in and left a kiss on her cheek. Then he pulled away. There was a sense of emptiness inside of her as he pulled out. Then she saw the tall shadow of his form walk around her desk and out the door of her office finally leaving her alone. She sank to her knees, trembling not just from satisfaction but also a mix of fear and anxiety.

Vader returned to his rooms in the Imperial Palace. He took a quick cold shower and got a fresh change of clothes before his appointment with the Emperor. He stopped by his private office and dumped some data onto a data stick. He needed something to present to the Emperor about the rebellion. Luckily he had plenty of information stashed away.

He pulled the hood of his cloak back on his face. He summoned the dark side of the Force to cast his fast into shadows. Then he set out towards the Emperor's office. He of course could sense his Sith master. He could tell the old man was not in the throne room. Yet as Vader got closer still, he realized the old man was not in his office either. He was next door to it, in the Emperor's sitting room.

The room was sometimes used to entertain guests while they waited for an audience for the Emperor. Especially if the Emperor wanted them relaxed and feeling like they earned favor with the Emperor. Sometimes the room was for the Emperor's use. Vader found himself standing in front of the doors to the sitting room. Two red Royal Imperial Guards stood on either side of the door. Two more sets stood on either end of the hallway as well. Vader ignored them and they ignored Vader.

Vader entered the sitting room. The room was decorated to reflect the station of the Emperor. Rich and rare marble tiled the room with lush and elaborate rugs on top. Large paintings hung on the walls and fancy glass vases stood on shelves and tables holding well arranged exotic flower arrangements. Many of the furniture had gold detailing. A few even had gemstones placed into the designs. Overall Vader disliked the place. It felt gaudy. Like it was trying too hard.

Two of the Imperial Guards stood silently in each corner. Even within the Force, they were a blank wall. They were unmoved as they watched their Emperor fucking a harem girl on one of the couches. Vader could tell she was one of the Emperor's girls. There was a large, chunky gold collar around her throat. She was also human, which was the only species worthy enough to touch the Emperor's royal cock.

The girl was face down into the pillows of the couch. Her ass was in the air. The Emperor gripped her hips tightly as he thrustured into her. He was fully clothed. Vader had to admit the girl played the part very well. Deep moans came out from the pillows. She moved her body with his. He wondered how much of it was acting and how much was the drugs she had most likely been pumped up with. Even in the Force, he could feel her desire, but if he dug deeper he could sense her hidden fear, pain and disgust.

Glancing at his master, Vader couldn't blame the poor girl. Vader had gotten a good look at the Emperor's cock before. The man might be a master of the dark side and endowed with great power, but he was not endowed with an impressive dick. It was long, but it was thin. Vader walked over to the couch and knelt down to one knee with his head bow.

"My master," Vader said in greeting.

"Ah my young apprentice," the Emperor rasped between his thrusts. "Rise."

Vader followed the order and stood with his hands clasped behind his back. He had let his hood fall off his head. In private with the Emperor, there was no point in hiding his face. Vader patiently waited until finally the Emperor seemed to peak in orgasm. He slapped the girl's ass then pulled out of her. He slipped off the couch and made his way over to a set of chairs sitting between a small table. The Emperor sat in one chair and waved to Vader to take the other.

"Perhaps Lord Vader you would like for my little slut to taste your cock?" the Emperor said with a smile. Vader knew the Emperor was only offering Vader to fuck her face, as the

only cock allowed into that pussy was the Emperor.

“I must decline, my master,” Vader said. “I am well sated. I just came from a delightful encounter with Senator Amidala.”

“Oh?” The Emperor smiled showing off his yellow crooked teeth. ‘I take it this is how you got your new information on the rebellion?’ Vader merely nodded. “I knew Amidala would break on your cock. I knew she would be an excellent little whore to spy on the rebels as she would give anything for a taste of your cum. Now tell me what did she give you?”

Vader did not once correct the Emperor in where he had gotten the information. Let the Emperor believe whatever he liked. It worked better for Vader anyways. The Emperor was pleased with the information Vader presented him. It was on a weapons dealer that was supplying the rebellion. With less weapons, the rebellion would only be easier and weaker to crush.

“Continue as you have, Lord Vader,” the Emperor ordered. “Fuck all the rebellion’s secrets out of Amidala. Then you shall crush the rebellion for good.”

“Of course, my master,” Vader said with a nod of his head. He stood and pulled his hood back on.

“Elvaria,” the Emperor barked in a harsh raspy voice. The harem girl flinched from the couch, but she collected herself and rose gracefully. She quietly crossed the floor and came to her knees in front the Emperor. The Emperor let one boney hand lash out and grab her hair. He pushed her face into his groin. Vader turned, not caring to watch. He made his way to the door, but was stopped by the Emperor’s voice.

“Lord Vader?” Vader turned back towards his master. “Perhaps you shall soon present me with your little senator to taste myself.”

Vader had to fight very hard the black raging anger that wanted to boil up inside of him. If he allowed the Emperor to sense such emotions, the Emperor would demand Padme be brought to him at once. Instead Vader kept his emotions calm, uncaring.

“As you wish, my master,” Vader said as turned from the Emperor and left the room.

Chapter 7

Padmé didn't go to work the next day. Part of her didn't think she could properly work at her desk. Even at home in her apartment her mind kept wandering back to her encounter with Vader. A few times her fingers slid under her panty's waistband while she recalled Vader's cock. The senator wasn't sure how well she'd manage in the room it actually took place in. She had ordered her handmaids to have her old desk chair thrown out and replaced.

Two things were clear to Padmé. One, she needed to avoid Darth Vader. Two, she was also now really horny. Vader's fucking had been so good. Her body just wanted it again. But she was not going back to Vader. He was far too dangerous. So for now she was just left feeling frustrated. Her own attempts at release had failed.

You just need some good cock, she said to herself. It wasn't a thought she had often. She often threw her passions into her work, only to allow her body to have passion every now and then. Mostly her relationships went sour because she was more focused on work than her partner. Generally one good fuck was all it took before she would need another one. But now . . . her body wanted more.

There was Anakin Skywalker. He had been wanting to have a go with her. He did have an impressive cock. Padmé did pause and wonder what his cock would be like. How would it measure up to Vader's? But she was a bit hesitant about calling up Anakin. She was having a hard time placing her feelings for Skywalker. It was easy to place the lust she had for him, but their relationship had started to form into something a bit more.

She wasn't even aware she had picked up her com and dialed in his frequency until his voice came over the com. "Skywalker," he answered. Her heart jumped in her chest and pounded so loudly she wondered if Anakin could hear it through the com.

"Ana-Anakin," she said flustered.

"Padmé," Anakin said warmly.

"Do you have any plans for tonight?"

That was how Anakin Skywalker sat in her sitting room of her apartment. He had taken off his uniform jacket. He wore a white button-up shirt underneath. He had loosen the top few buttons and untucked the shirt from his pants.

Padmé had just returned from the kitchen with some drinks for the two of them. She placed the glasses on the table and looked over at Anakin. The muscles in her lower body squeezed and relaxed at the sight of him. Padmé walked over to Anakin and then crawled onto the couch. She rested a knee on either side of Anakin.

"I wanted to ask," Padmé said as she placed her hands on her chest. She remembered wanting to do this so badly back when he had taken her to the gardens. "If your offer was still good."

"My offer?" he asked.

“About how if in two day’s time I wanted to continue where we left off in your speeder . . . I know it’s been more than two days,” she said. She couldn’t stop the red blush growing across her cheeks.

“Ah yes, *that* offer,” Anakin said as leaned back and crossed his hand behind his head. “Why of course it still stands.”

Padmé couldn’t help but smile. “Good,” she said. She moved her body closer to his. Anakin had to crane his head back to get a good look at her. She brought her hands up into his hair and started to comb her fingers through his curls. She brushed it back away from his face. Then she let herself lower until she rested on his lap.

She cupped his face into hers and brought them together. At once their lips met, both eagerly opening for the other. Each desperately seeking the other. It felt as if Padmé was breathing fire with the warmth in her mouth. One of Anakin’s hand wrapped into her hair, cradling the back of her head. The other wrapped around her waist and pulled her closer to him. Her breasts pushed against his shirt.

“Shall we take this somewhere more comfortable?” he offered.

“Yes,” she said a sultry whisper.

In a fluid motion he stood up while bringing his hands down to her ass to support her weight. She wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. He continued to kiss her as he carried her down the hall towards her room. Once inside her room, he spun and pushed her against the wall. His big open mouth kisses started to trail down to her throat. She arched her back as she grinded into him. She could feel the warm straining bulge of his cock through his pants.

“Ana-Anakin,” she moaned softly into his hair.

His grip tightened as he pulled her away from the wall and carried her to the bed. He gently placed her on the bed and braced one arm on the mattress next to her. He smiled warmly down at her, and she returned the smile. His free hand slid under her shirt. She had been wearing loose comfortable clothes. She hadn’t gotten all dressed up since she didn’t go to work.

His hand slid up her torso, bringing the shirt with it. His hand smoothly slid over her breast. He finally grabbed a fistful of the shirt and pulled it off of her. She brought her arms up to the let the shirt come easily off. His lips met hers. They shared an open mouth kiss, but then he moved on. He left a trail of kisses down her throat and between her breasts. He stopped at her stomach.

As his mouth left sloppy kisses on his stomach, his hands gently dug into the waistband of her pants and panties. He started to slowly pull them down. He glanced up at her. Their eyes met and he flashed her a devilish smile as he stood up to completely pull her clothing off.

She laid there nude on the bed. Her body completely bare for him. His eyes traveled all of her body as he unbuttoned his shirt and threw it to the floor. He kicked off his boots as he crawled back onto the bed. His right leg was between her legs and as he crawled forward his knee came up between her thighs. His knee was pushing into her pussy. She couldn’t help but push herself into the knee and grind against it. Her pussy was aching.

Anakin's hands cradled her head and his fingers laced into her hair. She eagerly accepted his mouth with hers. Their tongues met and moved together. She gently bit at his lip as he pulled away again. He simply stared down at her. His hands were massaging her scalp. His eyes were a soft blue and that gentle smile had yet to leave his face.

The heat was still growing between Padmé's legs. She placed both her hands on his chest and pushed. The two rolled over and exchanged positions. Now Anakin was the one on the bed with Padmé on top of him. She wasted no time. Her hands slid along his well toned chest and abs. Her fingers found the clasp to his pants and quickly undid it. Then she leaned down and bit the waistband with her teeth. She started to pull the pants and underpants down with her mouth and hands.

She could feel his straining bulge and was not surprised to see his cock jump loose as soon as it was freed from the pants. It stood tall and completely erect. Her mouth let go of the pants and she leaned forward to the exposed cock. She started to leave small kisses along the shaft as her hands continued to pull his pants down. She had to pull away to completely get his legs free of his clothes, but finally the two were both naked.

She crawled back onto the bed and on top of Anakin. Their bodies were flushed together. She could feel his hard dick pressed against her. "Anakin," she murmured, "I need you."

"Then let's get you comfortable," he said as he gently pushed her off of him. He moved her so her head rested on a pillow and then slid another pillow under her ass. He spread her legs open and looked down at her pussy. "I remember this," he said as he leaned down into her legs.

He started to leave kisses along her inner thigh. Padmé couldn't help but moan as his mouth moved closer and closer to her hot pussy. She let out a deep sigh when his lips finally kissed her warm folds. He sucked at her clit and rolled his tongue around it before his licks went lower and deeper into her.

She was ready. She was so ready. She reached down with both hands and cupped his face. He allowed himself to be drawn back up to her face. Their lips met. She could taste her own aroused juices on his lips. She let one hand slide across his chest and down his torso and gently grabbed his cock. Anakin let out a small moan in response.

"Please," she pleaded leaving the rest of the request unsaid.

Finally he shifted his weight and used on his hands to guide his cock into her. He went slow. She could feel herself clenching around his dick as it slid into it. He paused when he was only partially in.

"More," she begged.

"You sure?" he asked. She arched her back which pushed more of him into her. Getting the message he continued pushing his cock deep inside of her.

"Keep going," she said. She knew he had a big cock and she knew she could handle it. She wanted his big dick inside of her. Completely inside of her. She wanted to be full of his dick. If she could handle Darth Vader's massive cock, she could take Anakin's. Plus Vader had left her hungry and aching for more cock, and luckily Anakin's cock was satisfying all those desires.

He was finally all the way in, and it felt so good. She was completely filled with cock. Warm tingly waves echoed through her. Her body was on pin and needles as it desperately waited for the action to begin.

“Are you comfortable?” Anakin asked.

“Just fuck me,” she said tired of waiting.

He only smiled and let out a small laugh, but then he started to move. His hands gripped her waist. He started off slowly and gently moving in and out. She matched his rhythm as she moved her hips with his thrusts. She wrapped her legs around him to bring him in closer and tighter and deeper. His speed started to increase. Her body shuddered in bliss as Anakin’s cock thrust in and out of her.

“You’re so good,” she moaned. “I need more.”

She let out a mixture of a loud gasp and moan as he suddenly pushed into her harder and deeper. It felt like her whole body was filled with him. She continued to move with in. The two were in sync, moving as one. She could feel her warmth building and building. She was so close. She continued to buck against him as he fucked her just right.

Then her orgasm hit. She twisted and writhed on the bed as her body spasmed. She let out a moan that quickly turned into a scream. Anakin kept pumping and thrusting into her. His movements were getting harsher and rawer. Her pussy tightened around his cock asking him to release, which he finally did. With one final push he let himself go. Padmé’s pussy was flooded with shot after shot of thick creamy cum. She let her body relax and melt into the bed as waves of elation and small tremors of satisfaction rolled through her.

Anakin pulled out and she could feel the mixture of his warm cum and her juices seeping out her spent cunt. He laid down beside her and pulled her to him. There were both sweaty, but she welcomed the warmth of his body. He gently kissed her forehead. They just laid there as their bodies calmed down.

Yet Padmé wasn’t completely satisfied as she had hoped she would be. As soon as her body came off its orgasmic high, the need and ache started to grow again. She couldn’t still be horny, but a fresh curl of tingling want was growing low inside of her. It was clear, her body wanted more.

This is all Vader’s fault, she thought. He had done something to her with his horrible Sith magic to make her this horny. But luckily Vader wasn’t here. She had Anakin, who was just as good and big as Vader. Plus unlike Vader, Anakin was sweet and caring. She gently pushed herself out of his arms, but then she was quickly on top of him. She pressed her warm, dripping pussy against his cock. She started to grind against him.

“Hmmm?” Anakin asked as his hands grabbed her hips. “What’s this? Still wanting more?”

She didn’t answer, at least not with words. She crashed her lips into his as she felt him getting harder and harder.

Both their naked bodies were twined together. Padmé's head rested against Vader's chest. She was sleeping restfully. Vader had been a bit surprised by how needy her pussy was and her stamina. They had gone four times. The first two times had been in her warm velvety pussy, the third time in her mouth, and then again in her still tight pussy.

This was how their nights should be. The two falling asleep after rounds and rounds of vigorous fucking. His sweet little senator falling asleep completely filled and leaking his cum. He too had fallen asleep, yet had awoken after he had a dream. It was another vision of Padmé.

Like the previous vision it showed as she had been tonight, being fucked deeply and completely by Vader. Then it showed her belly completely swollen and heavy with child, but then the vision changed. Instead of a blond hair blue eyed child, Padmé now carried a brown hair and brown eye child. The small baby looked just like its mother. Padmé cradled the baby, rocking it slowly. Vader recognized she was in the throne room of the palace. She walked up to the throne. There was someone sitting in the throne, but whoever it was the vision had it blurry and shadowed.

"Your princess, my Emperor," Padmé said as she presented the baby to the person on the throne.

"Thank you, my Empress," the person responded.

Vader had snapped awake at that. A cold chill washed through him. The words of his master floated through his head. "*Perhaps you shall soon present me with your little senator to taste myself.*" Vader clenched his teeth and wrapped his arms possessively around Padmé. No, he growled to himself. *Padmé is mine.*

Yet his mind wouldn't settle. Vader was plagued by images of his master taking Padmé and forcing his pathetic dick into her. He saw a royal wedding as the Emperor finally took an Empress. Then finally he saw Padmé presenting a small baby to the Emperor.

No. No. No. Vader said to himself. He could not allow that to happen. He had to stop it. His mind went a thousand different ways through the night, as he tried to think of ways to make sure Padmé continued to be his and his alone.

He was brought out of his thoughts when Padmé stirred and awoke. Vader pushed his troubling thoughts away so he could focus on the beautiful woman in front of him.

"How are you feeling?" he asked. "Sore?"

"Mmm," she said, "A small bit. But I mostly feel good. Really good. Last night was amazing. Thank you."

He couldn't help but chuckle a bit. "You were amazing as well," he said.

She let out a long sigh. "I need to get ready to go to the Senate. I can't stay away forever." She pushed herself up but paused as she looked down at him. "Care to join me?"

"In the Senate?" he asked. "I don't think I make a good politician."

"Really? With the way you used your mouth last night, you could have fooled me," she said smiling. "But I meant in the shower."

“You should have been more clear, but yes,” he said.

The two found themselves in Padmé’s shower. Hot water poured over the two of them. Padmé’s back was pressed against Vader’s front. His hands slid all over her, enjoying her body over and over again. His hands moved up and down her breasts and then down to her pussy. His fingers quickly slid into her folds.

“Got to make sure we get everything clean,” he said into her ear.

He started off with one finger, but quickly moved to two then three. Her round ass was pushed against his cock, which was starting to rise and stiffen.

“Just take me,” she said.

Vader wasted no time or words. He pushed her against the wall of the shower. Her breasts pushing against the cold tile. He quickly and easily slid his meaty cock into her pussy. Even after the multiple poundings she had received last night, her cunt was still tight and clenched eagerly around him.

“So good,” he murmured into her hair as he started to thrust. He started off fast. His desire fueled by insecure thoughts his new vision had brought him. He had to make her his. He was thrusting hard and fast and raw.

“Anakin,” she said a bit weakly. Yet her soft mewls only made him go harder and faster. She was his. The Force had brought them together. Had given Vader visions of her. Her delicious little pussy had been made for Vader’s fat cock. They both craved each other nonstop. Padmé was destined to be Vader’s.

She let out a scream as she orgasmed. Her rich warm folds spasmed around his cock, which led him to his own orgasm. He pumped her full of his warm seed. The two stayed like that for a short while as the warm water continued to fall around them. Their bodies heaving and shuddering in the small after tremors of sex.

Then he left her. He returned to the bedroom and got dressed. When he was done he turned and saw with a robe wrapped around her. Her hair was still dripping wet from the shower. She walked over to him with a slight sway of her hips. She grabbed his shirt and pulled him down for a kiss, which he all too easily accepted.

Force, this woman, Vader thought to himself. Never had another woman left him aching so much. “I’ve got to go,” Vader said finally pulling away. “And you’ve got to get ready. We both have work to do.”

“Will I see you again?” she asked huskily.

“Of course,” he said with a smile.

“Tonight?”

“I’m not sure,” he said truthfully. ‘I may be busy with work.’ Her lips formed a pout. A sexy pout. “I’ll let you know,” he said as he leaned in for one last kiss.

He left her then. He did have to work to do. He returned to the palace and changed his clothes so he properly looked the part of Darth Vader. He shortly received a summon by the Emperor. Vader scowled to himself as he made his way to his master. He had other duties to

attend to. He met the Emperor on a balcony that overlooked the palace gardens. A small table had been set up with breakfast. Vader knelt in front of the Emperor.

“What is thy bidding my master?” Vader said keeping his voice calm and even. He knew he kept the annoyance out of his tone, but Sidious easily picked it up through their bond in the Force.

“Rise, Lord Vader,” Sidious commanded. ‘Come join me.’ Vader sat down in the chair opposite of the Emperor. “How was your night last night with the young senator? Any new information?”

“My men are working to confirm the details,” Vader lied. “I want to make sure whatever information Amidala told me in throes of passion are true.”

“Good, good,” the Emperor said. A quiet fell between them as the Emperor sipped from his tea and nibbled on a pastry. Vader was working up the nerve to remind the Emperor of the many duties the Emperor himself had given the apprentice. As such Vader’s time was needed elsewhere. But the Emperor spoke first. “I felt a disturbance in the Force last night. Did you feel it to?”

“I did not, my master,” Vader answered truthfully.

Sidious let out a wheezy laugh. “I suppose your mind was elsewhere last night. I saw a vision.” A rush of cold washed through Vader. ‘Of a child. An heir.’ Had Sidious seen Vader’s vision? “None of my harem girls have been able to produce me a child, but it appears there is someone out there who can. At least someone besides your whore mother.”

Vader clenched his teeth at that insult.

“You—you wish for an heir my master?” Vader said as calmly as he could.

“You still need to work on mastering your emotions, my apprentice. You worry about your own place?”

Vader had not been officially announced as the Emperor’s heir to the throne. Vader had assumed it was to keep the nobility and high ranking officials worming around to gain the Emperor’s favor. As if there was a way to steal the succession away from Vader. It was all done for the Emperor’s enjoyment. He loved to see them backstabbing each other.

“Am I not yours?” Vader asked.

He knew it was a loaded question. Sidious had always claimed that Vader was his son. Sidious claimed that Vader’s mother had been a pleasure slave on Naboo where Sidious enjoyed her body. Yet like all men who enjoyed pleasure slaves, he casted her aside without a second glance not knowing she was pregnant. This made her unwanted as a pleasure slave and was sold to a Hutt on Tatooine. Sidious would discover the pregnancy and child later. That was how he came to Tatooine and took Vader into his care.

Yet there had always been a lie there. The Force confirmed it, yet Vader didn’t know what was the truth and what was the lie. He knew that he and his mother had been slaves on Tatooine under a Hutt. He had no father growing up. Beyond those few facts, he knew nothing for certain.

“You are mine,” Sidious said. There was no lie in those words, but they could hold a double meaning. ‘But who am I to question the Force? If I am to have a child to inherit my throne, who am I deny that?’ Vader didn’t answer. “Meditate on this, my apprentice. See what the Force tells you. See if you can discover my future Empress.”

“Yes, my master,” Vader said as he pushed himself off from the table.

He hadn’t touched any of the food. With a small bow he left the Emperor. He stormed back to his rooms. His hands in tight fists. He already knew who the woman in the vision had been. Padmé. Sidious had seen the same vision Vader had. But this isn’t why Vader sat down to meditate. He wanted answers from the Force. Why give Vader the first vision of Padmé and him together? Why this new vision? Had the Force changed its mind?

One of the rooms in Vader’s quarters was set aside for meditating. It had no windows and was kept dark and cool. There was no furniture in there except for a few cushions. Vader sat down on one and let himself into the folds of the Force. He used his rage at his master to power his connection to the dark side.

That morning’s discussion had only enraged Vader. All his life Sidious claimed Vader as his, and now he would throw Vader away? Only to claim what was rightfully Vader’s? No, Vader would not allow it. The Force swirled and hummed around him. He opened himself up more and more into the inky blackness of the Force. He could feel it entering him and the two becoming one.

He saw the vision again. Padmé was on her back on a bed as Vader thrust into her. Then her stomach was full and round. Then she was in the throne room carrying a small child with brown hair and brown eyes. She walked up the steps to the throne.

“Your princess, my Emperor,” she said as she held out the baby to the figure on the throne.

“Thank you, my Empress,” the figure responded.

The figure’s arms came forward and accepted the baby. This time the figure wasn’t blurry or kept in the shadows. It was Vader. The vision dissolved away and Vader was brought back to his body. He started to laugh. A full hearty laugh that came from deep inside of him.

Sidious had indeed seen a child as the heir to the throne, but it wasn’t *his* child. It was *Vader’s*. Vader was to be the Emperor.

Thought you could throw me aside for something else, master? Vader mused to himself. He was liking the future more and more. He would have Padmé, his child, and the throne. And for Vader to have the throne, that meant his master was going to have to die. It was after all the way of the Sith.

Chapter 8

“There’s a rumor the Emperor is going to host a ball,” Padmé said at breakfast.

It had been a week since she had first slept with Anakin. Every night Anakin had come over to stay with her. Padmé couldn’t believe how much sex she was having. It wasn’t just simple love making. It was all consuming, overwhelming, multiple rounds of fucking. And it felt so good. Anakin’s cock filled her up so amazingly well. She went to sleep with his warm cum inside of her and his warm body curled around her. This morning was no different.

“He is going to hold one,” Anakin said. He sounded uninterested. Perhaps a bit annoyed.

“Oh? You so sure?”

“You forget I work directly under the Second in Command of the Empire,” Anakin replied. “And yes the Emperor is planning on having a ball.”

“You sound annoyed.”

Anakin rolled his eyes. “A waste of resources is what it is.”

The Emperor wasn’t one to personally hold balls except on Empire Day. Otherwise there were plenty of social gatherings he attended, but never ones he himself hosted. The Emperor’s rumored ball was all everyone was gossiping about.

“If there is a ball . . . then perhaps we could go . . . together?”

Anakin looked at her for a moment. His blue eyes studying her. “Honestly,” Anakin finally said. “I’m not one for such grandiose social gatherings. I’d rather skip it and just get to the fun part.”

“The fun part?”

“The part where I’m ripping your dress off and stuffing you full of my cock,” he said with a wolfish smile. “Why go through the uncomfortable clothes and the cringing small talk? Why not just stay home and enjoy each other’s company?”

Padmé let out a long sigh and turned her attention back to her food.

“Oh,” Anakin said softly. “I didn’t realize such things meant that much to you. If you want to go to the ball, we can.”

“It’s not about the ball, Anakin,” she replied. “It’s just . . . you remember when you took me those gardens? How we just talked and talked for hours? Just enjoying each other? Now we just . . . fuck.”

“I was under the impression you liked the fucking,” Anakin countered.

“I do,” she said as her cheeks reddened. “But . . . I mean . . . We could be with each other without having sex. I’m just curious as to what our relationship is. Are we just fuck buddies?”

She paused to let him answer, but he didn't. "Or we something more? I don't know if all we do is fuck."

"I . . ." Anakin started. He clearly looked uncomfortable. 'I'm not any good at relationships,' he admitted. "All my relationships have been fleeting. Temporary . . . All very physical. I guess what I'm trying to say is I haven't done this before. But if you want to go walk around talk for hours in a garden, then we can." He paused and gave a shy smile. She smiled back at his honesty and willingness to hopefully move their relationship into something deeper.

They finished breakfast with some lighthearted conversation. Padmé's handmaidens would be arriving soon to help her get dressed for work. They walked down the hallway towards the veranda. She felt Anakin's hand fall on the back of her neck. His other hand brushed aside her loose hair. He stepped behind her and started leaving small kisses on her neck.

His actions made her a bit unsteady, so she leaned against the wall. Anakin pushed into her, pushing her against the wall. He continued to kiss at her neck. She was going to do need to find a high neck gown today to cover the hickey he was most likely leaving. Then she felt him against her back. He was grinding into her. She could feel his cock starting to harden.

"Anakin," she said annoyed as she pushed off the wall. She spun and faced him. "We just talked about this."

"Fine," he said as he stepped away clearly annoyed. The short walk to the veranda was filled with a tense silence between them. Her hand went up to her neck to feel where he had kissed her earlier. She paused by a sofa and turned to face him. Then she grabbed his shirt and pulled him down so their faces were even.

"Why do you do this to me?" she asked in a low tone.

"Do what?" he asked in an amused voice.

She didn't answer. Instead her lips crashed into his. At once both of their lips were open. Their tongues rolling over each other. Tasting each other. Anakin's arms wrapped around her, pulling the two close. She couldn't deny the heat that he had ignited in the hallway. It only grew as the two walked to the veranda.

Anakin pulled away. "I thought we just talked about this?" he said with a cocky grin. "We should do less fucking?"

"I know," she said in a low husky voice. "But I . . . I just can't enough of you . . . Even now I want you."

"Mmm good," Anakin said as his hands pulled at her nightgown. He lifted it over her head. "Because I want you too."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled the two onto one of the curved couches of the veranda. He fell on top of her. Their lips meeting once again. Their bodies were flushed, but he was clothed and she was not. It didn't matter. He pulled tightly on her panties and they snapped. He slid them off so it dug sharply into her pussy folds. Her arms desperately unbuttoned his shirt.

He leaned back on his knees as he unbuckled his belt and unlatched his belt. His erect cock quickly jumped out standing straight up. Then he was back down on her again. They were kissing again. Their tongues moved with each other again as the two explored each other's mouth. Anakin pushed his hard cock into her hot moist folds. She could feel his shaft gliding up and down her delicate pussy skin. His balls bumped and dragged behind his cock.

"Why," she said between breaths. "Why do you make me feel this way?"

"What way?" Anakin asked in an out-of-breath husky voice.

She didn't answer due to Anakin sticking two fingers into wet cunt. Her back arched in pleasure, which pushed her stomach and boobs into Anakin's chest. Anakin was wasting no time. He was not playing it slow. At once his fingers were sliding in and out of her. They went in deep and curled, hitting that really sweet spot inside of her.

"Ohhhh," she moaned as she again arched into him.

She felt empty when his fingers pulled out, but it didn't last long as he slammed his cock into her with one powerful thrust. She loved this. She loved feeling so full of his cock. He was in balls deep. He took one moment before he pulled back and thrust into her. His pace was strong and fast from the start as he started a rough and raw fucking.

Their lips still kissed each other. But now there was a desperation. Not only amongst their lips, but between their whole bodies. Padmé bucked her hips into him, matching his thrusting tempo. Neither of them were patient. They both wanted the highs of an orgasm to hit them. This was not a slow love-making session. This was a quick fuck before they both went their separate ways for the day. Just a quickie to sate their unending hunger for each other.

Their lips moved against each other. Anakin's cock pounded into her. Padmé's pussy clenched around the meaty dick filling her. Her hips grinded into him. Her breasts scraped against his chest. They came at the same time. Padmé's body arched and spasmed. Her toes curled and she gripped onto Anakin's arms. Warmth washed through her, starting in her pleased pussy and radiating out. Cooling sparkling bubbles erupted in her mind and washed through her body, mixing with the warmth exploding from her cunt. Her pussy was quickly filled to the brim with Anakin's cum. The inner walls of pussy vibrated and clenched at Anakin's dick, milking him for all he was worth.

Then they were both quiet and still. The only sound was their panting. Anakin started to kiss the side of Padmé's cheek. "I was serious," she said. "About earlier."

"Mhmm," Anakin hummed between his kisses.

"That we should do more than just fucking," she said.

"Mhmm."

"Are you even listening?"

He sighed and pushed his weight onto his elbows. He looked down at Padmé warmly. "But the fucking is just so good," he said. She turned her head away from him. He didn't understand. She didn't want this to just be nothing but fuck sessions. She wanted more. She felt a hand on her cheek. He gently pushed her head so she looked back at him. His blue eyes were soft as they looked down at her.

“Padmé,” he said softly. “I’m willing to do whatever it is you want. If you don’t ever want to sleep with me again . . . well I won’t lie and say I would be very disappointed, but I would do it for you.”

“Thank you,” she said. “I just want *more* for us. Don’t you?”

A cocky smile grew on his lips. “You want us? Together?”

She couldn’t help but blush. He laughed as he leaned down and left small kisses along her cheek and down her neck. Then he sighed. “I need to get going and your handmaids will be here soon.” He kissed her one more time on the mouth. Then he slowly got off of her and the couch. He buttoned up his shirt and casted her one more cocky smile. ‘You know,’ he said. “I want us together too.” Then he left for his speeder.

Darth Vader was in a very dark mood. He stood in the back of the bridge of his flagship star destroyer. He watched the bridge crew go about their jobs. The air was thick with anxiety and fear. Vader had personally picked this bridge crew, and they all knew that the Sith did not tolerate mistakes.

Three days ago after leaving Padmé’s place, the Emperor summoned him. Vader was being dispatched to Yag’Dhul, an inner rim system that sat on the crossroads of the Corellian Trade Spine and the Rimma Trade Route. Both hyperspace lanes ran from the core worlds to deep outer rim worlds.

Pirates had set siege to the system. Somehow the scum had gotten their hands on a gravity well projector. They pulled cargo ships from hyperspace then attacked the ships and stole the cargo. It wasn’t just commercial transports being targeted, but Imperial ones as well. Yag’Dhul had a small fleet of three star destroyers stationed there to protect the important crossroads. Yet now one of the destroyers had been destroyed, another critically damaged, and the last one damaged but still working.

The failure of the small fleet was unacceptable. Worst was the captain of the destroyed ship had fled upon hearing that Vader was personally coming. The captain of the critically damaged ship had opted to take his own life his blaster. Now Vader was left with one captain, the admiral of the fleet, and a very dark mood.

The Yag’Dhul situation wasn’t the only reason why Vader was in a bad mood. He was also very horny. It had been three days since he had last seen Padmé. Three days since he had last stuck his meaty cock into Padmé’s sweet, juicy cunt. His cock ached and hardened when he thought about her, yet he found it hard to finish himself off. Even now as he stood in the back of the bridge, his cock stood painfully straight up. He had let his cloak fall over his front, hiding his erection.

Vader reached out with the Force and grabbed his needy dick. He pumped it up and down and up and down, but he was still no closer to coming. His sexual frustration was only worsening his mood. Usually he was able to push aside such sexual desires when it came time to focus and get to work. But now he burned and hungered. He had no cock sluts in his fleet, and this mission was strictly business. There would be no stopping where Vader could simply get a cheap whore. He would have to find one on his ship to stuff his thirsty dick into.

Luckily there was one good candidate. Commander Celest Hexane stood down in one of the bridge pits. She was a pale human woman with a great set of big boobs and a nice round ass. She had long straight blonde hair which she kept neatly tied in a bun in the back of her head. She also had quite a reputation of being a whore who fucked her way into promotions. Vader had examined her file. Indeed all of her promotions had been had suggested and supported by older men. Men that would bend over backwards for a young fresh pussy.

Vader waited until the shift change before he contacted the commander and summoned her into his personal office. She arrived promptly. She stepped into Vader's office and stood stiff and alert.

"Commander Hexane," Vader said in deep dark voice.

"Lord Vader," Hexane greeted with a small bob of her head. "You requested my presence?"

"At ease commander," Vader said. Hexane relaxed a small bit. Her shoulders were no longer held as tightly, but otherwise she stayed in her position. "I noticed your performance on the bridge today." Vader couldn't help but smile at the ways her eyes widened and glistened. She was a woman of ambition.

"How was I?" she asked eagerly.

"Exceptional," Vader said. He wasn't telling the complete truth. She did her job well, but not well enough to stand out. Despite her ambition, she played it safe. She never pushed for the initiative during her shift. Never spoke out. Merely kept her men in line and kept things running smoothly.

Vader continued. "I looked over your file. Impressive how you have managed to rise through the ranks so quickly. I noted your recommendations from Captain Conlin, Captain Gravet, and Admiral Undeli. They all speak very high of you."

Hexane openly smiled at the compliments. She had taken a small step forward.

"Tell me commander, what are your goals you have for yourself?" Vader asked.

"I'd like to captain my own ship. Perhaps work my way up to admiral."

"Ambitious," Vader acknowledged.

"I've always aimed for the best," she said with a smile and a sultry look. Vader stepped forward until he stood in front of Hexane. He still used the dark side of the Force to hide his face under shadows. He leaned forward, so his mouth was next to ear.

"I contacted Conlin, Gravet, and Undeli. They told me exactly the kind of ambition you have." Vader whisper into her ear. Then he slowly pulled back, but he let his hand slip to her waist. She just continued to smile as she took a small step toward him.

"Are you asking for a demonstration of my skills?" Hexane purred.

"Well I can't make any promotions without accessing the person first," Vader said in a low husky voice.

“And if I perform excellently?” she said as again she moved forward, closing the space between them. The front of their bodies now lightly touched.

Vader brought a hand up to her face. He let his thumb slid across his lips. “Well first we have to see how well you do.” She opened her mouth and took in Vader’s thumb. She sucked and licked at it as if she would a cock. She pushed her groin into Vader and started to grind against him.

“I’ve always wondered what kind of big cock Lord Vader had,” she said between suckles of his thumb. Vader’s other hand wrapped around her back and slid to her ass. He pushed her into him, so she could feel him his erect dick. She let out a fake pleased gasp. “So big,” she said breathlessly.

Vader let his thumb slide out of his mouth. His thumb slid down the side of her face to her jaw. Then he tightly pinched her jaw. “I don’t need any fake flattery,” Vader said in a soft growl. ‘I evaluate strictly on how well a person does their job.’ He leaned in to her ear again. “Now on your knees so I can test how well you suck my dick.”

Even while she was kneeling, her hands grabbed onto Vader’s pants. She effortlessly unlatched his pants. She let out a gasp when she saw his big fat dick. She looked up at Vader, smiled, and then licked her lips. She wrapped both hands around his shaft and then leaned in. She sucked on his head and then started to push more cock into her throat.

She started to work by sucking the warm straining dick. Her tongue ran up and down the hot skin and over the head. She moved her head back and forth as her lips kept a tight seal on the cock. Both her hands worked the shaft. Sometimes a hand would linger to the balls, giving them a quick feel, but then she would be back to working the shaft.

Every now and then she would look at him. She had green eyes that sparkled arrogantly. Vader could also feel it the Force. He could hear her thoughts. She thought she was good. Really good. How else had she gotten those other promotions if she didn’t know how to service cock? Of course Darth Vader would easily enjoy her.

Vader reached out and grabbed the top of her head. He let his fingers dig into her hair. He gently pushed and pulled with her thrusts. Then he gripped sharply and slammed his cock deep into her throat. Her body jumped in surprised. She tried to pull back, but Vader’s strong grip prevented her from moving backwards. Gagging and choking sounds were heard. He pulled back sharply and then slammed back into her. He started a smooth yet strong and fast rythm as he face fucked her.

Vader was enjoying this much more. Watching Hexane squirm. She tried to keep up, but Vader was too much. Too thick. Too fast. Too deep. Vader thought back to when he first fucked Padmé in her office. She had claimed he just had kink for power play, and she wasn’t wrong. He did enjoy having power. He was a Sith lord. He was the Supreme Commander of the Imperial Navy. Second in Command and Heir Apparent to the throne. He craved power. Needed power. And he loved being the one in charge and in power as he fucked Hexane’s pretty little mouth.

Of course thinking of Padmé made Vader think of Padmé’s lovely mouth and pussy. He missed her. He missed her soft skin, her silky curls, and her sweet smell. He hated being away from her this long. Even now he felt a pull towards Coruscant and Padmé. Vader was sure the

Force was pushing the two together. When the two were together, especially intertwined with one other, the Force sang and spun around them. It was meant to be. It was their destiny to be together. It felt so incredibly right to Vader, and also so amazingly good.

Vader knew now that Hexane's abused mouth wasn't going to satisfy his craving, but at the very least it might be able to fight it back some. Get it at least a bit more under control. He let himself go and came into her mouth with a fast and strong thrust deep into her throat. She struggled a bit as she choked on his cum. Vader pulled out and instantly Hexane fell to her hands. She coughed up spit and cum all over the floor.

Vader reached down and grabbed her hair. He pulled her head back then lowered himself so his face was right next to hers. He knew she couldn't make out his facial features due to the dark side shadows of his cloak.

"For someone who has done nothing but take cock to get to where she is, that was pathetic," Vader hissed. "You will have to do much better next time Commander."

He let her go and watched with a smile as she slumped to the floor. There would indeed be a next time. Vader had just found the perfect cock sleeve to help with his cravings.

Chapter 9

Vader was immensely enjoying turning Commander Hexane into a cock slut. He had forgotten how fun it was to make someone completely devoted to his dick. It took nothing to break into Hexane's mind. He was quickly able to completely control her lust.

He loved to play with her while she was on her shift in the bridge pit. He would pull on her lust knowing the strong curls of pleasure growing in her was making Hexane extremely horny. She would tightly cross her legs and rock by and forth in a desperate motion to create any friction on her sopping wet cunt. She would disappear to the bathroom to try and get release by herself. Even if she did, Vader made sure her desire was flaring up again and again.

When they did fuck, Vader made sure he rewarded her well. When she orgasmed, he would dive into her mind and make sure her brain released tons of dopamine into her system. This would cause her to have amazing highs on her orgasm. Highs only achieved through Vader's cock. His dick became her new drug.

Vader sat at his desk in his personal office on his star destroyer. An impromptu meeting had formed as the fleet was preparing on finally taking down the pirate's ship that held the gravity well. Inside Vader's office was his admiral of his fleet along with a general, two commanders of TIE fighter squadrons, and two security officers going over the latest intel. However, Vader was only half way listening. He was much more interested in Commander Hexane.

The blonde commander was stark naked under his desk. She was on her knees with Vader's cock shoved down her throat. She was sucking him down rather slow as she was too afraid to make too much noise. He could feel the heat of her shame radiating off her body, but her sexual hunger far out weighted everything else. She *needed* his cum, and Vader was happy to provide it.

Hexane was slowly moving Vader's cock back and forth in her mouth. She would push it deep into her throat and then slowly pull it back. She would let her tongue move around the shaft. Her lips pursed perfectly around his skin as his dick was slid out. Then only his head would be left inside her mouth. Her tongue roll around it. Played with it, before once again she was pushing Vader back deep into her throat.

Vader couldn't help but smile as he felt his orgasm coming on. The shadows of his cloak hid the expression from the officers still meeting in his office. Vader slowly moved one of his hands down under the desk and wound his fingers into Hexane's sweaty hair. She could sense what was going to happen next. She became a bit eager. Her movements a bit faster. Her sounds got a bit louder, but she was now completely lost to uncontrollable urges. Luckily the meeting was going strong and there was never a lull in the debate and conversation. If there was the assembled officers might easily hear Hexane's sloppy dick service under the desk.

Vader's orgasm hit. Like the good slut she was, Hexane eagerly drank Vader's warm creamy cum. Vader was able to control himself and gave very little away to the officers. Vader loosened his grip on Hexane's hair. Then he started to stroke the top of her head gently,

as if she was a pet. Despite enjoying Hexane and her body so completely, Vader still missed Padmé. He of course followed the reports from his security agents about her movements. He had even had a holocall with her as Anakin briefly. But he wanted to hold her again and feel her soft skin and run his hand through her silky curls. Taste her mouth. Feel the heat of her cunt. He was ready to be back to Coruscant with his future wife.

Padmé was in the private fresher of her senate office. She was about to meet with another senator that was interested in supporting her education bill. Padmé checked over her outfit. It was a cream colored gown that flowed out. It was covered with a blue high-necked sleeveless vest. Gold and white details curled around the throat and onto the shoulders. The vest was long and separated into blue strips that hung loose amongst the skirts of the gown. Her hair was pulled back into a gold headpiece that looped her hair into three parts.

Satisfied with her look, Padmé left. She was to meet with Senator Velnna Rinthal of Taris. Padmé made her way through the curving halls of the Senate to Rinthal's office. The senator welcomed Padmé with a warm smile. She was a human woman with warm dark skin. Her kinky hair was kept in a short fro. She wore a pale red dress with an off-white scarf that draped over her shoulders.

The senator led Padmé to a sitting area made up of three couches over to the side of the office. Both ladies sat down.

"Thank you for meeting with me Senator Rinthal," Padmé said.

"Please call me Velnna," the other said. "We are not in the Senate chamber and as such we do not need such formalities."

"Of course," Padmé agreed. "But I am thankful you wanted to meet with me about my bill ___"

Velnna waved a hand cutting Padmé off. "I'm going to be honest, Padmé," Velnna said. 'I didn't invite you here to talk about your bill.' Padmé frowned. "I'm here to talk about Anakin Skywalker."

"An-Anakin?" Padmé couldn't hide her surprise.

"You're sleeping with him aren't you?" Velnna asked. Padmé could feel her cheeks starting to redden and burn. 'Don't feel bad about it,' Velnna continued. "I've slept with him too." The senator smiled at Padmé. "He's got a very impressive dick that he knows how to use very well."

Padmé shift a bit uncomfortably. She recalled Anakin saying all of his previous relationship had been very physical and fleeting. "So you wanted to talk about Anakin?" Padmé asked.

"I wanted to warn you about Anakin," Velnna said.

"Warn me?"

"About Darth Vader's whore," she said with a sense of distaste in her mouth.

“Excuse me?”

“That’s what Anakin is. Listen I’ve been all over this galaxy. I’ve blown lots of credits on some of the best whores in the galaxy. I’ve spent a whole month on Zeltros. I have never found another cock like Anakin’s. That man knows how to seduce someone and make them do anything for a taste of his cum. Which brings us to what is it that Darth Vader wants from you.”

“Darth Vader?” Padmé asked. She couldn’t help but recall her two encounters with the Sith lord. One of which brought a fresh wave of heated blush to her cheeks.

“As I said Anakin is Vader’s whore. Vader sends Anakin out to get people to do whatever it is he wants. For me it was to get a better deal for hyperlane taxes. Well better deal for the Empire, not better for Taris. I’ve also met a few other senators who also have had encounters with Skywalker. The Denon senator would be one. But there are other women as well. All the same story. They all get a wonderful ride on Anakin Skywalker’s cock, become addicted to it, then they’re asked to do something for the Empire, and once Skywalker has completed his mission he leaves.”

Padmé was frozen. She didn’t move. Only stared at Velnna.

“So what is it that Darth Vader wants from you? What has Anakin talked to you about?”

“I . . . I don’t know. He hasn’t asked anything of me. I mean we’ve talked about my education bill, but . . .”

“Oh it’s not that silly thing,” Velnna said waving her hand. “I tried to guess what it is the Empire and Darth Vader might be after with you. You come from the Emperor’s homeworld, so I don’t think it has much to do with the planet. You not involved in any exciting anti-Imperial bills nor is your vote needed to win any pressing bills that favor the Empire.”

Velnna paused clearly in thought. “Are you involved in anything illegal?” Velnna said with a wicked grin.

“Of course not!” Padmé said.

“You sure?” Velnna said. But Padmé just glared at the other senator. “Anyone you know involved in something?”

Bail. The thought came instantly to Padmé. She thought back to her interactions with Darth Vader. It had been about Bail’s involvement with the rebellion and how he wanted Padmé to join. Darth Vader didn’t want Padmé to join. *I’m quite pleased with you, Amidala* . She recalled Vader’s dark words when she had turned Bail down.

“I guess from that look, that yes someone you know is involved in something,” Velnna smiled.

“But Anakin . . . Anakin has never asked me about this . . . He’s never asked me to do anything . . .” Padmé explained. It was true. Anakin had never brought up the rebellion or Bail.

“Just because he hasn’t asked, doesn’t mean you haven’t been giving him any information he wants.”

"I have . . ." Padmé paused as she glared over at Velnna. "I am not one to gossip or to share secrets of others."

"Even when you're begging for a meaty cock?" Velnna said as she leaned towards Padmé. "Anakin is such a tease. Saying he would stuff me so full of his dick as long as I pushed for the new tax reforms."

"Even in the throes of deepest passion," Padmé said harshly as she stood. "It is a shame Senator Rinthal that I won't have your support on my bill. Thank you and good day." With that Padmé stormed from Velnna's office and marched back towards her own. Her mind was spinning over Velnna's accusations of Anakin.

Finally Vader had returned to Coruscant. It had been two and a half weeks since he had left. Vader had successfully captured and destroyed the pirates. There was still some clean up work to be done, but he left that for others. For now he was eager to get back to Padmé, especially since over the last week there was something bothering him within the Force. He had tried to meditate on it, but couldn't find the cause. Vader hoped it had nothing to do with the Emperor discovering that Padmé was the woman from his vision.

Vader wore his lieutenant uniform as he made his way through the halls of the Senate towards Padmé's office. He couldn't stop the smile on his lips as he thought about finally being back with his little senator. He entered her office unannounced. Her eyes widened in surprise as she saw him.

"Anakin," she said slightly in disbelief.

"Padmé," he said warmly as he moved towards her desk.

She rose from her seat and came to meet him. At once Vader brought his hands to grab around her waist. Too long had he been without her. But Padmé stepped away, clearly avoiding his touch. Vader frowned.

"Anakin," she said a bit of coldness in her voice. Vader did not like it. "I'm glad to see you're ok."

"I am . . . How are you?" Vader asked.

"I'm fine," she replied.

Something was off. Something had changed. She was nothing like when he had called her on a holocall while he was still gone. During the holocall Padmé had been sweet and warm, saying how much she missed Anakin and hoped he returned soon.

"I was hoping we could catch up?" Vader offered. "Spend some time together?"

"I'm busy," she replied. "I've got some very important work to do."

"Very well . . . Then what how about we meet tonight for dinner?"

"I wouldn't mind. But dinner is all I'm interested in."

"What does that mean?" Vader asked.

“Meeting up for dinner usually means sex for us. I don’t want sex, but I will have dinner with you.”

Vader was taken aback. “Is there something wrong?”

“No,” she said matter-of-factly. “I just don’t want to fuck you.”

“Any reason why?”

“Don’t you recall our last conversation over breakfast? I said I wanted more for us. If the only thing you’re here for is some ass, then I suggest leaving now. However, I am more than happy to have dinner with you. But do know, there will be no sex until I say there is.”

Vader did not like this at all. He recalled her conversation, but he never thought she would go to this extreme. “That’s fine,” Vader said. He was sure his voice came out a bit choked. “If that’s what you want. I told you if you never wanted to sleep with me again, I would respect your wishes. And yes I would like to have dinner. I want to spend time with you Padmé. I meant it. I want us together.”

A small relieved smile graced her lips. “I’m glad to hear it.” She clenched her hands in front of her. Clearly something was bothering her. ‘Anakin . . .’ her voice was soft and there was a hint of fear. “I have to ask you something . . .”

“Anything,” Vader said taking a step towards her. He wanted to wrap his arms around her, but kept himself in check. Her big brown eyes looked up at him.

“Did you sleep with anyone while you were away?” she asked.

A cold dread sliced through him, though luckily he didn’t show it on his face. “Why . . . why do you ask that?” he asked.

“You just said you want us together. I was just curious how serious you were taking our relationship.” There was a small fire behind her eyes.

He took a steadying breath. “Anakin Skywalker did not sleep with anyone,” he told her hoping she wouldn’t call him out on his odd wording for it was the truth. Anakin did not fuck anyone. Darth Vader had. Granted they were the same person, but as far as Padmé knew they were separate. Her eyes searched his, and then she smiled with clear relief. She had accepted his words.

“Then I’ll see you tonight,” she said.

Vader said his goodbyes and left the office. Anger swirled inside of him. What had happened? What had caused this change? Why was Padmé doubting him? He made his way back to the palace to his private office. He brought up the reports from his spies about Padmé’s movements over the past two and a half weeks. There wasn’t anything interesting in there.

Vader expected that maybe one of the Emperor’s men had talked to her, but no. Her days had been filled with attending Senate sessions and working in her office. She had occasionally met with other senators, but . . . a name jumped out at Vader. Senator Velinna Rinthal of Taris. He knew that name. He knew that senator. He knew her very well. She had been one of Vader’s missions from the Emperor. She had been made into a successful little cocks slut so the Empire could get lower taxes for using the hyperspace lanes around Taris.

Vader checked over the information he had on Padmé and Velnna's meeting. The two had met to discuss Padmé's educational bill, however the meeting was short. The spy noted that Padmé left Velnna's office looking quite angry. There were no recording devices in Velnna's office. What was said between the two was unknown.

Vader noticed when this meeting had taken place. A week ago. Right when Vader felt something amiss in the Force. Was this the cause of that? Had Velnna said something to Padmé about Anakin Skywalker? There was one way to find out. Vader closed his eyes and reached out with the Force. He let himself expand to the Senate. He felt through the various life forms until he found the Taris senator.

He easily entered her mind. He had already infiltrated before. His old handiwork was still in place. He found her strings of emotions. He pulled very gently on her lust. He would pull harder and harder on it as they day went on. When he finally showed up to talk to her, she would be the desperate little whore Vader had once made her all over again. Vader would find out exactly what had been said between Velnna and Padmé.

Padmé paced anxiously in her bedroom. Anakin would be arriving any minute for dinner. She had had a simple dinner prepared here at her apartment. She wasn't in the mood to go out. Seeing him earlier in her office, she forgot how much she missed him. It had been hard to step away when he had reached out for her. She was proud of her resolve so far.

Padmé did have feelings for Anakin. Serious feelings, she had come to realize. She did want them to be more. But now she was skeptical after talking with Velnna. Yet it sounded like the only way that Anakin rumoredly got women to do the Empire's wishes was to fuck them. If Padmé eliminated sex from their relationship, then perhaps she would see what kind of man Anakin was.

Was it really a serious relationship? Or was he an agent of the Empire trying to get something out of her?

An half an hour later she was seated at her dining room table with Anakin while the two enjoyed their meal.

"Padmé," Anakin said. "Perhaps you would like to come over to my place for dinner?"

She paused and looked over at him. Not once had he ever offered that they go to his place. "Your place?" she asked.

"It's . . . it's nowhere near as nice as this," he said glancing around the room.

"I'm sure it's fine," Padmé said.

"So I take it as a yes?" Anakin said.

"As long as it's just dinner," Padmé warned and Anakin nodded. "You know I wanted to know, what is it exactly you do for your job. I understand if it's all classified." Padmé did not want a repeat of either of her meetings with Darth Vader.

Anakin looked over at her thoughtfully. "I am Lord Vader's aid," he said. He sounded a bit bored. As if it was uninteresting. "I do whatever he needs me to do. Shift through messages.

Send messages. Talk with captains or commanders. Fetch him a drink. Make sure his dark cloaks are pressed. You name it.”

She wondered if that meant fucking women into doing whatever Vader wanted them to do, but she didn’t bring that up. “You’ve seen him without his hood on?” she asked.

Anakin shrugged. “Yes.”

“How does he look?”

Anakin smiled at her. “Curious?”

“Who isn’t? I think there isn’t a person who isn’t curious about what Lord Vader actually looks like.”

“He’s very good looking,” Anakin said.

“Are you just saying that to be funny?”

“No,” Anakin replied. “He is quite handsome. Shame very little people get to see it.”

“Why does he hide his face then?”

“If you asked him that question, I’m sure he would say it was to help invoke fear into others. He’s a Sith lord. He eats fear for breakfast. But if you ask me, he likes to be dramatic.”

“Is that why he is having the Emperor host a ball?”

Anakin’s head snapped up from his plate. He looked at her in surprise. “Lord Vader has nothing to do with the Emperor’s ball.”

“Really? Everyone is saying the ball is actually for Vader, so he can find a wife.” Padmé explained.

“What?” Anakin asked clearly shocked.

“That’s the rumor, anyways. He is the current heir to the throne. It makes him quite the desirable bachelor.”

“No,” Anakin said. ‘No. No. Lord Vader doesn’t even want to attend the ball.’ Silence fell between them as Padmé turned her attention back to her meal. Anakin seemed lost in thought. “Though the rumor isn’t that far off the mark,” Anakin mumbled. Padmé looked over at him. “It’s not Vader who wants a wife, but the Emperor. That’s why he’s hosting the ball.”

Padmé placed her utensils down. “The Emperor?” she asked. “But he’s . . . he’s old . . .”

Anakin laughed. “Agreed. But he has gotten the thought into his head. That is why he’s hosting the ball. To find a worthy Empress. One that can hopefully produce a royal heir.” Anakin seemed to almost growl out the last few words.

“An heir . . .” she pondered on this. ‘If the Emperor gets married and has a child, what happens to Vader’s claim on the throne?’ Anakin didn’t answer. “I take it this is why Lord Vader doesn’t even want to go to the ball. He doesn’t like this idea at all does he?”

“No,” Anakin said softly but sternly. “He does not.”

“And you of course support your boss,” she said softly. “Is this why you didn’t want to go?”

“It’s why I don’t want you to go,” he said softly.

Padmé couldn’t but smile at his concern. “I assure you, the Emperor and I would never happen. I have no desire to be Empress.”

Anakin gave her an odd look. It looked like he wanted to say something, but instead he went back to eating. She wondered what he had left unsaid.

The bass of the music sent vibrating thumps through the club. The dance floor was stuffed full of people. Most were humans though there were a few humanoids. Just one way the Emperor’s xenophobic views trickled down into the normal everyday life of the Empire. The club was dark with swirling multicolored lights dancing around. Vader hated the place.

He hated being in large crowds, especially ones like this. He didn’t mind when he had to be around large crowds in a military setting. All those people had a disciplined mind. Their thoughts set on a similar goal. Here, everyone’s thoughts and desires were all over the place. It was a bit disorienting for Vader, especially when he was delving into the Force.

Velinna Rinthal had come to this club horny and looking for action. Vader had been slowly pulling on her lust stronger and stronger throughout the day. He wasn’t surprised she had come to this club in particular. There were of course clubs in the upper levels of Coruscant that catered to high ranking members of society. This club was also for the rich, but people didn’t come here to dance or get drunk. They came here to get laid. This club doubled as a brothel.

Half of the people in the club were prostitutes. You could tell who they were because they wore thin gold circles around their throats. Velinna had come to window shop and it looked like she had found something to buy. She was currently on the dance floor grinding between two men. Both wore the thin gold circlets around their necks and honestly not much else except for a pair of very small, tight shorts. The two men looked alike. Human. Muscular. Short hair. Gold glitter sparkled across their skin.

Velinna whispered into one of the man’s ears. He smiled at her, nodded at his companion, and the three of them left the dance floor. They made their way to the lifts in the back corner which brought them up to the hotel rooms. Vader quietly followed them. No one bothered him. No one looked at him. The hotel hall was quiet. Most likely the building was made with strong noise absorbing materials to allow for all sorts of fun behind closed doors.

Vader entered the empty room next to the one Velinna and the two whores had gone into. He sat on the floor cross legged and closed his eyes. He focused through the Force to what was happening next door.

The three had already stripped each other of their clothes. Velinna sat on the edge of the bed. One of the whores knelt in front of her. His hands were on her inner thighs as his head was pushed into her cunt. He was licking at her pussy. Big long licks that started at the bottom, went up and deep into folds, and then passed her clit. The other whore sat behind her on the bed. He was massaging her shoulders with some massaging lotion.

“You need to relax baby,” the massaging whore said. “You’re all tight.”

“I’m just so built up today,” Velnna said. “I just really need some good fucking.”

“Well you’ve come to the right place for that,” the massaging whore said smiling.

Velnna let out a small moan as the licking whore inserted a finger into her wanting pussy. The whore started to lick and suck at her clit while he slid his finger in and out of her. Vader was getting bored. He wasn’t here for the foreplay. He reached out into the Force and quickly and easily accessed the minds of the two whores. The two were enjoying their work. They thought Velnna would be a good hit. She would probably tip well. He pulled hard on their lust making pleasure and need curl inside their guts.

Both whores shuddered a bit. Both their cocks grew hard. The two whores shared a look. Vader pulled again. One whore closed his eyes in pleasure. Vader wondered how often the whores got to enjoy authentic pleasure and not just their bodies going through the motion. All three of them were ready. They were all hard and wet and aching.

Velnna pulled away and turned to the whore behind her. She pushed him down and quickly took his big cock into her mouth. She was sucking on it desperately. The other whore stood up, grabbed Velnna’s hips, and with one quick thrust, pushed his thirsty dick completely inside the senator. She moaned around the dick in her mouth.

The fucking whore started up a quick rhythm as he pounded into her. He kept slapping her big round dark ass. His thrusts were pushing her to up and down on the other’s cock, but even then she wasn’t going quite deep enough. The whore getting the blow job started to move his hips. He pushed his dick in deeper into Velnna, who at first choked and gagged a bit. But she quickly recovered.

All three were moving together. Velnna was moving her body as well. Her hips moved with the cock pounding her pussy. Her mouth moved with the cock fucking her mouth. Vader smiled as he could feel the orgasms building. He pushed into the two whores. They both orgasmed at the same time and filled the senator to the brim with their white seed. But for Velnna, Vader made sure she didn’t come.

The two whores pulled out. Velnna’s fingers quickly went to her pussy, trying to get the release that hung inside her. But Vader made sure it wouldn’t come. He flicked his attention back to the two whores. It didn’t take much to get their dicks hard again. To get them wanting. Velnna offered no resistance as the whores sandwiched Velnna between them. One cock was stuffed into her oozing pussy and the other into her ass.

Velnna was desperate. She bucked her hips and moved against the two whores who both were fuck drunk. All three were thrusting and pounding into each other. Again Vader made sure the two whores had a wonderful orgasm. They arched their backs and moaned as once again their cum shot into the senator. Again Vader made sure Velnna was without release. She was annoyed. Angry. Sexually frustrated.

An hour later, Velnna’s time with the whores had run out. The two whores were completely satisfied. They had left the senator’s dark skin completely covered in their sticky cum. The two had spent the whole hour fucking the senator in every hole and in every way. Each time they had mind blowing orgasms. Each time they unleashed a heavy load of cum.

Shot after shot of spunk was either pumped into the senator or splashed onto her skin. Velnna hadn't come once.

She cleaned herself up in the shower before she got back into her skimpy little dress. She was in a foul mood as she made her way back down to the club and sat at the bar. She ordered a strong drink. She downed the drink almost in one go.

“Rough day at the senate?”

Velnna turned her head to see Anakin Skywalker sitting next to her at the bar. Vader smiled as her eyes hungrily moved down his body and lingered on his crotch. She placed a hand on his thigh.

“Anakin,” she purred. “What a delightful surprise. It’s been a long time. Perhaps we should go somewhere private and get all caught up?”

Vader smiled. “I’d like that senator.” Velnna was not the senator he had expected he was going to fuck tonight, but he would make do with what he had.

Chapter 10

Anakin met Padmé at the end of her work day. He took her by speeder to his apartment. She noticed they were heading towards the Military district, yet he took a slight left turn towards some residential high rises. Padmé assumed these were for military staff. Anakin flew the speeder into the garage of one of the skyscrapers.

After a ride up a turbolift, they arrived at the door to Anakin's apartment. He keyed in the code and the door slid open. After a short hallway they walked into a living room. Large windows let the afternoon light in. Padmé looked around the room. All the furniture was mismatched. Most of it was heavily used and worn. There was a small sitting area of a couch and an armchair in front of a large holoprojector. Most of the room was made up of two large tables that were covered in various mechanical parts and tools. Padmé noticed a few droid parts. On the floor sat a large cylinder piece which could have been an engine.

"Threepio?" Anakin called out.

"I'm coming," an obvious mechanical voice of a droid called out. A gold protocol droid walked into the room. "Good day Master Ani. Everything is almost ready for dinner."

Padmé couldn't stop the smile growing on her lips. She looked over at Anakin, who was blushing slightly in embarrassment. "Threepio this is Senator Padmé Amidala," Anakin said.

"My goodness," the droid exclaimed. "Where are my manners? Hello Senator Amidala. I am C-3PO."

Padmé nodded her head. "Hello," she said with a smile.

"Excuse me senator, Master Ani, I must go tend to dinner," the droid said as he turned around and returned from which he came. Once the droid was gone, Padmé turned to Anakin.

"Ani?" she asked.

"It's . . . it's what my mother called me," he said a bit meekly. Padmé hadn't quite seen this side of Anakin. "I built Threepio for her."

"You . . . you built a droid?" she asked as she eyed the work tables in the room.

"Yes," he said smiling proudly.

"But didn't you say your mother died when you were young? How old were you when you built the droid?"

"Nine," he said nonchalantly.

"Nine?" she asked clearly shocked. "You just built a whole droid when you were nine?"

He shrugged. "I've always had a love of mechanics. Plus I wanted to do something for my mother. To help her out." She smiled at his kindness. "Threepio picked up a few habits from my mother, including my nickname. In fact he's making us dinner tonight. A dish he learned to make from my mother."

“A protocol droid who knows how to cook,” she said.

“Amongst many other things,” Anakin said. ‘When my mother grew sick, Threepio was the one taking care of her as well as doing the housework while I was at work.’ He sighed as he looked distantly out the window. “I didn’t meet my father until after my mother died. We never close. Threepio is the closest thing I have to a real family.”

She understood why Anakin had brought her here. He was trying to share himself with her. She did find it a bit odd that instead of letting her meet his family, she was meeting his droid. She walked into the living room over to one of the work tables. “Working on more droids?” she asked as she lightly touched what looked like a droid arm.

“No,” he said as he walked over and joined her. “I was actually stripping that arm for parts. I think my droid building days are behind me. I don’t mind doing maintenance on them. I do all of Threepio’s work myself. I personally like to focus on engines.” He waved to the engine sitting on the floor.

“Looks small. What kind of engine is it for?” Padmé asked.

Anakin looked up at her and flashed her a big smile. “A swoop bike.”

Threepio’s voice announced dinner was ready. Anakin led her down a small hallway into a dining room that opened into a kitchen. Like the previous furniture in the apartment, the chairs were all of different makes around the dining table. The two sat down and Threepio placed two bowls in front of them.

“Bantha steak stew,” Anakin said nodding at it. ‘My mother’s recipe.’ Padmé was a bit skeptical, but knew it would be rude to refuse. Clearly Anakin picked up on her hesitation. “I promise it’s way better than Cream of Womprat Soup.”

Padmé’s eyes grew wide and Anakin could only laugh at her reaction. The rest of dinner was delightful. The soup was very hearty and tasty. Anakin shared some stories of his childhood. Most of which were stories of his adventures in playing with droid and engines parts and how that could go really bad really fast. Most of it included electrical fires and electrocutions.

“Why didn’t you become a mechanic or engineer?” Padmé asked. It was clear Anakin had a love of machinery. His eyes lit up when he talked about it.

“My father,” Anakin said dryly. Padmé noticed his eyes dimmed some. “My mother’s body probably wasn’t even cold in her grave when my father showed up. Or at least the man claiming to be my father. After my mother died I was brought here. It was then I met Darth Vader. You could say we grew up together. It was only natural I be his aid as he started his career.”

“So you and Vader are friends?” Padmé asked. She couldn’t quite imagine anyone like Vader having friends, but she supposed it was possible.

“I wouldn’t call us that . . .” Anakin said. A beeping of a comlink went off. Anakin pulled a com out of his pocket. ‘Excuse me,’ he said. “I’ll be just a minute.” He left the dining room.

“Excuse me?” Threepio asked walking over. “Do you require anything else, Senator Amidala?”

“No thank you,” she said.

“Then may I clear the plates?”

“Of course,” she replied. The droid started to collect the dirty plates and bring them to the kitchen. “Threepio. Can I ask you a question?”

“Yes,” Threepio said as he paused in his work and turned his full attention to her.

“How many women has Anakin brought here?”

“You are the first guest Master Ani has ever brought here,” Threepio said.

“Really?” she asked. She couldn’t help but think of Senator Rintha’s words.

“Oh yes,” Threepio said. “I was very excited to hear we would be having guests. I hope everything was to your liking.”

“Yes, it was,” she said smiling at the droid.

Vader smiled as he walked back into the dining room. Padmé had walked over to the large window and was looking out at the city skyline. The sun had set, but warm purple light still lingered on the horizon. So far the evening was going very well. It was the first time he had ever brought anyone to this apartment. He had other apartments spread out amongst the galaxy. He had two more here on Imperial Center, but this place was different.

The others were just part of his job. Places to lure someone to so they could endlessly fuck. Nor was this a part of the Imperial Palace. This apartment belonged to him. Anakin. Vader. Whoever it was that made up those two. It was a place Vader could come to to relax. It was why he had Threepio here instead of at the palace. It was why he had brought Padmé here. He walked over and joined her by the window.

“I meant to ask earlier,” Padmé said. “But a swoop bike? Do you own one?”

Vader couldn’t help but smile. He owned quite a number of swoop bikes. But he simply replied, “Yes.”

“What do you do with it? I can’t imagine there’s much space to fly one around here.”

“I assure you, senator, there are several places on this planet to fly swoop bikes. There are of course the race tracks. There are also back alley tracks through the lower levels. Then sometimes one just has to make up their own routes.”

“Sounds . . . illegal,” she said.

“Oh it can be.”

“Ever been caught?”

“They would first have to catch me,” Vader said. She turned back towards the window and the city. Vader’s eyes lingered on her body. It was so tempting to pull her over to him so he could wrap his arms around her. He missed the feel of her body against his. While Padmé

hadn't outlawed being physical, Vader knew that such a simple action would quickly turn into very strong desire for him.

"Have you ever been on a swoop bike?" Vader asked.

"No. Never really had a desire to," Padmé said.

"Would you like to?" She looked over at him. There was a clear sign of debate on her face. Vader reached over and grabbed her hand. "I'll keep you safe. I promise."

"You want to go right now?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I'm not dressed for such a thing," she replied. She was still currently dressed in one of her gowns.

"I've got some spare clothes you could wear."

She raised an eyebrow at him as she looked him up and down. "I don't think they would fit. There is quite a size difference."

He reached out and grabbed her hand. "Come," he said and gently pulled her. She didn't resist and let herself be pulled into the bedroom. It was messy. The bed was unmade and clothes littered the floor. He let go of her hand as he dug through a drawer in the dresser. He pulled out a pair of loose drawstring pants along with a simple shirt. "Here," he said as he handed them over. Before she had time to reply he had walked out of the room and shut the door behind him.

He waited back in the living room. Threepio had finished cleaning up the kitchen and had come into the living room. He was rambling about how it was nice to have guests, but perhaps next time Vader could clean up a bit more. Threepio wasn't allowed to touch Vader's work table, so Vader would have to be the one to clean it up. Padmé walked out into the living room. It was clear she wasn't comfortable in the clothes. They were of course too big and baggy on her, but she walked over to Vader with a shy smile.

Less than an hour later, Vader was opening the door of the small storage garage where he kept one of his swoop bikes. The storage center was near the bike race tracks. Many other racers kept their bikes at this storage center. Various racers walked around the center. A few nodded at Vader, but many went about their business. Vader brought his bike out. He could feel Padmé's fear and nervousness, but there was a bit of excitement.

Vader threw one leg over the bike. He gestured for Padmé to join him. She looked at the seat and back at him. He smiled at her and held his hand out. She slowly took it. She threw her leg over the bike and settled on the seat in front of Vader. She slid her body so it became flush with his. For a moment he enjoyed her sweet ass pushing into him. He also enjoyed it when he leaned over and had her body press against his as he grabbed the handle bars.

He would much rather be back at his apartment enjoying her body, but he would be contempt with this. He did take great joy as he revved the swoop bike up and let it shoot out of the garage. Padmé let out a small squeal of fear and she pressed her body into his. Vader wound his bike through the alleyways and streets. They were in the lower levels where a lot of swoop bikes raced about, especially at night.

Vader was driving the swoop bike very safe for his standards. He wasn't doing anything daring nor was he going too fast. If he was by himself, he would find this quite boring. Luckily he wasn't. He enjoying the warmth of Padmé's body against his. He took deep breaths of her smell. When he took a corner too sharp, her ass would dig into him. He smiled as he started to take more sharp turns. She grinded into him again and again.

His cock started to harden. He couldn't help it. Her ass was so good and round and firm. He leaned into her more. He brought his face up against hers and started to nibble on her ear.

"Ana-Anakin!" she yelled. "Shouldn't you be watching where you're going?"

"I am," he said in a low husky voice. But he didn't stop. He opened himself up to the Force, letting it help him steer. He licked and kissed at her ear. He sucked on her earlobe. The taste of her skin was amazing.

He started to move his hips into hers. His cock enjoyed the friction between their bodies. He let go of one of the handlebars and harshly grabbed at one of her breasts. The nipple was hard from the cold wind. He played with her perky boob and hard nipple. He grabbed and groped and massaged the wonderful tit. Then he let his hand slide down the loose shirt. It went easily down past the waistband of her pants.

"Anakin!" she shouted over the whipping wind. "No-no!"

"You said no sex," Anakin said as he grinded hard into her ass. "You didn't say anything about no touching."

His fingers had found their way into her warm pussy. He pulled the bike around another sharp turn. Padmé let out a gasp, and Vader used the moment to stick two of fingers into her. He started up a smooth rhythm that matched the beat of his hips as they bucked into her.

He did keep his eyes ahead on the twisting small streets. He turned the swoop bike again down another sharp angle. He pushed deep into her pussy and curled his fingers. She let out a gasp. Her body arched into his. His fingers got faster. He knew she was enjoying this. Her pussy was wet and warm. It eagerly clenched at his fingers.

Even though he was only steering with one hand, he powered the bike to go faster. His fingers went faster too. They pumped in and out of Padmé's cunt. Her hips were now moving slightly with his fingers. She kept her back arched. Her ass was grinding into his cock giving it more friction it desperately wanted, but not enough friction it needed.

He sped the bike up again and pulled a sharp U-turn. His fingers were going deep and fast. As the bike came to the peak of the turn, Padmé orgasmed. Her little pussy spasmed and clenched as his fingers. He felt the warm rush of her juices. He could feel her trembling. Her ass shook against his straining cock.

Vader aimed the swoop bike back towards the storage garage. He slowed it down considerably. He slid his fingers out of Padmé. He plunged his hand into his pants and grabbed his dick. He started to wildly pump at it. He wasn't usually one for having to service himself, but he was so needy and already so on edge. Plus he knew there would be no fucking with Padmé tonight. Might as well finish himself off.

After a few minutes, he came. His spunk squirted all over Padmé's lower back. She said nothing about his masturbation or his seed staining the borrowed shirt. He brought the bike

back to the storage garage. He parked it and the two just sat there for a minute. Vader was the first to step off the bike. He looked over at her. Her hair had been whipped up into a frizzy mess. Her face was flushed from the wind. But there was a glow to her cheeks and sparkle to her eyes. Vader couldn't help but smile.

"How did you like it?" he asked.

"I have a feeling," Padmé said as she slowly got off the bike. "That wasn't how it normally goes."

Vader only flashed her a devilish smile. She walked over to him. She looked unsteady as if she was still getting her legs underneath her. Surprisingly, she wrapped her arms around him. Vader slowly wrapped his arms around her small frame. She rested her head against his chest.

"I said no fucking until I said so," she murmured into him.

"There wasn't any," he said.

She leaned her head back so she could look up at him. "So you didn't fuck me with your fingers?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "Well when you word it that way, then yes there was fucking."

She just leaned her head back against his chest. He just squeezed her a little tighter. He was happy to have her in his arms again.

"I enjoyed tonight," she said softly into his shirt.

"I'm glad. I enjoyed it too," he said truthfully. "But you know next time it's your turn."

She looked up at him confused. "My turn?" she asked.

"Yes. It's your turn to plan a date. One of course without fucking, including the finger kind. Unless of course the finger kind is allowed. I don't know. It's your rules."

She looked up at him for moment clearly contemplating. Then she let out a beautiful smile and a laugh. When her laughter finally faded from her lips, Vader leaned down kissed her. She kissed him back. She opened her mouth to him as soon as his lips touched her. He sucked on her lower lip. Her tongue moved into his mouth while his did the same. This kiss was different. Before it had always been desperate sense of passion between. A primal need between the two, but this kiss was sweet. Caring. Loving.

This was by no means Vader first kiss, but it felt like it was.

Chapter 11

Padmé was in a good mood as she went to work the next day. Whenever she thought of Anakin, she couldn't help but smile. She had enjoyed last night a lot. She liked seeing his apartment, meeting his droid, and even going on the swoop bike. While she wanted to say she wasn't happy about Anakin getting a little touchy, in truth she had enjoyed it. That man did know how to satisfy her, and part of her really missed his touch.

The morning started off with a session of the Senate. Padmé only half-heartedly listened. The topic was territory dispute over a small moon of a gas giant planet in a system she hadn't even bothered to listen to. Instead her mind went to what she would do for her date with Anakin. He had challenged her to create the next date, and she was eager to.

Anakin had shared a part of him by bringing him to her apartment and taking her on his bike. While it was a bit tempting to drag him out to Naboo, neither of their jobs would allow it. Plus she wasn't completely ready to have Anakin meet her family. She was still figuring her relationship with him out.

Perhaps she could take him to a museum. History was a minor passion of hers. Her main passion was politics to the point where most of her life was consumed by it. Yet a museum seemed rather dull. She would research date ideas when she got home. The Senate session had ended and Padmé realized she had barely paid any attention to it at all. She left her pod, ready to get back to her office and finish her workday. However as soon as she entered the hallway, she saw Senator Velnna Rinthal of Taris waiting for her.

The dark skin senator wore a bright purple wrap dress. Her hair was pulled up into a purple wrap. Her arms were crossed across her chest. There was a slight sway in her hips and a smug smile on her face. There was a sense of superiority coming off the Taris senator. Padmé didn't like it at all. She frowned as she approached Velnna.

"Senator Amidala," Velnna purred.

"Senator Rinthal," Padmé greeted back.

"Got a minute to talk?"

"I'm afraid not," Padmé lied.

"Oh really? That's a pity. I have something to share with you. Though it's more on the private side. Nothing you want overheard or seen in a busy hallway." Velnna glanced up and down the hallway at the various senators and their staff.

Padmé jerked her head harshly and walked down the hall. Velnna followed. Padmé brought her into one of the small meeting rooms off the great Senate hall. It was a neutral place for senators to meet. Velnna said nothing as she brought out a small holoprojector.

"I see you're still hanging around Skywalker," Velnna said.

“And how would you know that?” Padmé asked back. She didn’t hide the annoyance in her voice.

“Saw you two leaving yesterday on his speeder.”

Padmé couldn’t help but wonder what was Velnna’s deal. Was she just a jaded jealous past lover of Anakin’s? She had mentioned she had been all over the galaxy hunting for dick, and nothing compared to Anakin’s.

“Are you spying on me?” Padmé asked.

Velnna shrugged. “I was just curious if you took my advice. Clearly not. That’s why I brought hard evidence this time.” Velnna’s eyes flicked down to the holoprojector. “Tell me Amidala, do you know where Skywalker was two nights ago?” Padmé didn’t know. The two had had dinner at her place, but then Anakin left. “I know where he was,” Velnna smiled. Padmé stayed quiet.

Velnna turned the holoprojector on. The sound was muted but the image was clear. It showed a bed with two people fucking on it. It was very clear the woman was Velnna. Her dark skin stood out against the white bed sheets even in the blue of the holo. The other figure thrusting into Velnna was Anakin.

“As you can see,” Velnna said. “He was with me.”

Padmé’s eyes were glued at the scene in the holo while her mind raced. There was a coldness growing in her. A small pain was starting to grow in her heart. But Padmé was able to pull herself together.

“What game are you playing at Rinthal?” Padmé asked sharply. “Are you jealous? Do want Anakin back? Or has this whole thing been honest and sincere? Trying to save me from the big bag Imperial?”

“I just wanted you to know what you were sinking yourself into,” Velnna replied. “I know I would have enjoyed a warning before I screwed my system over by being screwed by Skywalker.”

“Something you clearly didn’t regret that much,” Padmé said waving at the still-playing holo. “What is to say this even happened two nights ago? How do I know this didn’t happen when you two were involved?”

“Ah spoken like a politician,” Velnna smiled at Padmé. She pressed a button on the projector. The sound came on. Instantly the sounds of sex filled the room. Padmé frowned at the moaning and the sounds of two bodies clapping together.

“I’m so close,” the Velnna in the holo pleaded. Her head was thrown back into the pillow. ‘Please, Anakin.’ Then suddenly Anakin stopped. His body stilled and he leaned on top of Velnna. He brought his hand to her face. “Anakin . . .” Velnna pleaded again. “Why did you stop? I need this. I’m so close.”

“You haven’t earned it yet,” Anakin said. A small shiver went down Padmé’s spine. His voice wasn’t warm. Even his eyes seemed cold.

“What— what do you want?” she asked. Her voice was heavy with need and desperation.

“What did you talk about with Senator Amidala last week?” he asked her. Instantly Padmé’s insides went cold. “I know you talked with her,” Anakin continued.

Velinna smiled at Anakin. “I told her all about you,” she purred. “What a naughty boy you are. She seems like such a nice girl that it’d be a shame to see her ruined by your cock.”

Anakin was quiet for a moment as he clearly processed her words. Yet Padmé didn’t get to see what happened next. The hologram cut off. That was the end of the recording, or at least the end of what Velinna wanted Padmé to see.

“As you can see,” Velinna said. ‘This was indeed recent.’ She walked over and placed the holoprojector into Padmé’s hand. “If you want to keep going with Skywalker, by all means don’t let me stop you. I just wanted you to know exactly what you’re getting yourself into. Don’t get deceived by his cock.” Velinna walked out of the room leaving Padmé alone with the holoprojector and her thoughts.

Padmé returned to her office. Her thoughts spun in a million different ways. There was a gnawing pain in her heart pulling her down. She barely recalled calling Anakin on her comlink. It felt like she wasn’t even in her body when she asked him to meet her at her office. It was like she was standing next to herself, watching someone else make the call. But she slowly came back into her body. She was fully herself when Anakin arrived an hour later.

He walked in with a warm smile as his face. His eyes were soft as he looked at her. It only caused the pain inside Padmé to intensify. Anakin frowned noticing the small flinch that had flashed over Padmé’s face.

“Is something wrong?” he asked.

Padmé opened her mouth. She had gone over a thousand different things to say to him. She had practiced this conversation repeatedly for the past hour. Yet she found herself lost for words. Instead she brought out the holoprojector and pressed play. Instantly the holo showed Anakin fucking Velinna, but Padmé’s eyes weren’t on the holo. Her eyes were on Anakin.

At first his face flashed surprise and confusion as he took in the scene. But then it settled. He frowned. His eyes seemed to change color from blue to yellow, but when he looked over at Padmé to meet her gaze, his eyes were blue. Had it been a trick of the light? Anakin walked over and turned the holo off

“Do you want to explain why you were with Velinna Rinthal two nights ago?” Padmé asked.

“What did you did she tell you?” Anakin growled. The anger was clear.

“Why are you so angry?” Padmé asked. “I’m the one who has a right to be angry! You’re the one going behind my back!”

“I’m not . . .” Anakin paused and took a deep breath. “I’m not angry at you, Padmé. I’m angry at Velinna.”

“For telling me you two slept together? Angry that you got caught? That I know the truth?”

“You don’t know the truth,” Anakin said lowly. “That’s why I want to know what she told you.”

“So you’re saying it isn’t the truth the two of you slept together? What is this some doctored holo?”

“No . . .” he grumbled. ‘Yes. Yes we did sleep together. I won’t lie to you about it.’ The pain inside her doubled, tripled. It was sharp and stabbing at her heart. It must have clearly echoed on her face. “Padmé . . .” Anakin said softly as he took a step closer to her. She took a step back.

“So is all of it true? Are you Vader’s whore?” she asked.

“Vader’s whore?”

“That’s what she said you are. You go around the galaxy stuffing your cock into whoever you boss tells you to. Then you fuck them to do whatever it is Vader wants from them.”

“Padmé . . .” he said again in that soft voice. His eyes were pleading with her.

“You said you wouldn’t lie,” she barked at him. “Am I just some mark? Some job? What is it that Vader wants from me?”

“No. Padmé. Please listen to me. It’s not like that. Not with you,” he said.

“But it’s true for others?” she said aghast. His face was conflicted. His silence was damning. “Go,” she said in a soft but stern voice.

“Padmé,” he said.

“Go!” she shouted. ‘Leave.’ Tears were starting to well up in her eyes. “You can’t be here. I can’t see you.”

“Padmé, let me explain,” Anakin said. His voice was steady.

“There is nothing to explain,” she said. Then she walked passed him and out the door of her office. She left him alone.

Darth Vader was pissed.

“That fucking *slut*,” Vader hissed to himself.

Senator Velnna Rinthal of Taris had gone too far. Vader’s relationship with Padmé was in ruins because of that pathetic jealous whore. The only regret Vader had at the moment was not choking the life out of Velnna. Luckily, he still had his chance. Yes, Velnna would pay for what she had done. She would not be escaping the wrath of Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith.

Yet the part that bothered Vader the most was Padmé. The pain and hurt she projected into the Force had been overwhelming. Vader had just wanted to rush over to her. Wrap her up in his arms and keep her safe. Stop her pain. It hurt him, Vader realized. It had hurt him to see Padmé look at him that way. Choking Velnna was too nice a death for her. Vader would need to think of something much more befitting for that treacherous little senator.

Luckily for Velnna, Vader had been summoned to meet with the Emperor. Her fate would have to wait until later. Vader met the Emperor in one of the Emperor’s private sitting rooms

in the Imperial Palace. The two were alone. Not even the red Royal Guards were in the room, though they waited out in the hallway. Vader respectfully bowed down to one knee.

“What is thy bidding, my master?” Vader said.

“Rise, my apprentice,” the Emperor said. Vader stood and clasped his hands behind his back. “Your reports on the rebels have dwindled. Has Amidala lived out her usefulness?”

“No,” Vader growled.

“I sense great anger in you,” the Emperor said smiling. “Is it toward your senator?”

“There has been a . . . set back with Amidala.”

“Explain.”

“A previous mark, Senator Velinna Rinthal of Taris, saw Anakin Skywalker and Amidala together. She decided to confront Amidala to warn her about Skywalker,” Vader explained.

“Hmmm,” the Emperor said as he closed his eyes. “Yes I see. Your anger is directed towards the Taris senator. You have yet to deal with her.”

“No, my master. But I will,” Vader promised. “I will deal with Rinthal and Amidala.”

The Emperor looked over at Vader and then smiled. “Good, good. Then I expect this mess to be cleared up and everything back on track. I want the end of those Rebellion scum.”

“Of course, my master,” Vader said bowing slightly at his waist. The Emperor gave a slight wave of his hand, dismissing Vader. Vader turned sharply on his heels and left. He stalked through the palace back to his own rooms. His mind thought of various scenarios of how to deal with Rinthal as well as how to deal with Padmé. Killing Rinthal was the easy part. Winning Padmé’s trust back would be hard.

Vader stormed into his office. He paced back and forth a few times until he heard a ping come from a datapad on his desk. He marched over and picked it up. It was an update from one of his spies who tracked Padmé’s movements. It said she had gone out tonight to a party hosted by another senator. There was an image attached to the report. Vader opened it and gaped.

It wasn’t a perfect picture. A bit blurry. It showed Padmé on her landing pad of her apartment about to get into a speeder. Yet what caught Vader’s attention was her dress. It was very sexy. He wasn’t completely sure of the color, due to the lighting, but it was dark. It hung tightly to her body, complimenting her curves. It stayed tight down around her ass, but then started to flare out halfway down her thighs.

Why is going out dressed like that? Vader wondered.

But he knew. He knew why women went out dressed like that, especially after a messy argument. Padmé was looking for some sort of revenge against Anakin. If Anakin could sleep around, why couldn’t she?

No, Vader growled to himself. No. Padmé was *his*. He wasn’t going to allow *anyone* to touch what was his. A dark sense of possessiveness curled inside of him. He needed to go and

stop Padmé, but . . . She wouldn't be in the mood to listen to anything Anakin had to say. If that was the case, he'd have to go as Darth Vader.

"Senator Amidala," a voice called.

Padmé turned and frowned. It was the last person she wanted to see. "Rush," she said with a fake smile as Rush Clovis walked over to her.

"Padmé, it's always good to see you," he said as his eyes greedily traveled up and down her body. Padmé bit back a sigh. It had been her handmaidens idea she come to this party. When she had returned home in tears over Anakin, they suggested she should go out to get over him. She had wanted to stay in. But they persisted.

"Go out and have some fun!" they said. "Just find a guy, have a one-night stand. It will be good for you to have sex without any commitments or strings attached." They pulled out a slinky dark green dress. Padmé had put it on and now found herself at the party hosted by the senator of Brentaal IV talking with her ex. She was here to avoid past relationships, not reignite them.

"I did not expect to see you here," Rush continued. "Especially . . ." His eyes again flashed up and down her figure. *Especially dressed like that*, seemed to be the words left unsaid by Rush.

"My handmaidens insisted that I should go out and have some fun," Padmé said.

"Well then I'm glad to see you headed their advice. Come, have a drink with me."

"No, thank you," Padmé said. She wanted to get away from Rush, but instead he stepped up closer to her.

"Oh come now Padmé," he said. "You still owe me that dinner."

"Dinner?"

"Remember? You had just met with Darth Vader? That simple little lieutenant took you home? You said we could have dinner together sometime."

Padmé cursed to herself as she did indeed recall herself saying that. "Perhaps we should plan a dinner some time this week then," she said hoping to push Rush off.

Rush grabbed her arm. "Why are you being so shy for?" He started to pull her toward the bar. 'It's just a drink. Let's catch up. For old time's sake.' She managed to pull her arm free of his grasp. "Wait here. I'll get us a drink." He turned and left for the bar.

Padmé glanced around hoping to find a place to disappear into where Rush wouldn't see her. The layout of the room was big and open. There honestly weren't many places to hide in. Instead she looked for a group she could join. She could lose herself amongst a conversation.

"Senator Amidala," a new voice said behind her.

She cringed and turned. Velna Rinthal was beaming at Padmé. She wore a white silk gown that had red beading on it. It complimented her skin tone nicely.

"I see you took my advice this time around," Velnna said. "Come I want you to meet some other senators."

"No thank you," Padmé said. She didn't want to be around Velnna.

"Oh you'll like them. Other women left dry by Skywalker," Velnna said.

Padmé couldn't help her curiosity as she followed Velnna to a small group of women. Padmé recognized a bigger curvier woman as the senator of Denon.

"Ladies," Velnna announced. "This is Senator Amidala of Naboo. She just freed herself from Skywalker."

The other ladies all nodded their heads and smiled at her as if had done a good job.

"Looks like she's already going through withdrawals," one senator said eyeing Padmé's dress.

"It'll never be the same," another said.

Velnna caught Padmé's confused look. "You'll always be wanting. Quite simply, Skywalker has a cock of a god. No one will ever satisfy you like he did." Something behind Padmé caught Velnna's attention. "Though he doesn't look like a bad catch."

Padmé turned and moaned slightly as Rush Clovis walked up to the group. "Your drink," Rush said as he handed Padmé a glass. She accepted it. 'Hello ladies,' Rush said to the group. "What were you talking about?"

"We were going to have a toast," Velnna said as she took an extra glass from one of the other senators. "To new beginnings." Velnna raised her glass. The rest of the ladies and Rush did as well. Padmé was the last.

"To new beginnings," they all chanted back and took a drink from their glasses. Padmé took a deep drink from hers. This night had only gotten worse and worse. Once she managed to get free from both Velnna and Rush, she was making her way home.

"I hope you'll excuse us," Rush said. "Padmé and I were going to have a private conversation."

"Oh please do not let us keep you," Velnna snickered. "Enjoy your evening Senator Amidala."

Rush led her out onto a balcony that overlooked the twinkling lights of the city. She leaned against the railing and took another deep sip of her drink. Now that she was free of one of her headaches, she just needed to get free of the other.

"Whatever happened to that lieutenant?" Rush asked. "Skywalker his name was."

"I don't want to talk about him," Padmé muttered.

"Good, honestly neither did I," Rush said. He moved closer to her. "I was hoping to talk about us."

"Us?" she said. There had been no 'us' in years. Again Rush moved closer. Now their bodies were side by side against the railing. His side touching hers. Her head spun at his

closeness.

“Yes, us,” Rush said smiling as he wrapped an arm around her waist. Padmé felt her cheeks grow warm. It wasn’t the only thing growing warm. There was a steady fire growing between her legs.

“Rush . . .” she said. She leaned into him. He put his drink on the railing and then did the same with her drink. Then he wrapped his arms around her. One hand slid down to her ass and squeezed it tight. She let out a small moan. It felt good. It felt good to be held like this. He smelled good. “Rush . . .” she said again, but she had forgot what she was going to say.

Rush leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. His lips felt good. They were warm and full. Padmé easily parted her lips for him. His tongue dashed into her mouth. He kissed her strongly and desperately. He squeezed her ass again and pushed her against him. She could feel his cock through their clothing starting to rise. The heat between her legs only grew stronger.

“Let’s go somewhere private,” he said in a low tone.

“Yes . . .” she said in a dazed tone back at him.

Keeping his hand on her ass he led through the party. She stumbled a few times, but Rush would grab her arm with his free hand steadying her. They made it out of the large room the party was being held in and into a dark hallway. Rush paused and then pushed Padmé against a wall. A hand grabbed at her pussy through her dress. Her body lit up with fire and need at his touch. His other hand grabbed at her breast. He pinched at her nipple through the fabric.

“Padmé,” he said in a husky voice. “I’ve never gotten over you. I know you’ve never gotten over me either, especially when I saw you tonight in this dress.”

“Mmmm,” was all she managed to say. Her tongue felt heavy. He pulled her off the wall and pushed her through a door. It was a bedroom. He pushed her down on the bed. He smiled down at her as he took off his jacket and shirt. Padmé’s eyed his body hungrily. She needed it. She needed him. Rush was now completely undressed. His cock stood straight up.

“I’ve waited for this for so long,” he murmured as put a knee on the bed. ‘This dress is wonderful.’ He placed a hand flat on her stomach and slid it up her body. “Such a shame to ruin it,” he said as tightly grasped the neckline. His other hand took another handful. With one powerful motion, he ripped the dress open. “So much better,” he said looking down at her.

Both knees were on either side of her body. He lowered himself down so his own ass came between her legs. She could feel his cock lightly touching her pussy. She scooted down so she pressed against his stiff shaft. She needed this. She need to fuck.

“So eager,” he purred. He leaned over her and took one of her breasts in his mouth. She was grinding into his dick and balls. She was ready. She needed him inside of her. Her body was on fire. She heard him gasp. She looked up at him through her blurry dazed vision. He sat straight up. Rigid. His hands clasped at his throat. His eyes were wide in fear. Then suddenly he was gone. She heard a loud thud hit the floor.

Where did he think he was going? She asked herself. One of her hands went down to her burning aching pussy. She started to pleasure herself. Then there was a weight on the bed again. She looked up, but all she could see was darkness.

“Padmé?” a soft voice called. ‘Padmé?’ A large hand gently stroked her cheek. She leaned into it heavily. Then she opened her mouth and pulled the thumb into her mouth. She sucked on it. Yet the thumb pulled away and she sighed. “You’ve been drugged,” said the darkness.

The darkness retreated, but she could see it still stood by her on the bed. Then suddenly a red beam jumped from the darkness. The red beam pointed towards the floor.

“You dare drug what is mine so you can touch it?” a dark menacing voice said. “You will pay for your foolishness.”

Chapter 12

Padmé awoke feeling horrible. Her head was pounding. Her mouth was horribly dry. Her body felt sore. At first she wondered if she was hungover. She tried to recall the previous night, however she was having trouble remembering it all. She recalled running into Rush and then Velnna. She only had one drink, right? The one Rush had given her? Yet the events grew fuzzy after Rush took her to the balcony.

That was when Padmé realized she was not in her bed nor at her apartment. She slowly sat up and looked around the room. The walls, ceiling, and floors were gray. The furniture was black or gray. There were no decorations. It seemed militaristic. Heavy curtains shaded the window, but light escaped around the edges declaring it was day time.

Where was she? She glanced down and noticed she was naked. Her eyes darted widely around the room, but noticed no clothes. There was a black dresser standing against a wall. Padmé looked at it wondering if there were clothes inside. Something would be better than nothing. At least then she could leave the room and figure out where she was. Yet before she could get out of bed, the bedroom door slid open. Darth Vader walked in. Padmé clutched the bedsheets to her to hide her naked form from him.

Darth Vader walked over to the bedside. “How are you feeling?” he asked. Padmé could only stare up at his shadowed face. She had not been expecting that question nor tone much less the dark lord himself to be at her bedside. He sounded sincere. “What do you recall from last night?” he asked when she didn’t reply.

“I . . . I was at a party . . .” she started.

Vader sighed. “You were drugged, senator.”

“Wh-What?”

Vader lightly growled, “Rush Clovis did it. He used a date rape drug against you. I found you under the influence of the drug moments before he was going to rape you.”

Fuzzy memories swam in her head. She vaguely recalled Clovis grabbing at her and kissing her. She recalled seeing a red beam jump out of a shadow.

“Why?” she asked. “Why did you save me?”

“Should I have let him rape you?” Vader asked.

“No!” Padmé said. But she was curious as to why Vader had intervened in the situation. He didn’t seem like the one to care about such things. Why was he even at the party to begin with? Vader didn’t attend parties, unless they were official state events. Usually Vader was only there if the Emperor was. Even then it was rare. “Where am I?” she asked.

“The Imperial Palace,” Vader informed her. “You are in my personal wing of the palace. I have shall have some food brought up to you.” Vader turned and left the room.

Padmé sighed and let herself fall back onto the pillows. How did she end up in Vader's personal rooms in the Imperial Palace? She closed her eyes thought about how she was going to handle this. She realized her whole life was a mess right now. From Anakin to Velnna to Rush to Darth Vader. How had this all happen? How could she get out of it?

She wasn't aware she had fallen asleep until she woke up. The light creeping out from behind the curtains was now much more golden. It appeared to be afternoon. Padmé groaned. She finally forced herself up and out of the bed. As Vader had promised, there was food left on a small table. The food had grown cold, but as she started to eat she found she was quite hungry.

While eating she noticed a stack of clothes had been left on top of the dresser. Padmé examined them when she finished eating. It was some undergarments and a simple dress. It was not something Padmé would ever wear, but it was far better than walking out of here naked.

She found the room had a private refresher. She stood staring at herself in the mirror. Her mind went over the previous night. Some of the events had become a little bit clearer in her memories. She recalled Rush leading her away. How he had pushed her into the wall, grabbing her. Recalling the memory caused the spot between her legs to grow warm.

Padmé cursed to herself. She couldn't be turned on by what Rush had done. She felt ashamed and silently hoped it was just the drugs still in her system. Looking over her body she suddenly felt very dirty. She decided a quick shower would be best. She stepped into the shower and just let the water rush over her. Yet more and more memories were coming back, especially from when Darth Vader had brought her to this room.

She vaguely remembered the med droid checking her out. Yet she still recalled her attempts at trying to convince Darth Vader to have sex with her. Her cheeks burned red at the embarrassment. She had still been under the effects of the drug. She had begged him for it. She had grabbed at him. Tried to pull him down into the bed with her. Luckily Vader had turned her down at ever plea.

"When the effects of the drug wear off, Amidala, feel free to ask me to fuck you raw and hard as much as you like," Vader had said to her. "But I will not sleep with you right now."

Again a wave of warmth rushed through her lower abdomen and the folds between her legs. Padmé let out a series of curses to herself. She placed her forehead against the gray tiles of the shower. Yet her mind went back to Vader. Went to their encounter in her office. Again a strong wave of arousal hit her.

Her hands grabbed the water controls and quickly turned the knob to cold water. Her body was overheating and the cold water now coming out of the shower felt good. She didn't stand under the cold water long. It was time to leave. She found a towel hanging on a rack next to the shower. She wrapped herself up in it and realized she had left the pile of clothes sitting on the dresser.

When she exited the refresher, she found Darth Vader standing quietly across the room along with a medical droid. She stopped and glanced uncomfortably from one to the other. The droid approached her.

“Hello,” it said. “I would like to take a blood sample. I would like to see how well the drugs have exited your system and to make sure there are no lingering side effects.” The droid motioned for Padmé to hold out her arm. She followed the instructions, and the droid took a sample of blood. Then he brought out a small syringe and stuck it in her arm.

“What was that?” she asked.

“A vitamin boost,” the droid responded.

Padmé rubbed her arm where she had been stuck by the needles. The droid said it would be back with the blood test results and left the room. Padmé eyed the pile of clothes still sitting on the dresser and became highly aware that she was only dressed in a towel. Her eyes traveled back over to the dark form of Vader. Once again a tingly curl of heat and desire washed through her abdomen.

She quickly looked away from the man. She again eyed the clothes on the dresser and started to move to go retrieve them. However, Vader walked over and blocked her path.

“Are you feeling better, senator?” he asked in his deep voice.

“Yes,” she said. “Thank you Lord Vader for your assistance, but I do believe it’s time I get back home.”

He stepped forward, and she stepped back.

“I wanted to inform you that Rush Clovis has been . . . taken in for his crimes,” Vader said. He said the last bit with a certain edge of darkness and happiness.

“Thank you,” Padmé said. “I again appreciate your help, but I can handle myself. I will press charges against Clovis.”

“No need,” Vader said a bit dismissively, but he took another step forward. “As I said, he’s been taken of.”

Padmé took another step back. “I want to see Clovis persecuted for his crimes.”

“Senator, I shall remind you that I am the Supreme Commander of the Imperial Military, which includes the police force of this planet. I assure you that you will not need to worry about Rush Clovis anymore. Pursuing the matter will be foolish and unnecessary.”

Again warmth raced through her. The folds between her legs were so warm. It ached. She could feel a hot blush settling across her cheeks. Padmé wondered when the droid would be back with the blood results. Was the drug really out of her system?

“I feel like I must apologize . . .” she said.

“You have nothing to apologize for, senator. It was Clovis who was in the wrong. You don’t need to apologize for accepting a drink at a social function.”

“No. Not that. I meant . . .” she glanced down and took another step back. She brushed against the wall. “Last night when you brought me here. I was a bit . . . not myself. I believe I said some things a bit unbecoming of myself.”

Vader softly laughed. “Again nothing to apologize for,” he said light heartedly. That tone of voice felt out of character for him for someone who struck fear into all with the mere

mention of his name. "You were not yourself. It was no choice of yours."

His dark voice was like liquid honey. It was smooth and alluring. The heat continued to grow deep and low inside of her. She was so aroused. It must still be the drugs. She looked into the shadows of Vader's hood. She could feel his eyes on her.

"Last night . . ." she started, but her voice faded away. Vader took a step closer, and Padmé again a step back. However now she was firmly against the wall.

"Last night?" he asked.

"You offered . . ." her eyes went down. She was unable to meet his gaze, but now her gaze was lingered on his crotch. "You said that I could ask you to . . ."

"Fuck you as raw and hard as you like?" he asked. There was a smile in his voice, though she couldn't see it on his face. He stepped forward closing the gap between them. His hand came up to her cheek. He brushed her cheek with his knuckles. "Is this something you're asking of me now?" he said in a low seductive voice.

Again she was brought back to the moment in her office. A fresh wave of heat and sexual hunger went through her. She recalled what her handmaidens had told her last night. That she just needed to go out and have sex without any commitments. Who would be better than that than Darth Vader?

"Yes," she said. "Yes I am asking."

His other hand grabbed at her waist. He pulled her against him. "Are you sure you know what you're asking?" he said as he leaned down. His face was close to hers, but it was still in shadow. "Are you sure this is what you want?" She could feel his breath on her skin.

She placed her hands on his chest. "Yes I am aware."

"My my," he said. The hand that had been stroking her cheek went down to her hip. It slid down her hip, down the side of her ass, to the upper part of her thigh. "How you have changed senator. I recall last time you were not so eager."

He gripped her thigh and pulled it up. He pushed into her. She brought her leg up high and wrapped it around him. His other hand pulled at the towel and carelessly tossed it to the ground. Then without warning, his hand shoved right into her pussy.

"Looks like you are quite eager this time," Vader said. His lips were against her cheek. His hand slid out of her. She could feel him unlatching his pants to free his cock. Then both hands grabbed her ass. They were pulling her up. She brought up her other leg and securely wrapped it around him. She locked her ankles together around him. Then she felt his hands guiding his cock into her.

She let out a gasp as he entered. His fat cock slid into her slowly and seamlessly. He softly moaned as he pushed the full length of his shaft into her. She too let out a small moan as the cock kept going into her. He was in so deep inside of her. She was so full of his cock. Every part of her pussy was so warm, so needy. The muscles clenched at his cock, begging him to start.

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" he asked.

“Yes,” she moaned. She wrapped her hands around his shoulders, under his cloak. She felt his lips against hers. He had full warm lips. She wondered what he looked like under the shadows and the hood. Anakin had claimed he was good looking. She debated on asking him, but the thought was literally thrust from her mind.

Vader had started fucking her with strong and fast and hard thrusts. She felt his tip slide almost all the way out of her, before he was ramming it up hard and fast into her. He was indeed fucking her raw and hard. She felt so satisfied with his warm cock filling her so completely, before it slid down her before being roughly thrust back into her.

She was pinned against the wall. Her ass and her back were roughly being rubbed against the wall. Somewhere in the back of her mind told her this was uncomfortable. She was sure her skin was becoming red and raw, but she was in bliss. Vader’s hands gripped tightly to her ass. He pushed and pulled her into him. Making his thrusts deeper and harder. There was a bit of pleasure-pain that Padmé was loving due to how rough it was. One of Vader’s hand left her ass. The coldness it left made Padmé whine, but it didn’t last long. He slapped her ass.

Hungry lips met lips. She wasn’t even sure who it was that pressed against the other first. At once their tongues met and moved against each other hungrily and desperately. Vader kept fucking her into the wall again and again with his relentless hammering. She never felt empty for as soon as his cock left her, it was rammed right back into her. She started to roll her hips along with him as her craving of him had only instilled with the sweet painful bliss he was causing her. She could feel her warm juices seeping out and dripping off of her.

She clawed at his back. “Harder,” she whined into his mouth between their kisses. He gripped her ass tighter. His fingers dug into her plump skin. She cried out in pleasure as unbelievably the pace picked it up. It was such a raw fucking. Her body was being slammed into the wall behind her. Her head was spinning as she was losing herself to him. He took her lower lip into his mouth and suck on it and then bit it. She moaned at the bit of sweet pain.

The pressure was building up inside of her. It started deep and low and then suddenly it was growing and growing. It bubbled higher in her with each savage thrust and kiss. Her body trembled. Her moans were heavy and ragged. Even his breathing and moans were becoming harder and strained. They were both being pushed to their limit.

She decided to give it her all. She clenched her legs tighter around him. Her arms pulled him closer. She bucked her hips wildly into him. She finally found her release. Her orgasm hit hard and strong. She threw her head back into the wall. She moaned out a loud “Yes!” Her orgasm surged through her in strong waves of a tingly warm lightning. She could feel crisp little bubbles exploding all throughout her in warm bliss.

Vader hammered into her a few more times, before he sheathed his cock balls deep inside of her. Her pussy was clenching at him while she was in the throes of her orgasm. Finally Vader’s cock let shot after shot of warm, thick cum into Padmé’s wanting folds. She moaned as she welcomed the warm goopy seed that filled her. It made her feel so full and satisfied. Her body was trembling and tingling in the after effects of a good fuck. Both of them were panting.

Vader leaned back causing Padmé to lean into him. Vader carried her over to the bed and laid her down. It was then his dick finally slid out of her. She was still warm and full of his

cum, but she couldn't help but whine at the loss of his cock inside of her. She was at the edge of the mattress. Her legs fell down the side of the bed.

Vader brought one knee up against the mattress as he leaned over her. A hand came to rest next to her head. His shadowed face came to rest right above hers. "I see you enjoyed that," he purred. His other free hand came to rest flat palmed against her chest and collar bone, but it quickly slid down to her breasts. He started to grab and massage at it. His fingers grabbed at her nipple and rolled it between the fingers.

"I did enjoy that," she said between panting breaths.

His lips were on hers again. She closed her eyes for if she kept them open she was only met with shadowy darkness. It was better to let her fantasies go wild with what his face looked like. Yet only a very small part of her mind noted that the face she was projecting onto Vader was Anakin's. Her lips were swollen and sensitive, but she kept kissing him. She couldn't get enough of the taste of him.

"Force," he muttered. "Why do you do this to me?"

"Mmmm?" she murmured.

He slowly and what appeared to be a bit reluctantly pulled away. He looked down at her. Her body was glowing from the sex. She wondered how his body was faring, but he was clothed. She wondered if he always had sex clothed. Her eyes traveled down his body to his exposed cock which was . . . standing perfectly erect. His hand was wrapped around it as he stroked his wet member.

A fresh wave of blush flooded through her body. She could feel the muscles in her pussy clenching as they wanted that cock back in them. *No way*, she thought to herself. No way she could be wanting to go again after that previous pounding. Vader let go of his hard cock and brought both hands to her thighs. He pushed her legs apart and then slid both his hands under her legs. Then he pushed the legs up. Up he pushed her legs so her knees came to near her breasts leaving her dripping wet pussy completely open and exposed.

Vader tightly gripped one of her inner thighs as he used the other hand to steady his cock as he guided it into her. Once again she was filled with his meaty cock. He fully sheathed himself. His throbbing cock swirled up the still warm cum inside of her. He took a steadying breath before once again he started to hammer into her. Once again it was raw and rough. His hands gripped her hips. His fingers dug into her as he pushed and pulled her into him.

"Padmé," he moaned. "Padmé."

Fiery delight crashed through her with each thrust he gave. It was never ending. She didn't have time to recover, her pussy was never hollow for long, before once again his cock was pounded deep inside of her. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. She arched her back. Her toes curled. She was lost. So completely lost to this man and his cock.

She was getting hotter and hotter in her pussy. She clenched at his thick, pumping shaft more and more. Despite that Vader was pulling and pushing on her hips, she also started roll her hips as well. She bucked into him. She wanted his dick deep in her. Her breath was once again ragged and so was his. They were both needy and desperate. They moved together in

fast rough movements. There was something that just felt so right about this. About having this cock shoved so far up into her.

The orgasm hit her out of nowhere. She had been so completely in thought, it had caught her by surprise. She let out a loud moan. It was almost a scream. She ended up lifting her upper body off the mattress as her body spasmed. Wonderful bubbles and tingles erupted in her mind and spread through her body. Warmth exploded in her pussy and radiated outward.

Vader came as soon as she started her orgasm. She could feel him thrust deep inside of her followed by the small jerk thrusts as his cock unloaded into her. Once again his warm cum filled her up. She was so full. The cum was leaking out of her. Vader kept himself inside of her while his breath slowed down. Finally he pulled out and Padmé felt like a part of her was now missing. He said nothing as he turned and left the room leaving her completely exhausted but completely satisfied.

She wasn't sure how long she laid there until she heard a knock on the door and the med droid rolled in. She had completely forgotten about the blood test. The droid was unphased by her appearance.

"The results have been analyzed," the droid announced.

"And?"

"The drugs have successfully left your system."

"The drugs are gone?"

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"The drugs were never long lasting. They lasted at most five hours, which was when you were sleeping."

Padmé's cheeks burned and reddened. If the drugs were gone then what had she been feeling earlier? She was sure she was still under the effects of the drugs. Why else would she feel so turned on and horny? Why else had she been so willing to let Vader fuck her brains out?

The droid walked up to her and handed her a small pill bottle. "You should take these until they run out," the droid explained. "They are vitamins that will help your body recover from any lingering and adverse side effects like nausea and dry mouth." Padmé took the bottle and nodded. The droid left the room.

She took this as her cue to return to the refresher, clean herself up, and get dressed. Once she was in the simple blue-gray shift dress, she left the room. She was met by an older man who appeared to be a servant. He nodded his head at her. "Senator," he said. "Lord Vader has arranged a transport to take you home. If you'll follow me."

Padmé let the man take her through the Imperial Palace. She had been to the more public levels before. There was the grand ballroom, the gardens, the throne room, and a dining room Padmé had all been to before. But this section was all the same. Harsh angles. Black and gray. It was very obvious this was Vader's quarters. She was led to a small hangar. If she had to guess, this was most likely Vader's private hangar. The old man leading her guestered to a

black speeder. A man was leaning against it. His arms were crossed and his head was turned to look out the hangar doors.

“Anakin,” she mumbled to herself.

As if he heard her, he turned. Their eyes met, but Padmé was the first to turn away. Shame burned through her. She had just fucked his boss. Did he know? She kept her eyes down as she approached the speeder.

“Padmé,” he said a bit sternly.

She only nodded in return as she rounded the speeder and stepped in. She kept her head turned away from and watched the city fly by.

“I wanted to let you know,” Anakin said, ‘I had nothing to do with Velnna’s arrest.’ Padmé’s head snapped over to look at him. However, he just kept looking ahead. “Turns out she was allowing rebels to use the hyperspace lanes around Taris. Lord Vader brought her in when he arrested Clovis.”

She wanted to ask if that was why Vader was at the party to begin with, but her thoughts quickly went to Clovis. She felt it was a little unfair the man wouldn’t be tried in court.

As if reading her thoughts, Anakin spoke up. “Clovis will be well dealt with, Padmé,” he said. There was a slight smile on his lips. “His full punishment has yet to be served, but when Vader found you at the party he did castrate Clovis with his lightsaber. Since his senator career is ruined, he can always find a job as an eunuch somewhere.”

Padmé felt the blood drain from her face. She clenched her hands together. Part of her rejoiced at the idea. Was it a fitting revenge for what he had done to her? Yet another part felt it was too much. Too cruel. Her mind spun.

Anakin landed the speeder at her apartment. “Padmé, I . . .” he started as he looked over at her. “I want to explain about what happened with Velnna.”

“You don’t have to explain,” she said a bit coldly. His cheating with Velnna was the whole reason for this current mess.

“Yes, I do,” Anakin replied. Padmé put a hand on the door and reached for the handle. She wasn’t in the mood for this. ‘Padmé, I’m a slave.’ Her whole body went still and stiff. She slowly turned her head back at him. “It’s why I don’t talk about my past,” he said. “I was born a slave to a slave. My mother was a pleasure slave who got pregnant by one of her master’s clients. She was sold off to the Hutts after that. My mother and I were then traded due to our Hutt master losing us in a bet.”

He sighed as his eyes looked away from her. “When I said I was working while my mother was sick and dying, I wasn’t working out of choice. I was forced to be in that shop. I was a slave to its owner. Once my mother died, my ‘father’ came and bought me.” He took a deep breath and looked over at her again. “When I was sixteen my father pumped me full of strong aphrodisiacs and locked me in a house full of whores who had also been pumped full of drugs. They were being paid to teach me their ways.”

Again he paused as he looked over at her. “Yes I’ve been under orders to sleep with women before to get them to do whatever it is the Empire wants them to do. But,” he paused.

His blue eyes were intense. "I meant it. It was different with you. It always has been."

It was clear he was done. Padmé didn't say a word. She couldn't. How could she? What would she say? She only nodded at him and then left the speeder. Her thoughts were now much more of a mess. She made her way to her bedroom and threw herself on to her bed. Her mind went a million different ways.

She thought about what Anakin had said. How could he be a slave? To who? Darth Vader? His so-called father? Slavery was outlawed, and yet she wasn't surprised to hear that the highest ranking officials in the Empire had slaves. Her thoughts spun around her. She thought about Velna and Rush. She thought about Darth Vader.

Then she recalled something. When she had been drugged and she saw Vader's red lightsaber. He had said to Rush, "You dare touch what is mine?" *What is his?* Padme thought. *What exactly did he mean by that?*

Chapter 13

Vader stepped out of the black speeder. He was back at the Imperial Palace after dropping Padmé off at her apartment. The sun was setting in the sky. Vader smiled to himself. Twenty four hours ago he was seething in rage. His relationship with Padmé had been shattered thanks to Rinthal, but yet now everything seemed to have righted itself.

Not only did Vader have Rinthal, but also that annoying little bug Clovis as well. Vader also got to fuck Padmé. It had been wonderful. He hadn't properly touched her in weeks. Force, he had missed her. Everything about her was wonderful. Not matter who else he fucked, nothing would ever compare to Padmé Amidala. He could have easily taken her two or three more times.

He stopped in the small medical room. The med droid had been standing in the corner. Upon entering, it stepped into the middle of the room. "Report on Amidala," Vader ordered it.

"The drugs had successfully cleared her system," the droid reported. "The vitamins were given to her successfully."

"Good, dismissed," Vader said as he left the room. The vitamins the droid had given were more than just vitamins, but fertility drugs. Vader felt like a lot of things could be solved if Padmé was finally pregnant. The Emperor wouldn't consider her for his own empress if she was already pregnant with Vader's child. Padmé wouldn't go waltzing off to parties. Hopefully, it would bring her and Vader closer together.

He wondered how Padmé had taken his slave speech. It wasn't completely inaccurate. In fact almost all of it was true. He could still be considered a slave to the Emperor though he no longer had a slave chip implant. Hopefully the speech would allow Padmé and Anakin's relationship to mend, but then Vader thought to his lovely encounter with Padmé in the guest bedroom. He smiled. Vader or Anakin— one way or another Padmé would be his.

He had made it back to his room. He threw off his military jacket he wore as Anakin and redonned his black cloak. Now that Padmé had been taken care of, he had other matters to attend to. He made his way through the dark halls to a turbolift. He keyed the lift to take him down to the deep levels under the palace. This was where the Siths' private layer was. It was deep underground. It contained many things of the Sith, including their private prison.

The Emperor kept more prisoners here than Vader. Most of Vader's prisoners could be handled by the military. He had no qualms hiding his methods of torture and interrogation. In fact it only helped him instill fear in his ranks. Very few of Vader's prisoners made it down here. To be brought here was because it was personal and as such the prisoners received the personal attention of the Sith. There was no leaving this prison once one was brought inside it.

The lift doors opened to a long dark and quiet hallway. Even the sentients who worked down here never left. They were in a way slaves. They had been bought, their minds erased, and put to work tending to this dark place. They knew nothing but to unquestionably follow

orders. One such servant met Vader at the blast doors that led into the prison. It was a human, as if the Emperor would allow anything else. It's skin was deathly pale, the head was shaved, and the eyes were a blurry gray. It wore simple black robes.

Vader motioned for the servant to follow, which it did silently and effortlessly. "Is everything ready?" Vader asked.

"Yes my lord," the servant replied in its whispery voice. The two walked down a hallway filled with heavy doors. Everything was metal here. If one listened closely you could hear the moans and screams echoing down the hall. The dark side was thick in this place. It was intoxicating.

"The injuries on Clovis?"

"Have been healed properly."

Vader smiled. He wanted to make sure Clovis lasted a long time. It would be no fun if Clovis succumbed to his injuries. Vader wouldn't allow Clovis to die until Vader allowed it. Vader stopped in front of a door.

"Give Rinthal a stim shot," Vader ordered. The servant nodded before it walked away. Rinthal and Clovis's cells were next to each other. Vader had specially chosen these two cells for they were not soundproof. Rinthal would hear Clovis's screams.

Vader entered Clovis's cell. The room was rectangular, made completely out of harsh metal. Parts of the floor were made of grates instead of solid metal which allowed for easy clean up. The lights in the room could be brightened or dimmed, and were currently on a medium setting. In the center of the room was a metal table which Rush Clovis was strapped to. Off to the side of the table was a set of smaller tables holding all sorts of items to use for torture. Right next to this set of tables was a control panel.

Vader walked up to it and pressed a button. The table with Clovis on it started to move so it stood straight vertically up and down bringing Clovis into a more of a standing position. However he was still strapped to the table. The senator was naked. Vader couldn't help but smile as his eyes lingered to the burned skin around his groin. Vader was pleased with himself that he had the restraint not to kill Clovis when he first found the man about to rape Padmé. He had been tempted to. Almost had. Luckily Vader had been contempt with slicing off the man's dick, before he had his men drag him here.

Vader pressed another button on the console and the door to the cell slid open. An IT-O Interrogator droid floated in. "Wake him," Vader ordered. The droid was silent. It stuck its syringe into Clovis's arm. Slowly the man started to wake. "Give him a shot of Angotamine." That drug would intensify Clovis's pain by making his nerves hypersensitive. Even a simple touch on the skin would read as painful. As Clovis fully awoke and his eyes focused on the dark form of Darth Vader, Vader smiled.

Some time later Vader entered the cell next door. Velnna Rinthal was also strapped to a metal table. She still wore her gown she had worn at the party. But now it was crumpled, stained, and ripped. Velnna's cell was identical to Clovis's. Vader walked up to the control panel and pressed the button that brought the table to stand up. While Velnna was being brought up, Vader took a moment and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath and as he did so he also took in the fear in the room.

Velinna's fear lay thick in the Force. Vader drew it into himself. Fear was amazing. Powering. Especially when combined with the black anger Vader had towards the Taris senator. The slut dared to interfere with Vader's plans. All the recent messes could be traced back to Velinna speaking with Padmé. The previous time Vader had met with Velinna, he had played the role of Anakin. This time Velinna would meet with the Dark Lord of the Sith. This time Vader would find out how deep Velinna's treachery went. Vader wanted to know if anyone else was apart of Velinna's schemes towards Skywalker. Vader wanted no more surprises or hiccups when it came to Padmé.

The table was finally upright in a vertical position. Velinna's eyes were wide and glued on the dark shadowed form of Darth Vader. He took two large steps and quickly stepped up to the woman. "Velinna. Velinna," Vader said in a dark teasing voice. 'Did you enjoy listening to my time I spent with Rush Clovis next door?' Her lip trembled a small bit. He leaned into her and placed a hand on her cheek. "Now it's your turn," he said in a low venomous voice.

Vader leaned back and very slowly let his hood fall down. The reaction on Velinna was priceless. First was the recognition. There was a moment of hope, that perhaps Anakin would save her. But then it slowly faded into horror as she noted the yellow eyes.

"Hmmm yes we haven't been properly introduced, have we?" Vader said as he again leaned in close. His voice was cheerful and amused. 'I am Darth Vader, but I also go by the name of Anakin Skywalker.' He paused as he let the truth sink into her bones. "How does it feel to know you've been fucked by Lord Vader?" he purred. But then his whole demeanor changed to something dark and dangerous. "How does it feel to know you fucked over Lord Vader?" he hissed.

He let her terror build before his hand shot up and grabbed her head. With no concern to Velinna's health and safety, Vader slammed into her mind and started to rip her memories apart.

Padmé sat at her desk in her apartment. It had been three days since the party. The Senate and the holonet were abuzz with gossip about the arrests of two senators, Velinna Rinthal and Rush Clovis. As Anakin had told Padmé, Velinna had been arrested for allowing rebels to use the hyperspace traffic lanes around Taris. Rush's arrest was due to sexually assaulting someone at the party. Thankfully it had never been released to the public who Rush had assaulted.

The mood amongst the other Senators had turned sour and paranoid. Apparently Velinna was not alone in her treasonous acts. Darth Vader had been stalking the halls and senator offices in the Imperial Executive Building apparently on the hunt for more treasonous senators. A few senators had been rumored to be dragged away to be questioned by Vader.

There had been a few more arrests. The Senator from Denon along with a few others. At first Padmé had thought nothing of it. In truth she was trying to separate herself from the party incident as much as she could. At least until another senator asked Padmé about the party and that Padmé had been seen at the party speaking to Velinna and the Denon senator. It was then that Padmé realized that all of the other arrests were from that group of women.

Women Velnna claimed had been wooed by Anakin. If Anakin was to be believed, they were women he had been forced to sleep with. Yet now they were all being arrested.

All the drama from the party and the arrests of several senators, had caused Padmé's mother, Jobal, to call. The blue hologram of Jobal was being projected on Padmé's desk. Padmé had just promised her mother for about the ninth time that she was fine. She was not involved in any treasonous acts and as such not to worry about her getting arrested.

"You seem distracted," her mother said.

"I've got a lot of my mind, mom," Padmé said. There was a small headache forming between her eyes.

"Why don't you come to Naboo?" Jobal asked. "I think it would do you some good to be away from Coruscant for a while."

"It's called Imperial Center now, mom," Padmé corrected. Her mother just huffed. "Maybe I'll come home soon. I've just got some things to sort out first."

"With what? Your education bill?"

"No . . . not that."

"You're not working on another bill or you? Padmé you'll work yourself to death trying to save the galaxy."

"It's not work related, mom," Padmé said annoyed. "There's a guy . . ."

Jobal was quiet for a moment. "A guy?" she asked clearly surprised but also delighted. "A guy? There hasn't been a guy in quite a while. How are things going with this guy?"

"That's the problem. It's gotten complicated," Padmé moaned.

"Well tell me about it."

Padmé gave her mother a watered down and quick version of her relationship with Anakin. She told how they had met and started seeing each other. She mentioned Velnna (though without naming her since her name was quite well known at the moment) warning Padmé that Anakin wasn't faithful, which turned out to be true when Velnna showed Padmé the recording of the two sleeping together.

"I think you need to talk to him," Jobal said after hearing the story.

"What is there to talk about?" Padmé said a bit outraged. "He slept with his ex-girlfriend. He admitted to it."

"But he also sincerely apologized and wanted to talk to you about it," Jobal pointed out. Padmé groaned. "Listen Coruscant— Imperial Center— whatever it is called— is a different place than Naboo. We are a much more conservative society. Two people talking to each other could be considered dating, and when two people are dating they do not seek out the attention of others. But on Coruscant? That place is a wild mix of people. There are societies out there that have open relationships. Relationships with multiple partners."

Again Padmé groaned, but Jobal continued. "What I'm saying is you need to talk to this Anakin. You need to be very clear in what your expectations are if he wants to be in a

relationship with you. Communication is the key to successful relationships.”

Padmé was quiet as she thought on her mother’s words. Her mother wasn’t wrong, but her mother wasn’t also aware of all the intricacies of what was going on either. Jobal didn’t know Anakin claimed to be some sort of sex slave for the Empire, nor did she know Darth Vader was involved.

“Just talk to him,” Jobal said. “Give him another chance. If it doesn’t work, then it doesn’t work.”

“Fine,” Padmé agreed. Jobal smiled. Though Padmé already had a plan forming in her mind. She did agree with her mother’s advice, she should talk to Anakin. But before she did that she wanted information. There was only one person she knew to ask about Anakin Skywalker, and that was Darth Vader.

There was only one small problem, Padmé didn’t know how to get in contact with Vader. Especially not for a private talk. So if she couldn’t go to Vader, she would see if she could make Vader come to her. This is why Bail Organa sat in her office. As Bail sat down on one of her couches in the sitting area, Padmé glanced around wondering if Vader had told the truth about there only being one listening device in her office.

“It’s been a while Padmé,” Bail said warmly. In truth it had. About a month and a half. In truth Padmé missed Bail. He was one of her few true friends amongst the senators. She missed talking with him.

“Yes it has,” Padmé agreed. “I just . . . I just wanted to make sure you were safe with this current purge in the Senate going on.”

Bail frowned. “Yes . . . well so far it looks like I will be. That’s the odd thing, none of the arrested senators were part of the Alliance.”

Now it was Padmé’s time to frown. “None of them?”

“Granted the Alliance isn’t the only rebel faction out there,” Bail said. “Plus what the Empire may consider treasonous and ‘helping rebels’ may not actually be that. They could have been allowing smugglers to pass through the hyperlanes above Taris.”

“True,” Padmé said with a nod of her head. “It seems being a senator is a dangerous job nowadays.”

Padmé couldn’t help but think of her old friend and mentor Mon Mothma. She had been one of the first senators to be publicly accused of treason on accounts of helping rebels. Her execution had been made into a public spectacle. Padmé looked over at Bail. She honestly didn’t want to lose him either. Bail was one of the good politicians. A man who actively fought to make the galaxy better.

“Bail, just please be safe,” Padmé said. What she wanted to say was to tell Bail to leave the Alliance. He could focus on change from within the system. But she knew he would never back away from the Alliance. His ideals were too strong. Ideals Padmé herself were drawn to as well. If she hadn’t gotten tangled up with Darth Vader, she might have eventually joined the Alliance as well.

Bail nodded. The conversation then shifted to talk about the Senate, the senators, on-going political debates, and upcoming votes. It felt good to have someone to comfortably talk to about work. When Bail finally left, Padmé felt her spirits uplifted. The first they had been in a while.

Nothing happened the rest of that work day. Vader didn't appear to threaten or come to apprehend Padmé. She wondered if perhaps such a ruse would work. She might have to think of another way of getting in contact with Vader.

The next day was a session of the Senate. Padmé sat down in her pod. The Emperor had called this session, and he was in attendance. His pod currently floated in the middle of the great room. To his right sat Mas Amedda and to the left was Darth Vader.

Vader's presence in the Senate was very unusual. If the Emperor was in attendance, usually the seat to the left was for one of the Emperor's advisors or whoever from the Imperial Ruling Council the Emperor favored that day. Vader was not a member of the council despite being second in command and current heir apparent. Padmé, like most of the other senators, assumed Vader's attendance and spot in the Emperor's pod was an obvious warning to the Senate not to step out of line.

This assumption was confirmed as the Emperor started up a speech about the importance of staying loyal to the Empire. Padmé immediately started to tune out the Emperor's ramblings. She smoothed the skirts of her dress.

She wore a purple outfit today. A sash embroidered with a vine motif covered her shoulders and was clasped with a large circular broach in the middle. The outer layer was a long purple dress with swirling vines in lighter purple that striped down the dress. The under layer was a long sleeve dress with a high collar. It was made of a soft textured material on top, but a silky satin layer underneath to help keep Padmé cool. She wore a thick bronze headband that was accented with purple stones. Her hair had been carefully done in braided loops that curled around the lower parts of the headpiece.

She thought about perhaps if there was a way to meet Lord Vader when he exited the pod, but she was trying to talk to him privately without anyone else seeing. There would be plenty of others lurking about in attempts to talk to the Emperor. Padmé sighed. Perhaps . . .

Something was moving between her legs. Her hand discreetly and slowly pushed down on the fabric of her skirt, but there was nothing there. But then it started it again. It felt as if something was rubbing against her folds and clit. Again her hands searched her skirts. She pressed harder, but there was nothing there.

Yet there was something. It was warm and it rubbed hard and deep. It was creating a tingly feeling inside her. It felt good. And then she felt pressure start to slowly slide inside her folds and up into her. It slowly pushed its way up and up and then started to slide back down. Something was inside her. Moving inside her.

She could feel her cheeks starting to turn red. Her breath was a bit uneven. She took a few deep breaths as she casted her eyes about. Luckily none of the other senators were looking at her. Everyone was looking at the Emperor. Padmé's eyes also went to the royal pod. The Emperor was still going on about loyalty, Mas Amedda was staring glumly off into the

distance, and Darth Vader . . . his hood was pointed right at Padmé. It was if he was staring at her.

The pressure inside her got bigger. It was as if there was a cock inside her. An invisible cock. Slowly sliding up and down her. Fucking her. Her eyes bore into the dark shadowed face of Darth Vader. She swore he was making eye contact with her.

This was his doing.

Somehow. Some way. Using his horrible Sith magic. There was no other explanation.

The Force cock inside of her got bigger. She had to bite down to prevent the pleased gasp from leaving her lips. She kept her teeth clenched. She clenched her hands into her skirts. She glared at Vader. Despite her outward appearance of anger, inside she was moaning. It felt good. This Force cock was warm and gently worked her insides so amazingly well.

Again it got bigger and longer. Padmé let out a noiseless gasp. Her hands were grabbing at her skirts not in anger, but as a way to release her pleased energy since she couldn't moan. The cock was big and warm and smooth. It was pushing into her so deep. It slid up and down her warm velvety folds. It rubbed against her clit. She was so wet. She could feel her panties becoming more and more soaked. She wondered if her skirts were getting wet as well.

She fought back a moan as once again the cock inside her got bigger and longer yet again. It was so big. It still moved at its slow even pace. She was sure her face was completely red. She had to remember to close her mouth. It kept opening, wanting to let a moan out, but she kept having to shut it. She could feel the pressure building inside her as she continued to be pleased.

She had to get out of here. Any moment she was going to release, and Padmé wasn't sure she could keep quiet. But to leave during the Emperor's speech? It wouldn't go unnoticed. But what was the alternative? Letting out a loud moan during his speech? While she was alone?

Unbelievably the Force dick got bigger. It got fatter and longer. She was so completely full of this cock. It was so big. It was filling her up more than she had ever imagined she could be filled up. She was being stretched to new limits.

She had to leave. She would deal with whatever fallout leaving during the speech created, but she simply could not be here anymore. She was about to lose her mind. Very unsteadily she stood. The cock kept moving inside. Its slow pumping still going strong. It felt awkward to walk, but Padmé did her best to leave with as much grace as she could. It probably looked like she was hastily getting up to the bathroom. She didn't care.

She left her senate pod and into the blissfully empty hallway. She placed her hand against the wall. It hadn't stopped. The cock still fucked her. Surely being out of Vader's eye sight would have caused this whole thing to stop. Where should she go? The refresher? She wasn't sure she could make it to the nearest ladies room. There were the private meeting rooms. She awkwardly made her way there.

The first meeting room she came across was thankfully empty. She let the door slid shut and then almost fell into the table. Both her palms were flat against the surface of the table as

she hunched over it. Finally alone she let out a large moan, which got louder as the cock started to move faster.

She arched her back, pushing her stomach into the edge of the table. Her knees went weak as she felt pressure push against her ass. It moved between her cheeks and pressed against her opening. Slowly it kept pushing forward into her. It was another Force cock pushing into her ass. Like the first one, it was starting off small. It pushed past her first ring muscles and kept going and going. It went into her ass deep. Then it started to fuck her.

She was being fucked by two Force cocks. She cursed Vader through her moans that she as no longer hiding. It felt good. The cock in her pussy so big and warm. It was unbelievably big. She was dripping wet. Her underwear was completely ruined. The cock in her ass started to grow bigger and longer while at the same time going faster and harder. It was starting to match the pace as the pussy cock.

Padmé's legs could no longer hold her up. She fell over onto the table. The cocks pounded into her. They matched their tempo as they hammered into her at the same time. It was too much. She was being pounded from both sides. They cocks sped up. It was a vigorous tempo. Padmé couldn't stop her body from jiggling against the table. Her breasts rubbed up and down the table.

She could take it no longer. She had been fighting it back. She let herself go and the orgasm slammed into her. Her pussy exploded. Warmth and wetness gushed out of her. Her hands tried to grab at the smooth surface of the table. She let out a loud gasp that turned into a long moan as the orgasm spread through her. Her body writhed on the table. Finally it started to ebb away. Her breathing was ragged and uneven. She sank to her knees as the small little after tremors of a strong orgasm still vibrated through her. The cocks had disappeared.

Her hands fell to the floor. Her body was hunched over. She let her breaths become even. Some of her hair had come loose from its braids. Long strands fell over her shoulder. It was then she heard a small laugh behind her. She looked over her shoulder to see Darth Vader leaning against the door. His arms were folded across his chest. If his face wasn't hidden, Padmé knew an absolute smug arrogant smile would be on his lips.

"My, my," he said amused, "This is where the Senator of Naboo went during the Emperor's speech?"

"This— this," Padmé said between her breaths. "Is all your fault."

"No this is all your fault," he said as he unfolded his arms and stood up straight. 'You've been a naughty girl, Amidala.' He started to walk towards her. "I told you stay away from Organa. You disobeyed me." He came to a stop right at the edge of Padmé's skirts. "And naughty girls need to be punished."

"I wouldn't have talked to Bail if I knew how to contact you," she growled at him.

"Oh?" he laughed. "You could think of no other way to get my attention beside inviting a known rebel to your office?"

"You could think of no other way to get my attention besides fucking me with invisible cocks during a Senate session?"

He let out a small laugh. "Well we have each others attention now. What is it that you want, Amidala?"

She slowly rose to her feet. She placed a hand on the table, using it to support her weight as she climbed to her feet. She came to her full height, which was still small compared to the towering dark form of Lord Vader.

She schooled her face into that of the proper Senator Amidala. "I wanted to talk to you Lord Vader," Padmé said, "about Anakin Skywalker."

There was a pause. "What about him?" Vader asked.

"I want to know if he really is a slave like he claims."

"Maybe not in the conventional way, but yes he is a slave," Vader said.

"Was I to be one of his jobs? Was I to be seduced for the sake of the Empire?"

"Yes," Vader answered.

Padmé took a small intake of breath. She knew this was a possibility. A high possibility. Part of her had hoped it was not the case. That Velna wasn't right.

"But . . ." Padmé started. "What was it I was suppose to do for the Empire?"

"Join the Rebellion," Vader said nonchalantly. "Become a spy."

"Anakin never asked me to do that," Padmé said softly. 'In fact,' her voice grew a bit louder, "You told me not to interact with the Rebellion. You killed the senator of Brugia in front of me. You . . . *You* blackmailed me into fucking you for that recording !" Heat crawled up her neck.

He was smiling. Padmé was sure of it. This bastard was enjoying this. Probably got a hard on from seeing her squirm.

"You were different," he said. His tone was surprisingly soft. Padmé at once noticed those were the same words Anakin had told her. 'Anakin knew the moment he met you,' Vader continued, "that you were different. He didn't want you to be just another whore begging to have her pussy fucked each night." He paused. He turned his head away from her. "I allowed it. I scared you away from the Rebellion, while at the same time I provided information collected by my intelligence about the Rebellion to the Emperor stating it came from you."

Padmé was speechless. She was shocked that Vader had done any of this. Why? She recalled a conversation she had with Anakin. He said after his mother died he been brought to Coruscant, and that was when he met Vader. He said he grew up with Vader. She had asked him if the two were friends, but Anakin said he wouldn't label their relationship like that. But what was it?

Clearly Vader cared for Anakin. Vader wasn't getting anything out of this. He was losing a spy for the rebellion. Instead he was having to create a cover story for Anakin. Why? Vader had to care for Anakin in some way. She couldn't help but smile. Perhaps she could use Vader's feelings for Anakin for what she wanted to do next. If Vader did care for Anakin . . .

“Lord Vader,” she said. He turned to look back at her. “I would like to buy Anakin’s freedom.”

Padmé would have paid some very good credits to be able to see Vader’s face. It was very clear he was surprised by her notion. His shoulders sank down just a bit. He was clearly gawking at her from under his shadows.

“I’m sorry, but what?” he asked. Even his tone of voice was different. No longer the dark and smug voice he usually used.

“I’d like to buy Anakin’s freedom,” Padmé repeated. A confident smile graced her lips. She had to wonder how many people honestly said that were able to surprise Lord Vader as it was clear she had just done just that.

Chapter 14

The Emperor had summoned his apprentice to the deep layer under the Imperial Palace. Darth Vader found his master in one of his pleasure rooms. It was a large dark room with a large bed in the center of the back wall. The room held shelves and racks full of various pleasure toys the Emperor could use on his guest.

Thankfully the room was currently empty beside the Emperor and Vader. It looked like the Emperor had just finished playing. Cleaning droids zipped around the room. There was a smell of blood and sex. Emotions lingered in the Force. Fear was the strongest, but there was also anger and pleasure.

The Emperor wore a large slinky black robe that trailed on the floor. No doubt he was naked under it. He wore a half pleased grin on his face as his eyes scanned the room. Most likely he was imagining what he would do with his next guest. The Emperor's current guests into this room were the senators Vader had arrested. The senators that Rinthal had confided with about Anakin Skywalker. Vader had them arrested to prevent any of them from doing any more harm to his plans with Padmé. When the Emperor had heard of the arrests, he had asked his apprentice if the female senators could be handed over to him. Vader had no other plans for them and allowed the transfer.

It was probably a fate worse than death. This was not the room the Emperor brought any of his harem girls. This was a room where the Emperor held nothing back. He did whatever he wanted to the women whose sad fates were to be brought in here.

"Ah my young Vader," the Emperor said. He didn't turn to face Vader, instead his eyes were still ahead looking over the room.

"My master," Vader said bowing to one knee.

"Tell me have you discovered any leads as to who my empress will be?"

Vader clenched his fists as he slowly rose from the floor. He had to be very careful with this conversation. "No," Vader replied. "I have not been able to find your future empress." Luckily the Emperor asked his questions in a way that was easy for Vader to sidestep around. However, Vader could sense his master's dissatisfaction.

"I thought you were stronger than this Vader," the Emperor said drily. Vader bit back a snarky response that the Emperor was much stronger in Force divination. Shouldn't he be the one to see the truth? Vader chose to be quiet and not respond at all to his master's insult. 'No matter,' the emperor continued. "I have discovered one clue." A streak of cold ran through Vader. "It appears my future bride is a senator."

Vader was glad the Emperor's back was to him. He scowled as he fought to keep his emotions locked down for he was pissed at this news. How had this old bastard discovered the future empress was a senator?

"I will be addressing the Senate tomorrow," the Emperor continued. "I will stress the importance of loyalty. My spies are to whisper to the Senators that they should attend my upcoming ball. It will speak of their loyalty to me. I would also like you to send that message when possible to the senators."

"Of course my lord," Vader replied.

"It appears I can salvage this current purge of senators. At least it has given me some excellent playthings. However, is it all worth it? Is really one senator worth this much trouble?"

"Would you not like to bring your new wife and child into an Empire free of the annoying Rebellion?" Vader asked. "I was very close to having Amidala reveal key details about the Rebellion, so I could finally crush the scum for good."

The Emperor finally turned and faced Vader. A smile graced his face. His crooked yellow teeth were showing. "Yes. Yes," he crooned. "You are right. The end of the Rebellion will make an excellent wedding present, Lord Vader."

The next day Vader joined the Emperor in his royal Senate pod as he addressed the Senate. Of course Vader's attention went straight to the Naboo pod. Padmé sat alone. The day before she had spoken with Bail Organa of Alderaan. Vader had hoped he had scared her away from associating with that Rebel, but apparently a reminder was in order.

Vader was already in a poor mood from his conversation with the Emperor the day before. Vader could feel the old man reaching out with the Force to scan the Senate. Most likely trying to discover who this future empress was. The Emperor could not discover it was Padmé. Vader would not allow his master to have her or even touch her. A dark wave of possessiveness roared through Vader at the thought of anyone laying claim to what was his, and Padmé was his.

Vader smirked as a most devilish idea came to him. It would both punish Amidala for talking with Organa as well as get her away from the Emperor. Vader would have to be subtle, else he draw the attention of the Emperor towards Amidala. But Vader would be and he was. He sent a tendril of the Force to worm its way up between Padmé's thighs and into her folds.

Slowly he used this Force tendril to fuck her. He couldn't help but smile as he saw her cheeks flush red and her hands clench her skirts. He made the tendril get larger and longer. He pushed it deep inside of her pussy. A pussy and a woman that was his, Darth Vader, and his alone. Any who dared touch her would meet the same fate as Rush Clovis.

Vader had been pleased to find her on the floor of the meeting room. Her face flushed. Her hair coming undone from its perfect little coils. Her underwear and inner skirt absolutely soaked from from a combination of his use of the Force on Padmé and her own arousal and following orgasm. But now . . .

Darth Vader was at a lost of words. It wasn't something he experienced often. Usually it was accompanied with rage and death. Yet Padmé Amidala had made him truly shocked and made him without words. She had asked . . . She had wanted . . . to set him free.

A lightness spread in his chest. It made him want to smile. She had wanted to him free. Not buy him, but free him. Not claim him, control him, or possess him. Vader had never in his

life been without someone enforcing their control on him. The only person who had ever wished for Vader to be free was his mother. And now Padmé.

His sweet senator. If only it was that simple. She had assumed Anakin was enslaved to Vader. Yet he was owned by the Emperor, his master. A master that would never simply sell away his prized possession. Vader belonged to Sidious. There was no escape from that. If Padmé approached the Emperor requesting he free Vader or Anakin, she would most likely be killed on the spot.

“Do you wish for Anakin to be free?” she asked breaking him from his thoughts. Yet he didn’t answer her. “You care for him, in some way, don’t you? You were raised together? You went out of the way for him because he cared about me. Don’t you wish him to be free?”

“Of course I want to be free,” Vader said in a soft whisper. Yet the only way for him to be free, truly free meant . . .

“Your princess, my Emperor,” Padmé said as she held out a small baby.

“Thank you, my Empress,” Vader had responded. His hands reached forward to accept the baby. He cradled her to his chest as he leaned back on his throne.

The vision flashed before Vader’s eyes. He smiled. A warmth was spreading through him. There was a lightness he wasn’t used to growing inside of him. How he loved that future. He desperately wanted it to pass. He wanted Padmé and that baby. That wonderful small baby. And . . . the throne. Yes the throne. For him to have the throne would mean Sidious was dead.

For Darth Vader to be truly free, Sidious had to die.

Vader hadn’t thought much of it if he had to be honest. By the time his baby was born, Sidious would be dead. How would the old man finally die? In Sith tradition it would be the apprentice that would strike down the master. Vader would need to start planning not just Sidious’ death but also how he would claim the throne and retain his power. No doubt there would be others who would challenge Vader’s rule. How much time did he have? Till whenever his child was born? In order for there to be a child, Padmé had to get pregnant . . .

“Very well,” Vader said slowly. “You can help Anakin become free.”

Padmé stiffened in surprise. Perhaps she had been waiting for an argument. A small smile was fighting her lips. Vader wanted to pull her forward and claim her plump lips with his own.

“How-how much?” she asked.

“Oh, my dead Amidala,” Vader said. “You could not afford Skywalker’s price tag.”

A serious expression fell across her face. Her determination rang out in the Force. “Try me,” she said. “Name the price. I will find a way to pay it.”

“You will pay for it, but not with money,” Vader said. “I believe you’re very aware of just how I like payment from you.”

She took a small step back, which was as far as she could go due to the table behind her. “You . . .” she hissed. ‘You cannot mean.’ Vader was only silent. It was a shame she couldn’t see his smile hidden underneath his dark cloak and Force-induced shadows that hid his face.

“And how will that buy Anakin’s freedom? If that was the case, than no money at all would be needed. Just release him now!”

“My dear Amidala,” Vader said as he stepped forward, closing the gap between them. He reached on a hand and gently placed it against her arm. He started to gently rub her arm. “If only it were that simple. Do you think the Empire will let go of Anakin Skywalker easily? With all that he knows? No my dear, they won’t. It’s why money cannot buy his freedom.”

“Then . . . then how?” she asked.

“There is a way . . .” Vader said teasingly. “But it is something only I can do, and I will not simply do it for free.” She scowled and let out a small huff. Vader had to admit she was sexy when she was angry. He loved her fierce determination and how she didn’t cower in front of him. Her strength would make a fine empress.

“You could do it for free,” she said.

“I could, but . . . I don’t think you realize what I am putting on the line to free Anakin. Why I hadn’t tried to do it before. What we’re talking about here is . . .” he leaned in so his mouth was next to her ear, ‘treason.’ Her felt her shiver. “I’ll be putting my life on the line. Anakin’s life. If I’m going to take such a risk, I want something out of it. I want you, Padmé Amidala. I want your sweet body whenever and however I want it, and you will give it to me. You will give it to me because you want Anakin free.”

Her whole body tightened. He could sense her thoughts warring within her. What would she do? He took a small step back and crossed his arms across his chest. The irony of the situation wasn’t lost on him. In fact he was enjoying it.

Padmé was angry with Anakin because he had slept with Rinthal. Anakin revealed the reason why he done so was because he was a slave being forced to do it. So Padmé was now seeking a way for Anakin to be free from that slavery. That he could be free to be with Padmé, at least that’s how Padmé saw it. It was a very lovely thought. Yet now in order to get that freedom Padmé would have to be unfaithful to Anakin.

What would she choose?

Vader hoped she would agree. If she followed the advice of the med droid, her body was full of fertility drugs she thought were vitamins. Her body would be ripe, and all it needed was Vader’s come. He wasn’t sure what the relationship was like between Anakin and Padmé right now. She hadn’t talked to Anakin in days. Clearly she cared for him as was obvious by this conversation.

But how much did she care for him? Would she agree? Even if she did care, that didn’t mean she was going to go right back into Anakin’s arms. She may still be on that whole no-sex thing. Or maybe she was pass that now? Maybe he’d get to fuck her as Vader than drop the cloak and fuck her again as Anakin. She would be absolutely completely full of his vital seed. It was an amazing and thrilling thought.

“Well senator?” Vader purred. He was anxious to hear her response. He would be a bit disappointed if she didn’t agree, but no matter. One way or another Vader would have Padmé. He would make sure his visions came true. If she turned him down, Vader would find another way.

"There has to be another way," she said softly. Vader couldn't help but sigh loudly. "You just have to release him from his slavery. He can still work for you as a free man!"

"It's not that simple," Vader growled at her.

"Yes it is!" she snapped back.

He stepped up to her again. This time both his hands came to her arms. He tightly grabbed her. She slightly flinched. "I do not own Skywalker," Vader said lowly. "He is a slave to the Emperor. Do you understand now, Amidala, why it is not that easy? Why freeing him will be reason? I will be going against the Emperor. *You* are going against him."

Her eyes had grown wide. Her mouth hung open. Her eyes darted back forth into the shadows of his hood. Perhaps she was searching for his eyes. Looking for a way to confirm if he was telling the truth.

"If I'm going to commit treason and be executed, than I will do so with a well sated cock that is still dripping from your fresh juices of your orgasms."

He was being a bit harsh. Those were words he might have used on one of his cocksluts. But he was getting frustrated. She was quiet for a while as she contemplated his words.

"And when it's all done?" she asked softly. "When it's all done? Anakin will be free? Free from you? The Emperor? All of it? He could just walk away?"

"He'll be free," Vader promised.

"Of it all?" she pressed.

"He'll be free to live his life however he wishes," Vader promised.

"Then he'll be free," Padmé said. There was a fire in her eyes as she glared at him. "If that means I have to whore myself out to you, so be it. But he'll be free."

"Why are you doing this senator?" Vader couldn't help but ask. "Do you love him? A man you barely seem to know?"

"It doesn't matter whether I love him or not. Isn't it the decent thing to do? To free him from slavery? No one should be a slave."

Her words cut a bit close to Vader than he would admit. A small pain ran through him.

"So when everything is said and done, and he decides to leave you? Go off with another girl? One who didn't constantly spread her legs to buy his freedom?"

Vader would never leave Padmé, but he wanted to push this issue. He wanted to know. What did Padmé want. What did she think of him, or at least of Anakin?

"If that's what he wants," she said softly. Her eyes were cast down to the ground. 'At least he'll be free to make that choice.' She looked back up at him. There was an edge of sadness there, but she hadn't completely lost her edge. "He'll be free. I won't regret the price it took for him to be free."

"Good," Vader said. "I don't want you backing out halfway through. Once we start, there is only one way to go forward. Do you understand?"

“Yes,” she said. Her face was steady, but her voice was not. It revealed her fear.

“So you agree to my price?” he asked as he moved closer to her. Her body was pressed against his.

She hesitated. She knew this was the moment. There would be no backing out after this. “Yes,” she said softly.

“Good,” he said a low seductive voice. He leaned in and kissed her cheek. Then kissed her again and again. “Because we start now,” he said between the kisses. A breath got caught in her throat. His hands left her arms and went to her waist. He gripped her tightly and lifted her on to the table.

“What?” she said a bit breathlessly as he started to pull at her skirts. Force, how many layers did she need?

“Whenever and however I want,” Vader said as finally her smooth legs were free from the skirts. Her pooled the skirts around her waist. “And I want you now, especially after seeing you enjoy yourself so much earlier. You can’t have all the fun.”

Both his thumbs looped under the leg openings of her panties. He pulled her panties down. He knocked off her heels with his arms and pulled the panties all the way free. He tossed them to the ground. As he stood back up, he slid his hands along her legs. He went all the way up. He stopped as the tips of his fingers rested on her hips. His thumbs were on the inside of her thighs. He pressed his thumbs into her thighs and started making small circles.

He could feel her heat starting to grow. She was already quite moist from her earlier release. Vader’s thumbs crept closer to her warm folds. He let one of the thumbs start to press and massage at her clit. Padmé bit her lip as she tried to stifle a moan. Vader’s other hand went to his pants. He undid his pants and brought out his half-hard cock. He stroked the shaft up and down, while his thumb rubbed circles up and down Padmé.

She was wet. He was hard. Vader smiled as he slid his thirsty cock into her. Her head rolled back as she moaned. Her muscles clenched at his meaty shaft. There was no denying it. They were meant to be together. The Force wanted it to be so. She could fight all she want, but in the end Darth Vader and Padmé Amidala were to be together.

Vader continued to smile as he started to thrust into her. Treason was going to be fun.

Chapter 15

Padmé wore a simple dress. It was blue and it flowed down her nicely. It had some nice details in white and silver thread along the neckline that were accented with white pearl beads. Her hair was down in loose curls. She was pacing from end of the sitting area of the veranda to the other. Her eyes kept looking back towards the sky, waiting to see a familiar speeder. She made another circuit.

Then she saw a speeder making its way towards her landing pad. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She gripped her hands tightly in front of her. Anakin's speeder landed softly and shortly he was walking towards her. The last time she had seen him was when he had dropped her off from the Imperial Palace. The time before that had been when she showed him the recording of him and Velna. The last time the two had been together on good terms was when he took her on his swoop bike. That had only been about a week ago, but it felt like much longer.

He was wearing a simple white shirt with a gray jacket over it. Along with black pants and boots it reminded her of the outfit he wore when he took her to the gardens. He was still handsome. His long dark blonde hair hung in its loose curls. His tan skin gave off a sort of warmth that almost seemed to invite Padmé in. He smiled at her as he approached.

"Padmé," he said softly. He stopped a few paces away from her.

"Anakin," she responded. 'Thanks for coming over.' He nodded. They stood awkwardly staring at each other. It was Padmé who spoke up. "I wanted to talk," she admitted. "And . . . and I had hoped you would want to talk too."

"Yes," he said. "Yes I would."

She lead him inside to a sitting room. The both sat down in chairs that faced each other. "I'm sorry," she started off. "You said you wanted to explain, and I didn't let you. I was . . . I was angry and hurt."

"I didn't mean to hurt you," he said softly.

"Anakin," she looked up at him. "Just tell me the truth."

A sad smile graced his face as he looked away from her for a moment. But then he looked at her again. She got so lost in his blue eyes. She recalled Lord Vader's words. What would she do if he decided to leave her? Did she love him? Why was she doing this?

"I have told you the truth," Anakin said. "I'm a slave for the Empire. I work for Lord Vader. I sleep with women to get them to do the Empire's bidding. There isn't much else."

"What about Velna? Wasn't your . . . job with her already done? What about me? Was I just another job?"

"No!" He leaned forward toward her. "You were never just a job, Padmé. I meant it. I meant everything. You were different. I didn't . . . I didn't want you to just be another job. I

can't explain it. When I first saw you, I just knew you were different."

"But I was originally a job?"

He sighed and leaned back again. "Yes. I was to convince you to join the Rebel Alliance. Act as spy. You were to report back to me with information on the Rebels."

"But you didn't," she said softly. "You've never brought up the Rebels. Not once."

"Of course not," he said.

"But . . . but didn't you get in trouble? If I was to be a spy, then what did you tell them?"

He smiled his crooked smile. The one she loved to see on his face. "Don't worry about it," he said. "I have connections in intelligence." By connections he meant Darth Vader, she knew. Though she wasn't going to push him on this. He had confirmed what Darth Vader had told her.

"And Velnna? I mean at least when you slept with her during that recording?"

He let out a small groan. "It was . . . I want to say it was a mistake. But I would be lying. I knew something was off when I came back from my last off-world mission. It wasn't just about you saying no to sex, I knew there was more. So I sliced into your schedule and saw you had met with Velnna. I approached her at a club I knew she hung out at. I wanted to know what she said to you . . . and . . . well she made me an offer for that information, which I took her up on. In the end she got the better of me by recording us."

Padmé looked down at her lap. "Anakin . . . I . . ." she started. She looked back up at him. His blue eyes were staring intently at her. "I would like to try again."

"Try again?" he asked. She noted the hopeful edge in his voice.

"I want to try again with us," she said.

A sweet and amazing smile graced his face. It was warm and full of relief. "Yes, I would like to try as well," he said.

"But . . ." she said. His brows furrowed in concern.

"But?" he asked.

"I think we just need to be more clear with each other," she said. "I . . ." She had practiced her speech a few times in her head. She wanted to tell him she wanted him to be faithful to her. She had been jealous of him sleeping with Velnna. It had hurt her to think of Anakin being with another woman. Yet how could she ask him to be exclusive, when she herself wasn't?

He stood up and walked over to her. He knelt down on one knee in front of her chair. He grabbed her hands, which were still in her lap. "Padmé, I understand," he said warmly.

"But I—"

He cut her off. "I understand. You were hurt when I slept with Velnna. I mentioned it once before, I'm not good at relationships. Real relationships. Like this. With you. Padmé I wish I could promise you I will only be with you, but . . . I can't. What I did with Velnna was . . .

well poor judgement on my part. But it's what I'm used to. It's so easy to get what I want by sleeping with someone. But I won't make that mistake again. Please believe me. However, if I'm . . . asked . . . if my job requires me to sleep with someone, I can't say no."

She squeezed his hands. "I know," she said in a soft whisper. "Just be honest with me. It's all I ask. I just don't want another surprise like Velna."

"Trust me I don't either," he grumbled as he looked away from her. She couldn't help but smile.

"I missed you," she said softly. His eyes immediately went back to her. There was a sparkle to them.

"You missed me?" he said with his stupid but sexy grin. She gently pulled her hands out of his. She cupped his face with her hands. She leaned over while pulling him towards her. Slowly and gently she placed her lips against his. She felt him breathe into her, as if there was tension he had been holding back was now released. His warm plump lips met hers.

He stood up while keeping their mouths locked. She leaned back into her chair as he pushed into her. She felt his knee come to rest against her thigh. One of his hands slid around to the back of her head. Her own hands slid down his neck and on to his chest. She could feel his warm skin through the fabric.

"Anakin," she murmured in between the kisses into his mouth. 'I want you.' He said nothing. Just continued to kiss her. "I want to sleep with you."

He pulled away and looked at her. "I thought you didn't want us to fuck," he said.

Her cheeks burned red. "I did, but . . ." she said not looking him in the eye. Instead her eyes lingered on his lips. "I miss you," she admitted.

"If this is what you want," he said, "then I'm all yours." He leaned forward and once again his lips were against her. But this time there was a sense of desire and passion and eagerness to his movements. Her hands slid up to his shoulders. She gripped them tightly and pushed him back. He kept trying to steal kisses as he leaned away from her.

"I do want this," she said. Her hands went to his pants. She quickly undid them and pulled them down along with his underwear halfway down his thighs. Her hands gently went to his cock. She grabbed his big meaty shaft and started to rub it. Her hands went up and down the long length.

"Padmé," Anakin murmured in a pleased tone. His cock started to rise and harden. She looked up at him. His blue eyes were on her. There was longing in them along with a small sparkle. Padmé couldn't help but smile at him.

She leaned in and opened her mouth. She started to lick the head of his cock. Then she slowly made her way down his member. She could feel the heat of his skin through her tongue. She kept going lower until she was at the base of his cock. Still she went lower still and started to lick his balls. She took one ball in her mouth and playfully sucked on it. Then she gave the same treatment to the other ball. Then she made her way back of his shaft while she continued her long sloppy licks.

Besides letting out a few pleased moans, Anakin was still. His eyes were watching her intently. He wore a pleased smile on his beautiful tanned face. She had made it back up to the tip of the cock. She opened her mouth and slid the tip inside. She moved her tongue around the head as she pushed more and more of him into her mouth.

She quickly set a rapid pace of sliding his dick in and out of her mouth. Her hands grabbed the lower end of his shaft. They slid up and down, servicing the rest of his cock. Her lips quickly slid back and forth and back forth over his warm tight skin. Her tongue slid up and down his shaft. Sometimes it curled around the thick member. Sometimes it nipped at the head.

Padmé could sense Anakin was about to come. She pulled the cock out and continued to pump it with her hands. Anakin moaned as he started his orgasm. Padmé opened her mouth as Anakin shot out his creamy cum all over Padmé's face and open mouth. More cum had splashed on her face than in her mouth. Long white streaks of the gooey liquid were dripping down her face, but she was unphased. She opened her mouth again and started giving his cock long licks that started from the base all the way up. She was cleaning his messy dick.

"Padmé," Anakin said again. She looked up at him. He was smiling at her warmly. He reached down and grabbed her arm. He pulled her up. He used the sleeve of his shirt to wipe her face clean. Then he leaned in and started to lick whatever residue was still left. She couldn't help but let out a small giggle as his tongue tickled.

"Come," Anakin said warmly. "Let's move this to the bedroom."

He wrapped his arm around her waist as he led her to the bedroom. Once there the two helped each other out of their clothes. Soon Padmé was laying on the bed looking up at Anakin. Her legs were spread wide. His warm hand rubbing at her clit and outside folds of her pussy. She couldn't help but arch her hips and press into his hand. She was eager. Anakin's other hand rubbed at her breast. The hand squeezed and rolled the breast and played with her nipple.

He leaned in to her and their lips met. Their tongues easily slid into one another. Padmé moaned into Anakin as he started to slide a finger into her. Her lower folds were so hot. In fact all of her felt so hot. There was a fire burning low in her gut, but also in her mouth. She could feel the warmth spreading to her cheeks, to her breasts, and to her hands that were placed flat against Anakin's chest.

"Anakin," she said between kisses.

Nothing else was needed to be said. Anakin's fingers slid out of her hot and wet folds. Shortly she felt the head of his cock push against her opening. Anakin didn't stop kissing her as he slowly pushed his length into her. He started a slow rhythm. Each time his body would pull away, his mouth would pull away from her lips, but as he thrust back into her, his lips were back on hers.

Padmé's hands wrapped around to Anakin's back. She rubbed them up and down his back as his body moved against hers. His skin felt as warm as hers. His body lowered some. Her breasts were brushing against his chest as he moved. She closed her eyes and it felt as if she was melting. Melting into him. Into his mouth. His cock. His body.

Her heart also felt warm and light. She couldn't help but smile as she realized how wonderful this was with him.

Vader came to her the next day at her office. She was sitting at her desk reviewing upcoming bill presentations and votes. He walked in unannounced. His black cloak waved behind him as he stormed over to her. He was dressed as he always was. A black cloak with a hood hid his face in shadows. He wore an all black, well tailored outfit cut in a military style. However the outfit had no military decorations or insignia. His lightsaber, the only thing that wasn't black, was clipped to his belt.

As he approached, Padmé sighed and pushed herself up. She turned her back to him and walked to the windows. The back wall of her office was mostly tall windows that stretched and curved up to the ceiling. She walked over and placed a hand on the transparisteel. She heard Vader's step approach her from behind.

"Hello Senator Amidala," he said placing his hands on her shoulders.

She sighed deeply. He started to massage her shoulders. Instead of letting her thoughts drift to Vader, she instead thought of Anakin. Spending last night with Anakin had hardened Padmé's resolve to see this deal through. He had been so amazingly caring. Her heart had been so light to be back with him. Even if when all of this was through and Anakin ended up going a separate way, Padmé would be ok with that. But in order to get Anakin's freedom, she had to go through Vader.

Vader had stopped rubbing her shoulders. His hands went to the clasps of her gown. He gently undid the buttons on top and slowly pulled down the zipper. His hands then slid back up her back then to her shoulders. His hand slid under the fabric and slowly slid the dress off her shoulders. The dress silently started to fall off of her. Vader helped it along by sliding his hands down along her sides. Finally the dress was free from her body. It pooled at her feet.

"Your thoughts are elsewhere," he whispered into her ear.

"What were you expecting?" she asked. "For me to act like all your other whores? To just drop my panties and bend over?"

"Perhaps," he said.

"If that's what you wanted perhaps you should go looking elsewhere. You might find someone more accommodating," she said.

His hands had moved to the clasps of her bra. He gently undid them and pushed the bra the off her shoulders. The bra fell to the ground on top of her dress. "I do believe," Vader said, "this is what you agreed to."

She was tempted to turn and face him, but she remained looking forward. "I am not some red-light district slut. I am a senator of the Imperial Senate. I will not act like anything less."

"Yet here you are, in your senator office, in nothing but your panties," he purred. She clenched her hands by her side. His hands came to rest on her hips. "Take them off," he said into her ear.

She bit back a response. She felt a headache coming on. She looped her thumbs into the waistband of her underwear and pulled them down as ungracefully as she could. She threw them on to the pile of the rest of her clothes. "Let's get this over with please," she grumbled.

"Senator. Senator. Senator," he said. "You need to relax."

Padmé sighed and placed her forehead against the cool glass. Vader pulled her hair to one side. He started leaving kisses along the back of her neck. His hands slid up and down her body. One hand slid down through her lower curls. He started to rub her clit. First in slow circles and then faster and faster. Her body started to naturally react. She could feel the heat growing inside her. She was becoming aroused.

It wasn't long before he grabbed her hips and pulled her toward him. His hardened cock slid into her. Then he was thrusting into her. Her upper body was shoved against the window. Her breasts were pushed and pushed against the cold transparisteel. His hips met her ass with loud clapping sounds. She stood on her tiptoes as Vader pumped into her.

"You're so wonderful," he murmured in a breathless voice. "I need more."

He started to go faster. Her cheeks slapped against him. Her body continued to be pressed against the transparisteel. Finally she felt his milky juices go off inside of her. His thrusts slow down as he milked his dick into her. He kissed the back of her neck.

"Until next time, Amidala," he says. Then he's gone.

It is only then Padmé realizes she was left unsatisfied. *Typical*, she thought to herself. But then again she just wasn't into it. Her previous times with Vader had been consuming. Burning. There was something raw about it. Something alluring. But this time . . . it felt . . . as if she was just going through the motions. Her heart wasn't it, but then again why should it? Was she that surprised? She collected her clothes off the floor and headed to her office's private refresher. She needed to put Vader out of her mind and get back to work.

That night she woke up in her bed. The room was still dark as morning had yet to come. She rolled over in the bed, but found Anakin was not there. He had come over that night. The two had made love before they had both fallen asleep tangled up with each other. She frowned as she pushed herself up and glanced around the room. She gathered a robe and made her way through the apartment.

She found him in the kitchen. He was dressed in some sleeping pants and nothing else. He was leaning over the counter. A cup of caf sat in front of him. However his eyes weren't on the drink. Instead his eyes were unfocused and looking off in the distance. He wore a frown and his brows were low and creased.

"Anakin?" she called out as she stepped into the kitchen. He turned and faced her. For a fleeting moment she saw his troubled expression, but it quickly smoothed away as he smiled at her.

"Padmé," he said as he walked over to her. His hands fell on her upper arms. He gently rubbed her arms.

"I woke up and you weren't there," she said softly.

"I couldn't sleep," he said. He eyes looked away from her.

“Anything I could do to help?” she said as she stepped closer to him. She wrapped her arms around his waist. A small laugh left his lips.

“It was just a bad dream,” he explained.

“Then how about I give you something good to dream about?” she asked as she pushed herself up on her tiptoes. She gave a soft kiss to Anakin’s lips.

“You already give me plenty of good dreams,” Anakin said. He then leaned forward and kissed her back.

There was something off about Vader. He had just finished fucking her. Unlike last time, he hadn’t simply walked away once the deed was done. He had put himself back together, but he watched as Padmé pulled her skirts of gown down after putting her underwear back on.

“Something I can help you with Lord Vader?” Padmé asked.

His head was slightly tilted as if in thought. “Did you enjoy that?” he asked.

She paused as she looked over at him. “Why would I?” she responded dryly. “I didn’t even come.”

He didn’t respond. He just kept facing her. She assumed he was looking at her, but she could never tell where his eyes were due to his shadowed face.

“If there is nothing else, can you please leave? I do have work to do,” she said. He slowly nodded his head and left. She watched him stalk from her office.

Again that night Anakin came over. Padmé’s eyes are filled with lust as she lowered herself onto Anakin’s cock. He laid on his back on her bed. Padmé sat on top of him with his cock fully inside of her. She placed her hands flat on his lower abdomen and then slid them up his body to his chest. She leaned over as she did so. Her breasts pushed against his body, and her lips just barely meet his.

“I’m going to ride you,” she said in a husky voice. Anakin could only smile as she straightened herself up. Then Padmé began to ride his cock. Her breasts bounced up and down with her thrusts. Anakin licked his lips as he watched. Padmé’s moans started to fill the air along with the slapping of their bodies. Unlike her time with Vader, she’s enjoying this. Anakin’s dick is filling her up so nicely. Her walls clench around his meaty shaft eagerly. She welcomes the warmth spreading out from where their bodies are joined

Anakin grabbed her hips and started to meet her halfway with his own thrusts. He is moaning and grunting. Padmé can feel sweat dripping down her back and sliding down her ass. The pressure is building inside of her. “Anakin,” she says softly as their bodies continue push and pull against each other. “Anakin.”

She threw her head back as the build up of pressure inside of her finally released. Lightning shoots through her body along with Anakin’s cum into her pussy. She leaned back on top of him. Their hot sweaty bodies pressed together. Both of their breaths are ragged. He wrapped his arms around her. Their lips seek each other out. His tongue licked as her lips until they open.

“Padmé,” he breathed into her mouth. ‘You’re amazing.’ He paused as their tongues explored each other some more. “I can’t get enough of you.” They kiss some more before he gently pushed her away. His blue eyes are warm as they look into her brown eyes. He placed a hand against her cheek, and she leaned into it.

“Did . . .” he asked a bit hesitantly. “Did you enjoy that?”

She couldn’t help but laugh, but Anakin only frowned. She leaned forward and pushed her lips against his. She kissed him and kissed him and kissed him. “Yes,” she said between the kissing. “I did enjoy that.”

Anakin’s arms tighten around her. Padmé settled her head against his shoulder. She sighed as her body relaxed against his. She is contempt. She loved the feel of his body under her. They’re both hot and sweaty. Yet his warm skin seems to match perfectly with hers. The two fall asleep in the embrace of the other. The gray light of morning filled the room when she is awoken by Anakin thrashing in his sleep. His body is covered in sweat. He is muttering words that Padmé just can’t quite make out.

“Anakin?” she asked as she gently shakes him. “Anakin?”

His eyes snapped open as he took a sharp breath of air. He pushed himself up and drags a hand through his sweaty hair.

“Anakin?” Padmé asked again.

He briefly looked over at her. “I’m fine,” he said a bit weakly. Padmé is not convinced. “Just a nightmare.”

“Again?” she asked recalling the night before.

“It’s nothing,” he said.

She placed a hand on his cheek and gently turned his head so he faced her. “I don’t think it is nothing. Let me help you,” she offered. “Perhaps if you talk about it, it will get better.”

A sad smile crossed his lips. “Don’t worry about it,” he said. She frowned in response. He leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. Then he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back down into the bed.

Vader listened as Padmé’s breathing evened out as she fell back asleep. She nestled into his side. Her head rested on his shoulder. His arms were still wrapped around her. Her own arm rested on his torso while her hand rested on his chest. His mind would usually be going to Padmé. To her how her sweet body was draped on him. The feel of her firm breasts pushing against his side. These thoughts often led him to think about how he was going to fuck her next.

Instead his thoughts went to his dreams. Something had changed. These dreams, these visions, were nightmares. No longer did he see the welcoming sight of Padmé enjoying his cock as he fucked her nor her smiling as she handed him a small baby. Instead . . .

The ground was black and rocky. The air was red and steamy. Padmé clutched a small bundled baby to her chest. As Vader took a step closer, she took a step back. She clung to the baby possessively.

“Give me my child,” Vader growled as once again he stepped closer. He was so close. He brought his arms to grab at the child, to snatch it away from her if he must. But then there was a flash of red light and searing pain in his right arm. Vader fell back and tumbled down a rocky hill. When he stopped, he was face down in the black rocks. He pushed himself up and noticed his right arm below his elbow is gone.

Rage erupted through him. He gritted his teeth and looked up at Padmé. She held his ignited red lightsaber in one hand. The baby still clutched in the other.

“You thought I was going to let you anywhere near my child?” Padmé shouted down at him. An angry fire burned in her eyes.

“Padmé!” he yelled at her. His voice thick with venom and malice.

“You thought you could use me! Treat me as if I’m just some fuck toy you could impregnate!”

Vader pushed himself up on his knees. He tried to stand up, but the rocks were unstable. He was having a hard time shifting his weight so he can stand on his feet. He started to crawl up the hill.

“Give me my child!” he growled at her.

“I will cut you down again if you try,” she said as she pointed the lightsaber at him.

He delved into the Force. Large amount of power quickly come to his call due to his anger. He would need to get his lightsaber back. Then he would secure his child. He brought his hand up, his only hand, to summon the lightsaber to him. It flew out of Padmé’s hand, but not into the hand of Vader. It flew into the hand of the Emperor who appeared behind Padmé. The hood of his cloak was low. The top half of his face was shadowed, but his glowing yellow eyes and crooked smiled can still be seen.

The Emperor let out a wheezy laugh. “What a ferocious empress I have wed, Lord Vader,” Sidious said as he walked to stand next to Padmé. He put a hand on her shoulder. Vader let out a scream of anger and frustration. He pushed forth with the Force trying to seperate the Emperor from Padmé, but nothing happened.

“So foolish,” the Emperor chided. “But I must thank you for the strong child, Lord Vader. It will make a wonderful apprentice.”

“No,” Vader growled. “It is my child!”

“It is mine !” Sidious hissed. Sidious’ hand left Padmé’s shoulder and raised toward Vader. Vader could feel the Force pushing him down the slope. There was a heat behind him that was growing stronger. Vader looked behind him to see a glowing river of lava. The heat was growing too strong. It started to roast him. Cook him. Vader struggled to climb back up, but Sidious continued to push Vader down. The loose rocks gave Vader no purchase.

Then a loose spark fell onto Vader’s pants. The pants caught fire. Vader attempted to roll over, but found he could not move. Sidious had pinned him down with the Force. Searing pain

started to tear through his legs. The fire was moving up to his tunic and sleeves. His body was burning. His arms were burning. The pain was unbearable. The smoke filled his eyes causing his eyes to water and sting. He could taste the smoke and fumes as it filled up his lungs. He could feel his skin bubbling and crackling from the heat.

Then there is nothing. The pain was slowly burning away. He is simply numb. But there is a deep pain inside of him. A burning that sliced through his insides. His body coughed and weazed in pain trying to push out the fire within. With his one remaining hand, he grabbed the rocks and started to pull himself up the hill. His eyes are set on the couple at the top of the hill.

“I loved you!” Padmé shouted.

“I hate you!” Vader shouted back. His voice had been strong, but as soon as the words are out his body spasmed in coughs.

White stormtroopers appear at the top of the hill. The Emperor waved them down to Vader. “Don’t worry my apprentice,” the Emperor said. His voice was low, almost a whisper, but Vader could still hear it clearly. “You will live. Though I do wonder at what state you will be in. Nevertheless, you shall still serve as my apprentice. You will watch your child grow up as the heir to my throne. When your child is finally old enough, I will watch with pleasure as it kills you to take your place as my new apprentice.”

The troopers had reached the burnt body of Vader. They grabbed at his upper arms. The last thing Vader saw was the Emperor’s glowing eyes and crooked grin before the blackness took him.

What had caused the future to shift? Vader’s thoughts ran through this while he held Padmé. The visions were strong. The fact he had them twice in a row seemed to scream this was a likely future. A future Vader couldn’t let come to pass. He had to secure that other future. The one with a smiling Padmé handing him a baby. Where he was Emperor and she was his empress.

What had changed? Had Sidious made a move that Vader was unaware of? He had checked the Emperor’s movements yesterday. The old fool was still preoccupied with the preparations of his ball. Nothing seemed to indicate he was putting any attention towards Padmé. If it wasn’t the Emperor than it was possibly Vader himself . . .

“You thought you could use me! Treat me as if I’m just some fuck toy you could impregnate!”

Padmé’s words haunted him. They created an unfamiliar sensation inside of him. One of sharp coldness that gripped his insides and pulled down. Vader had to do something. Something had to change. He needed to leave Padmé’s place early to meditate. He had to find a way to fix this and get back his proper future.

Chapter 16

The wind snapped Padmé's cloak around. She could already tell her carefully pinned hair was coming undone. But she wondered if it really mattered in the long run. She was walking to the black speeder parked at the landing pad of her apartment. Darth Vader had left her a message while she was at work. He would be expecting her tonight. A speeder would come pick her up.

The driver of the speeder was a droid, and Padmé was incredibly thankful it wasn't Anakin like the last time Vader had a speeder transport Padmé somewhere. The droid said nothing as it pulled away from Padmé's high rise apartment and headed off into the traffic of Imperial Center. Padmé's heart was beating in her chest. She wasn't sure what she was walking into it, but she was ready regardless.

After several minutes of flying, she noticed the speeder was heading directly towards the Lake District. Lake Ruwo was an artificial lake created by some real estate tycoons about sixty years ago. It stretched about a kilometer and a half in a perfect circle. Tall residential high rises crowded around the lake's edge. One end of the lake sported a boardwalk with high end restaurants and entertainment. The lake not only had small boats, but large water yachts cruising the water.

The speeder left the traffic lanes and made its way towards one of the high skyscrapers on the lake's edge. It angled up and up until it came to a stop at the penthouse suite of a very impressive building. Padmé carefully exited the speeder and made her way inside. The apartment had a large open floor plan. The only wall was to her left, which she assume lead to the bedroom. Otherwise the rest of the place was completely open. The only thing disrupting the view were the support pillars spaced between the open room.

Tall floor to ceiling windows graced each of the outside walls. It gave Padmé a hundred and eighty degree view of Imperial Center. Straight ahead was the lake and behind her the bright lights of the Palace and Senate District. Padmé walked forward. There were no lights on in the place, but there was plenty of light coming in through the windows for her to see. She made her way past a sitting area of couches and chairs.

She came to the windows that overlooked the lake. A table for two had been set up in front of the windows. Padmé ignored the table and instead walked up to the windows. The apartment did have a very impressive view of the lake. She knew this apartment didn't come cheap. It probably cost as much as her apartment if not more.

She glanced over her shoulder. The place was nothing like the parts of the Imperial Palace she had seen that Vader claimed as his. That place had been hard and sharp corners, minimalistic and militaristic. This place was also a bit on the minimal side, but it also had a certain charm. The furniture was current and fashionable as well as welcoming.

"Welcome, Senator Amidala," came the low dark voice of Darth Vader. She glanced towards the dark wall to see him coming out of an open door. He was dressed as he normally was. He wore his long black cloak that shadowed his face.

“Lord Vader,” Padmé said. Her voice was not welcoming nor warm.

Vader moved silently through the room. He came to stand beside her. He clasped his hands behind his back. His tall form towering over her. He looked out at the lake.

“Does this place belong to you?” she asked. She couldn’t help but wonder.

“It does,” was his simple reply. The two stood in silence for a while. Both lost in their own thoughts, before Vader spoke again. “Come, dinner is ready.”

They both took a seat at the table. Four LEP servant droids walked up carrying trays of food. Padmé noticed that they had come up from a staircase that had been hidden in the shadows of the room. Padmé let her eyes travel back out to the lake as the food was placed on the table.

“Is this your first time to the Lake District?” Vader asked.

“It is,” she admitted. “It’s been my policy to avoid it.”

“Avoid it?”

“Are you aware what this artificial lake did to the residents who live below it in the lower levels?” Padmé asked. “It is flooded with rotting sewage as the drainage system for the lake was installed improperly. Many had to simply abandon their homes without being able to sell it. Usually all of their belongings were ruined as well. The rich who crowd the lake’s rim complained of the smell, so the city started dumping harsh cleaning chemicals through the streets. The few people who had remained, were now left with chemical burns or poisoning from the toxic fumes.”

Padmé paused as she finally looked over at Vader. She wasn’t sure why she looked at him. It wasn’t as if she could get a read of his facial expression. His hood was pointed at her. “This luxurious waterfront building sits on top of meters of standing, rotting water that is unable to drain away. The top of layer of the water is a film of toxic chemicals to keep the filth from rising out of the sewage. I suppose in a way, it is kind of fitting for you to live here.”

A silence stretched between them. Neither of them had touched their food. Vader appeared to be staring at her. Studying her. Then a small laugh escaped him. Padmé could only frown at him. What did he find so funny?

“Since you’ve avoided the Lake District, I take it you’ve never actually been to the lower levels yourself?” he asked. She didn’t respond. “I have, Senator. You need not lecture me of the pitiful state of what lies below this lake. I spent a week stomping through the sewage hunting down rebels, who assumed it would be a good place to hide due to the lack of patrols. I had to wear a mask to protect my eyes and mouth. Unlike you, I’ve seen the poor wretches who live down there with my own eyes.”

“And yet you still choose to live here knowing what you sleep on top of?” she asked a bit disgusted.

“That mission was about two years back,” Vader said. His head turned towards the window and the lake. “After that, I inquired to who properly owned and managed the lake. I dug through planet records to find deeds of owners in the lower levels. I had troops map out the

entire area of the lower levels under the Lake District. I seized control of the lower areas either through military means or I simply bought it out.”

His head turned back towards her. He continued, “I own this place because I do know what’s under it. In two years’ time the under levels of the Lake District have been slowly cleaned and remodeled with proper drainage and matiatance of the lake above. Before you lecture someone on the evils of capitalism, Senator, you should make sure you have all the facts.”

She was speechless. Vader turned his attention to his food while Padmé ran his words through her mind.

“I have never heard of such a thing,” she finally managed to say. The disbelief rang clear in her voice. “Why would you clean up the Lake District?” She had seen the holos of the Lake District. There had been a few local attempts at raising money to help clean up the lower levels. But it had always failed. It was too costly. The damage far too much.

“Why would I leave such an obvious breeding ground for the rebellion so close to the heart of the Empire?” he asked. “It was a glaring weakness and giant security concern. It was why I was able to enforce military seizure. Not to mention I had absolutely no desire to be forced down into that hellhole again.”

Padmé smiled at the thought that the dreaded Lord Vader had disliked getting dirty so much, he simply cleaned a place up instead of having to be dirty again.

“Why I have never heard about this?” she asked. “You said this has been going on for two years now.”

He didn’t answer. Instead he simply started eating again. Padmé frowned as she thought over Vader’s actions. Why wouldn’t he make it public? It would help his image. Maybe that was it. Darth Vader was a person to be feared and celebrated for his strategic cunning and military wins. He wasn’t a humanitarian. He wasn’t someone who helped the poor. He was someone who crushed them. Yet according to Vader’s logic, he had cleaned the district to keep any rebels and crime away.

For the first time, Padmé wondered who Vader really was. She only knew the side that was presented to the public. She thought that was all there was to him. The cold cruel man that had blackmailed her into having sex with him over a voice recording. And yet . . . he had allowed his own aid to disobey the Emperor. Even provided a cover-up for him. Vader was even willing to commit treason to free the aid from slavery. Granted Vader’s price for that aid’s freedom was for Padmé to have sex anywhere and any time he wanted.

“Are there any other Lake Districts I should know about?” Padmé finally asked.

Vader was halfway through his meal. He paused in eating and looked at her. “Other Lake Districts?”

“Have you done something else like this?”

He seemed to get tense. “Clean up the rat holes that pathetic scum hide in?”

“If that’s how you want to word it, than yes,” Padmé said. She couldn’t help the small smile tugging at her lips. He was getting defensive. He didn’t want to come off as soft.

"I suppose, Amidala, you'll just have to find out," he responded. There was an edge of playfulness in his voice. He had relaxed some.

Padmé finally decided to eat her food. It had gone cold, but it was still delicious. Neither one said another word during the meal. Once both were finished, Vader stood up and Padmé followed his lead. He held out his hand for her, and she took it. Instead of leading her towards the wall and the presumed bedroom, he led her across the large open area of the apartment towards the landing pad. The speeder that had taken Padmé here was still waiting at the pad.

Vader stopped at the entrance of the landing pad. "Goodnight, Amidala," he said. He kissed her hand and then dropped it. She stood there confused as to what was happening. She thought for sure he was going to take her into the bedroom.

"We're not . . . going to have sex?" she asked.

"No," Vader said matter-of-factly. An awkward silence fell between them. The whipping sound of the wind outside filled the void.

"Excuse me?" Padmé asked incredulously. Vader slightly tilted his head to the side. "You don't want to have sex? I thought that was the point of all this." She waved both her hands around to indicate the room, the view, the dinner.

"I assumed you wouldn't want to have sex, considering last time you didn't enjoy it," Vader responded. His dark voice was even. No annoyance or anger laced his words. Padmé didn't realize her mouth hung open a small bit until she closed it. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"When has this ever been about what I enjoy?" Padmé asked. "This has always been about you!" She pointed a finger towards him. He took a step closer to her.

"I know you enjoyed it when I fucked you in your office over that recording. I could sense your dirty pleasure. That's why you asked me to fuck you at the palace. You enjoyed my cock. You got as much pleasure out of those experiences as I did. However, it appears that is no longer the case," he explained.

"And?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I'm not interesting in fucking you if it's only one sided enjoyment. You said so yourself you are not some cheap whore. You are right. I can easily find another hole to pump my cock into. One that doesn't care."

She was speechless. She didn't know how to respond. "So I can leave?" she asked. He waved his hand at the waiting speeder. "Without any repercussions? You're not going to show up tomorrow demanding double the sex? You're not canceling our deal are you? What happened to fucking me whenever and however you wanted?"

He let out a frustrated sigh. "I forgot I am dealing with a politician," he mumbled. "Unless you want to have sex, goodnight senator." He then turned and left. He disappeared down the stairway the service droids had used.

She stood for a few minutes staring into the darkened apartment. She expected he would return any minute to drag her to the bedroom or perhaps they wouldn't even make that far.

Just over to one of the couches. But he never came back. She slowly turned and made her way to the speeder, which flew her back home.

She laid in bed that night alone. She hadn't asked Anakin to come over, since she assumed she would be spending the night with Vader. Part of her missed having his warm body to snuggle up to, but part of her was also glad he wasn't there. She wouldn't be able to focus on him as her thoughts were all over Vader.

What the *kriff* had happened tonight? More importantly what did it mean? How would Vader act in the future?

Darth Vader sat at the small table opposite of Padmé in the cafe she had brought him to. She had brought him here on a date, claiming she had yet to take him out since he had challenged her after he took out on his swoop bike. So far he was not enjoying it.

Padmé had taken them to a cafe known for carrying a large variety of different roasts of caf. Honestly, Vader did not care that much for caf. He had the Force to power him. When he was Darth Vader, he never drank the stuff. However, when he was Anakin, he did. He started drinking it to give the appearance that Anakin was normal. It also gave Vader a chance to casually be around any of his marks while undercover.

Sitting on the table between the two, was a small tray with six small cups of caf. Each a different roast or blend. Each coming from far fetches of the galaxy. They had both sampled all the cups. They had shared their opinion on it. Perhaps the date would be enjoyable if Padmé wasn't so distracted. Vader had tried, he really had, in trying to keep a conversation going. But then the conversation would lull on her end. She would end up looking off into the distance, clearly lost in thought. Vader had now stopped trying and let Padmé stew over whatever was bothering her.

He tried to asked her, but she sidestepped it. He wondered if was over last night's dinner at his penthouse suite in the Lake District. He was very tempted to reach into her mind using the Force. But he didn't. He told himself he wouldn't use the Force on her, and he decided he would keep to his own promise for now.

The small cups of caf had long since grown cold. The bill had already been paid, and yet the two sat in silence. Padmé's elbow sat on the table with her head propped up by her hand as she glanced out the windows of the cafe. Her other hand idly tapped on the table slightly annoying Vader. Vader himself had decided to go through a mental list of each active star destroyer. He would list its current location, current assignment, its fleet (if it had one), and its captain. It was an exercise he often did when bored at state functions the Emperor forced him to attend.

"I want you take me somewhere," Padmé suddenly said. Vader almost didn't register her words. It took a him a few seconds to process what she had said, but by then Padmé was standing up. They were both dressed casually. They easily blended in with the rest of the crowd at the cafe. Without waiting for Vader's response, Padmé was walking out of the cafe. Vader caught up to her as they neared the speeder parking where Vader's speeder sat.

"And where is it you would like to go?" Vader asked as he slid into the driver's seat.

“The Lake District,” she said.

He was glad she wasn’t looking at him to catch the smile that grew upon his lips. He quickly smothered it by asking, “The Lake District? Are we going to the boardwalk?” It was a popular spot with its dining and entertainment. A perfect spot for a date Vader supposed.

“No,” Padmé said glancing over him. “I want to go to the lower levels.”

Vader acted surprised. “The lower levels? Of the Lake District? Why in the galaxy would you want to go there?”

Padmé fully turned her head toward him. Her brown eyes were intensely looking at him. “Is there something wrong about the lower levels of the Lake District?” she asked cautiously.

“It’s not really a destination I would imagine you would want to go,” Vader replied.

“I learned recently that it has come under quite a transformation. I would like to see it myself.”

Vader nodded and guided the speeder into the busy traffic lanes. Inside he was smiling at the small victory. He had decided that after his visions of him and Padmé on the rocky hill, something had to change. He spent a few hours meditating on the matter. One of the first things that came to him was he recalled when he first got involved with Padmé. How he had told himself he wanted Padmé, mind, body and soul.

He had been so focused on the body part. But he couldn’t blame himself. Her body was wonderful. Irresistible. And his cravings towards her were insatiable. He could pilot the speeder into a dark alley and take her in the speeder right now. Perhaps he thought by claiming her body eventually he would claim the mind and soul as well. It had worked with some of his cock sluts he had been forced to seduce. Velinna Rinthal had never gotten over Anakin Skywalker’s dick. His dick consumed her. She had chased the galaxy looking for another fuck like Anakin’s.

“You thought you could use me! Treat me as if I’m just some fuck toy you could impregnate!”

Clearly that was not going to be the case with Padmé. And when Vader really thought about it, he preferred it that way. Padmé was not another cock slut. That wasn’t what he wanted as the mother to his child nor as his future empress. Padmé was much more. So perhaps it was time for a different approach. He had seduced her body, now it was time to seduce her mind.

Padmé was passionate about her job. Her bills were always working towards bettering people’s lives. He knew she would get her panties in a twist over going to the Lake District. Now her curiosity was getting the better of her, and Vader was happy to take her to lower levels below the lake. He found parking in the district near one of the turbolifts he knew would take them to the under levels. He led her to the lift and they descended about twenty levels down.

The lift doors opened to a rather bland, but clean hallway. It smelled like water and chemicals. It reminded Vader of a pool or a fountain. They walked down the hallway and opened into large atrium that extended floors upon floors down into the planet. Padmé’s

mouth hung open in shock as she took in the sight. Vader could only smile as he felt her wonderment in the Force.

Twenty floors above them, through a transparisteel roof, was Lake Ruwo. The blue wavy light casted down on the floors of below. True to his word last night, Darth Vader had completely redone the under layers of the Lake District. The floors held various businesses and residential areas. Market stalls littered open areas. Large, clear tubes of water traveled up and down the heights of the atrium. Large pools and fountains littered the area. Most of the sentient species that walked around were aquatic alien humanoid species such as Mon Calamari, Quarren, Gungans, Selkahs, Ishi Tibs, and Nautolans.

“What . . .” Padmé finally said. “What is this?” Vader smiled at her. She continued, “I never imagined it would look like this.”

“Yes it is quite a change,” Vader agreed.

She looked up at him. Her eyes were large and searched his. “Why?” she asked softly. “Why did Vader do all of this? I thought he just cleaned it up, but this . . . this is so much more.”

“I wouldn’t give Vader too much credit,” Vader said. “He was merely the one paying and approving the renovations. He hired some Mon Calamari firm to draft the plans and put it into motion.”

“Still I can’t believe Vader got away with this. It’s clearly been designed for amphibian sentients. The Emperor is so against all non-human species. I can’t believe this place was built in the last two years.”

Vader smiled to himself. “From what I’ve gleaned,” Vader said, “Lord Vader may not have been completely truthful about this project to the Emperor when it was first proposed. But he eventually was able to bribe the Emperor into accepting it.”

Padmé let out a small irritated huff. “Of course it took bribery,” she muttered under her breath. But then she looked back out at the atrium. “But at least good came out of it. I just never thought Lord Vader would be the one to do this.” A large smile grew on Lord Vader’s lips.

Padmé again sat in the black speeder of Darth Vader. The droid was once again piloting it. She had received another message telling her to meet him for dinner. It had been three days since the dinner at the Lake District. She hadn’t heard or seen anything from Vader in those days. She had assumed the speeder was going to take her back to the Lake District, but it wasn’t.

She noticed the traffic was thinning out and on the horizon there were no tall high rises. In fact it seemed dark compared to the many lights of the districts behind them. She then realized where the speeder was taking her. To the Garden District. It was where the mansions of the very rich lived.

It was one thing to be able to live in the high levels of a skyscraper on Imperial Center, but it was a completely different matter to own a mansion. Land was precious on the planet. To

take up precious space with only one residence required serious amounts of credits. Originally the Garden District was just a large power plant. But the plant was covered and the mansions were built on top. Thus no one lived below the richest of the rich of the galaxy.

Padmé could now make out large estates nestled amongst manicured lawns and gardens. The large houses reminded her of the estates she would see in the lake country of Naboo. It felt like she wasn't even on Imperial Center any more. Only the bright glow on the horizon gave any hint to where she was.

The speeder slowed and started to descend towards one impressive mansion. It was made of several large buildings connected by covered walkways. The buildings were primarily large, white and circular shaped. It reminded her of Naboo architecture. However instead of the tiled domed roofs found on Naboo, the roofs were flat. Some of the roofs had grass and gardens on top of it. In fact most of the estate was heavily filled with trees and gardens.

The speeder landed on landing pad. Padmé sat there unsure of what to do. The driver droid was quiet. It didn't even look over at her. She slowly climbed out of the speeder and made her way toward the walkway. As she came to an intersection, she noticed one path was lit with candles. Actual candles. Not electric lanterns, but candles. She wasn't aware of the small smile on her lips as she followed the lit path. It wound under trees and along flowering bushes until it came to one of the round white buildings of the mansion. A covered porch wrapped around the building. She followed the candles up the porch and around the side.

Finally she found Darth Vader. A table had been set up on the porch. It overlooked a large pond. Water flowers and plants floated in the water. A small waterfall rushed over some rocks. Throughout the whole area were candles twinkling amongst the leaves. It was beautiful. Vader stood near the table, his back to her, his hands clasped behind his back as he looked over at the pond.

"Lord Vader," Padmé greeted warmly.

"Senator Amidala," Vader replied as he turned to her. He waved a hand at the table and Padmé had a seat. As soon as he was seated, small LEP service droids brought out the plates of food and drinks.

"Is this place yours?" Padmé asked.

"Yes," Vader responded shortly.

"Yes? How many residences do you own? Where do you actually sleep?"

"I mainly stay at the Imperial Palace as that is the place most convenient for me to stay," he responded.

"And what is this place? Your weekend home?" Padmé couldn't imagine Vader living in a beautiful place like this. Then again she also could never imagine the man was capable of completely changing the Lake District lower levels. Perhaps there was a side to this dark lord no one knew of.

"No," he said. "Technically this place is mine. It is under my name. In truth this is only the third time I've come here."

"So it just sits here unused? You do realize how much these mansions are worth right?"

“It was a gift,” Vader responded. “But the home is lent out to those I wish to either reward or gain favor with when they visit the planet.”

She nodded. Granted a private stay in a Coruscant mansion would be quite a show of favor. It would be a good political move.

“It was a gift?” she asked. “From the Emperor?”

“No,” he responded. “This mansion originally belonged to a family from Telos. They governed the planet for a while. They secretly annexed a neighboring planet and stripped it of all its valuable minerals and resources. The resulting riches bought this mansion. When the family was ousted from power, the mansion went into the hands of the Telos government. It was used by visiting dignitaries from the planet.”

He paused as he took a sip of wine and looked over at the candle-lit garden. “I led the Kwymar Suppressions. The systems of the Kwymar sector were not in favor of the Empire when it was born. Instead they decided to side with the Rebels.”

Padmé nodded. Senator Ivor Drake was the current Kwymar sector senator. Padmé knew the senator had anti-Imperial sympathies.

“The Suppressions were a brutal campaign. Telos was spared, an order by the Emperor who didn’t want its wealth to be destroyed. But the other systems? Doniphon? Picutorion? Decimated. Massacred. It was a complete victory for the Empire. The systems, besides Telos, were left to deal with the aftermath themselves. I ordered the removal of the downed star ships, including several large fallen star destroyers, from the planets. I had a committee set up with the sector. The committee saw that the survivors were trained on how to scrap and scavenge parts. They then recycled the metal into building new cities. The committee also oversaw pollution clean-up. The mansion was gifted to me as a thank you gift for my patronage and initial help getting the committee started. It was the only thing of worth they really had left. Honestly no one wanted to buy it from known Rebel supporters.”

A quiet fell between them a Padmé reflected on Vader’s story. Finally she asked, “Who are you?” Vader’s hood moved. It appeared he was staring right at her. ‘I thought I knew who you were Darth Vader,’ Padmé continued when he didn’t respond. “The Supreme Commander of the Imperial Military. The unknown hero who ended the Clone Wars. Second in Command of the Empire. A man who kills any who angers him. And yet . . . now you tell me you’ve been cleaning up the Lake District, allowing non-humans to move in, and assisting planets with war-time clean-up.”

There was another stretch of quiet. It appeared to Padmé that Vader was contemplating on what to say. “You want the truth senator?” he asked. Padmé nodded. ‘I am the man who will be the next Emperor.’ She was a bit confused by that statement. Vader clearly picked that up as well. “Palpatine has not named me his official heir, but I am the heir.” There was a certain fierceness and possessiveness in his words.

He continued, “When I become Emperor there were be those will challenge me. I have learned that actions and experience is how respect is earned. I already have plenty of military experience, and thus have been working on gaining other types of experience as well.”

Padmé mused over her words as the two ate in silence. Clearly Vader had put quite a bit of thought into becoming the next Emperor. She had assumed he had no strength in politics. He

avoided the Senate, even when there were hearings about increasing military spending. The only time he was at the Senate was when he was there to threaten or arrest Senators. (And perhaps fuck her, Padmé mused.)

“You purposely have kept all of this quiet,” she said softly. “That way your opposition will underestimate you.”

“Yes,” Vader said. She was sure he was smiling.

“So then tell me future Emperor,” she pushed, “What will happen if Palpatine takes a bride? Isn’t that what that ball is for in two weeks? So he can find an Empress and hopefully have an heir?”

Vader paused. There seemed to be an intensity growing around him. “I suffer no rivals, senator,” Vader growled. A streak of cold ran through her. The hair on her arms and back of her neck stood on end. She recalled him killing Senator Sruddi Thekkas of Brigia with his horrible sith magic. She had forgotten that he had the reputation he had for a very good reason. Padme couldn’t help but wonder if Vader’s threat meant he would kill the future Empress or any child she bore.

Chapter 17

Padmé had a plan. She wanted to find out more about Darth Vader. She looked herself over in the mirror. She wore a long black cloak with black heels under neath. Silver embroidery lined the edges and the seam down the middle. Decorative curling clasps kept the cloak closed at the top. She had put her hair up in a nice, but simple bun. Happy with her appearance, Padmé sat out towards the landing pad. The black speeder with the driver droid was waiting.

Padmé was taken back to the Lake District apartment. It was set up like the previous time. The large open room was dark. A table set for two sat in front of the windows overlooking the lake. However, she noted there were pink flowers on the table and in tall vases surrounding the table. If she didn't know any better, it appeared as if Lord Vader was attempting to be romantic. Perhaps that would be a question she would ask him later when she got to the interrogation.

They went through the pleasantries and sat down to enjoy the dinner. The two barely spoke a word through the meal. The meal ended as the previous meals had. Vader stood, he took Padmé's hand, and started to lead her back to the waiting speeder. But she paused about halfway through the room.

"Lord Vader. I can't help but be curious as to what the current state of our deal is," she said as she looked directly at him. He turned to look directly at her. "I was to buy Anakin Skywalker's freedom if I allowed you to fuck me whenever you wanted. Yet here we are, about two weeks into our deal, and you've only fucked me three times since this deal started. That was all within the first three days."

"The deal is still going," Vader said. His tone was a bit rough. Annoyed. "Indeed I said whenever I wanted, and simply I haven't wanted."

She pursed her lips. "You haven't wanted? Any? At all?" she said as she took a step closer to him. She pulled her hand from his. She placed both her hands on his chest. 'Are you sure?' she asked as she leaned into him. She looked up into the dark shadows of his hood. "Are you sure you haven't been playing naughty? Getting off with some other Senator you're blackmailing?"

"Senator Amidala I assure you—"

But she didn't let him finish. She pushed him into the couch behind him. He fell a bit ungracefully, but he easily caught himself. She stood in front of him, her legs touching his, to prevent him from standing back up. His hood leaned back as he looked back up at her. He crossed his arms across his chest.

"Senator what is this about?" he asked annoyed.

She placed a knee on either side of him and slowly climbed on to the sofa. She sat herself down on his lap, straddling him. She once again placed her hands on his chest.

“Really Lord Vader?” she asked in a low voice. She wiggled her ass up his lap. She was now pressed against him, especially her ass to his groin. “You haven’t wanted *any* of this?”

She felt his hands gently grab on to her upper legs. She couldn’t help but smile. She leaned in closer to him. Even this close she couldn’t make out his face. “Are sure you don’t want me? Because I’m ready,” she said softly. She rocked her hips to grind into him.

“Amidala,” he said softly. The way he said it sent a tingle of pleasure running up and down her spine.

“Mmmm, but Lord Vader, you already know I don’t come free,” she purred. She was close to him. She could smell him. Feel his heat. “How about a game?”

“A game?” he asked.

“I ask a question, and each time you answer you get a prize,” she said as she leaned in and pressed her lips against his. Warm plump lips met hers. ‘Shall we start,’ she said into his lips. “Let me ask again. Why haven’t you fucked me lately?”

He paused. She could feel his eyes on her. She could feel his body. His dick was starting to twitch inside his pants. She wiggled her ass making sure it rubbed against his cock.

“I . . .” he started.

“You’re never going to get a prize if you don’t answer,” she purred.

“I wanted you to enjoy it as well,” Vader finally said. “I didn’t want you to hate our encounters.”

Padmé thought on this for a moment. He had mentioned the very same idea the first time she came to this apartment. “Really?” she finally asked. “Are you secretly a romantic? Is that what this all is with the flowers and the dinners and the romantic locations?”

His hands came up to her waist and grabbed her. “Now, now senator,” he said. “I believe I’m owed a prize before I answer another question.”

Padmé only smiled at him as her hands went to the delicate clasps holding her cloak together. She slowly undid them and allowed the cloak to slide off her shoulders and fall off of her. She smiled when she heard him take a sharp intake of breath. The only thing under the cloak was some very sexy lingerie and her black high heels. The lingerie was made of black lace. It pushed her breasts up nicely. The panties were nothing more than a triangle piece of lace and some string.

Vader grabbed her cloak and threw it off to the side. His hands went to Padmé’s sides. He ran his hands up and down her. She could tell his eyes were looking over her, which was just the way she wanted it. “So Lord Vader, are you attempting to woo me?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

She reached down and grabbed the strap of her left high heel. She pulled the shoe off and flung it into the dark room. “Do you care about Anakin Skywalker? Is he more to you than just an aid or slave to you?” She leaned into him so her breasts smooshed against him. She hoped he looked down at them. They looked damn good in the lacy black bra.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Just a yes?” she asked.

“That’s a new a question. If you want a better answer, ask a better question. But I do believe another prize is owed,” Vader said. Padmé frowned a bit. She had hoped Vader would be a bit more open and willing, but no matter. She reached down to her right shoe, pulled it off, and flung it into the room.

“Are there only two questions left?” he asked. His hands slid down her side and down to her ass. He squeezed her ass tightly and pushed her into him. She could feel his cock was warm and trying to rise. He leaned into her. His lips were against hers. “You only have two pieces of clothing left,” he whispered into her mouth before pushing against it with a kiss.

“Now, now Lord Vader,” she murmured back. ‘You’re getting ahead of yourself. Just enjoy the game.’ She kissed him back. “If you care about Anakin, why haven’t you tried to free him yourself before?”

He was quiet for a while, clearly thinking. “The time hasn’t been right,” he finally answered. “Now it seems like the pieces are coming together, and I might be able to finally free him.”

She considered his words. Vader’s answer was still vague, but she still had to up hold her part of the game. She reached back behind her back to the clasps of her bra. She undid the clasps and slid the bra off. She twirled the bra around on her finger before throwing it out into the dark. Vader’s hands left her ass and went right to her breasts. He squeezed them and rubbed them.

“One more question, Amidala,” he said.

“You think there aren’t any more prizes once I’ve lost my panties?”

“If I answer that, does that count towards the game?”

“I guess I need to be careful,” Padmé said with a low sultry voice. ‘But as for the next question. Why me?’ He didn’t answer right away. “Why me, Lord Vader? Why this deal? Why these dinners? These places? I have a feeling you don’t treat any other being like this.”

One of his hands left her breast. It came up to gently cup her face. It was a very soft and caring gesture. One that seemed a bit out of place with the persona of a Dark Lord of the Sith. He leaned in. His lips were right next to her ear. She could feel the hairs on her neck stand on end as she waited with anticipation.

“Because Padmé,” he said using her first name. “There is something about you. You are different.”

Then his lips were against hers. She opened his mouth to him, letting his tongue in. Both of his hands slid down his sides. His thumbs looped under the black string of the panties. Then suddenly she felt both sides snap. Vader pulled her panties away from her. She was fully exposed to him.

“Are you always intimate like this?” she asked.

“Like what?”

She let out a small laugh into his open mouth. "Clothed. Hooded. Shielded."

"No," he replied.

"No?" she asked. Her hand went towards his hood, but one of his hands snapped up and grabbed it. "Is there something you're trying to hide?" she asked.

"I already answered a question," Vader said. "I'm owed a prize before I answer another."

"I'll make this next prize worth it," she said as she licked at his lips.

"Then yes," he replied. "I am hiding something."

She leaned back to get a good look at him. But there was no lightning in the room. Only the bright lights of the city illuminated the room, but still kept the room in decent shadows. "What are you hiding?" she asked sincerely. She slowly brought a hand up and rested it on the side of his hood. The side of his head. She could feel there was hair under it. She wondered what color it was. What cut it was. Why did he hide under the hood? He gently pulled her arm down.

"I'm done playing, Amidala," he said. "And you owe me a large prize."

One of his hands slid down her stomach and down into her warm pussy. His fingers immediately got to work. He rubbed her pussy and especially her clit. He was rubbing it with a good strong pressure. She could feel her body enjoying it. Reacting to it. Warm tingles spread from up from her pussy. She bit her lower lip, trying to stifle a moan. His other hand came down into her pussy as well. This hand started to finger her. First one finger was slid inside of her, while the other hand was still working her clit. Then another finger joined the first.

Force, she was getting so much attention. She couldn't stop the moan this time. The non-stop attention to her clit felt so good. When combined with his fingers pumping into her, it was amazing. She leaned into him. She pushed her breasts against his chest. She buried her head into his neck. She let out a surprised moan as three fingers were now sliding in and out of her wet and warm folds.

Vader was treating her so good. His fingers went in deep and then curled. They were hitting that perfect spot on her. Her whole pussy felt like it was electric. He still kept rubbing at her clit. She couldn't stop her moaning as her climax built and built inside of her.

"Vader," she gasped. "Vader please. I'm about to come."

"Then go ahead and come," he said in a low pleased voice.

His fingers kept up their job and the pressure grew and grew until finally she jolted in an orgasm. She writhed in his lap as she felt the warmth explode inside her. She could feel her own juices start to cream out of her and onto Vader's fingers. Her whole body felt amazingly filled with sparkling fire. She rested against him. Her breaths were uneven and ragged.

"Now then, I'm ready to claim my prize," he said.

He very gently lifted her off his lap and moved her to the couch beside him. He got off the couch and gently pushed her to lay down to on the couch. His hands undid his pants and his

cock shot straight out. It slapped his stomach before coming to attention straight up. He placed one knee between Padmé and the back of the couch.

He leaned over her. His cloak fell over the two of them. A hand came up to her face. It gently brushed aside a loose curl from her face. His fingers traced the side of her face. Then his hand slid down her throat, up and over her breast, down her stomach, and to her thigh. He pushed her legs open and situated himself. Then his cock was sliding into her.

“Ohh!” she moaned out.

His cock was filling her up. The meaty shaft pushed all the way in her. Her inner walls clenched at his cock.

“So perfect,” Vader mumbled. “You’re so tight.”

She grinded very lightly into him. She was ready. He started off slow. His hands fell on her hips. He gently pushed and pulled her into the same rhythm as his own hips.

“Harder,” she said. He started to go a bit faster, but it still wasn’t enough. ‘Harder,’ she moaned again. “I didn’t wear that lingerie for a soft fucking. You’re Lord Vader. I’m expecting it to be rough and raw.”

She heard him chuckle. With one swift and powerful stab into her, everything changed. His rhythm was hard and fast and almost violent going into her. He pumped his dick in and out of her with strong thrusts. The shaft slid almost all the way out before being slammed back into her. In and out. It was amazing. His cock felt so good. She rocked her hips trying to keep up with him.

“Yes,” she murmured. This is what she wanted. This wasn’t a soft love-making sessions like the ones she had with Anakin. Vader was right about one thing. She had enjoyed those rough and dirty encounters with the Dark Lord. This is what she wanted from him. His big fat cock fucking her brains out.

They came almost at the same time. Padmé started first. Her body shook and vibrated and writhed as the powerful orgasm hit her. She clawed at his arms. She grabbed tightly on to his sleeves. He came shortly after. His creamy hot cum exploded into her. He slowed down his thrusts as he milked his dick. Shot after shot filled her pussy up.

Padmé’s whole body felt warm and tingly. She felt satisfied and so very good. Trails of sweat dripped down her body. Her chest heaved with deep breaths as she tried to get her heart rate back down. Vader was also taking deep breaths. He finally pulled out, and Padmé could feel the mixture of their cum leaking out of her warm and satisfied pussy.

She brought her own hand up to her breast and started to massage it. She licked her lips as she looked up at Vader. It was clear he was staring down at her. “Tell me you didn’t miss that,” she said softly as her other hand went down to her leaking folds. She started to rub them. She smeared the white cum around her throbbing pussy.

She noticed his dick starting to twitch and rearden. She rolled over to her stomach and put her ass in the air. She was going to goad him some more, but clearly he didn’t need any other invitation. She felt his hands grab her ass. Once again his cock was sliding into her. She smiled as he started to ravage her body.

“Perhaps this one, my lady?” one of her handmaids asked.

Padmé sat at her dining room table. A large vase of pink flowers sat in the middle. Vader had given them to her last night when she left. A few datapads were also scattered about. Yet what was drawing her attention was the four holoprojectors her handmaids had set out. Each one showed a holograph of a dress. The Emperor’s ball was coming up. She had yet to pick out a dress. Several designers had offered their designs to her. She looked over at the four dresses.

“They’re all black,” she said to the handmaids.

“Well black shows solidarity and support of the Empire,” one of the handmaids said.

“Not wearing black could send the wrong message,” a second one spoke up.

Padmé looked over at the three handmaids. They were her age. They wore simple matching dresses. Today they wore a purple dress. They all had long brown hair, that they wore spun back into simple buns. The handmaids were purposely picked to look like Padmé. There had been times when one of the handmaids acted as a body double for Padmé. Padmé had done this quite often when she was Queen of Naboo.

Suddenly a giggle came from one of the handmaids. Padmé looked up to see Anakin standing in the doorway. He looked beautiful. His dark blond curls were windswept from riding in his speeder. His Imperial jacket hung off his arm. The top few buttons of his white undershirt were undone, giving a peek of his wonderful tan skin.

“Hello Mr. Skywalker,” said one of the handmaids. The three bowed slightly as he entered the room.

“Ladies,” Anakin said warmly.

The handmaids looked over at Padmé with large smiles on their faces. “We’ll leave for tonight, my lady,” one of the maids said. All three slightly bowed towards Padmé before they left.

Anakin threw his jacket on the back of one of the dining room chairs. He looked at the four dress holograms. “Buying a new dress?” he asked.

“Trying to figure out to wear for the Emperor’s ball,” Padmé said.

Anakin stiffened and frowned a bit. “Ah yes,” he said drily. He looked at each dress. ‘None of these will do,’ he said. “You need something with a higher neckline. Not as snug as the second dress. Maybe something with lots of ruffles.”

“That sounds . . . unflattering,” she said.

“Exactly,” Anakin said as he looked over at her with a crooked smile. “Wouldn’t want anyone to get the wrong idea.”

Padmé pushed herself up and made her way around the table towards Anakin. “And what idea is that?” she asked as she stepped up to him. He wrapped his arms around her waist. His blue eyes looked down at her affectionately.

“That you’re free to enjoy someone else’s bed after the ball,” Anakin said. “Since the only bed you’ll be sharing will be mine.”

Padmé gently placed her hands on his chest as she leaned into him. She buried her head into him. She couldn’t look at him after that statement. How could she? After she was sleeping with Vader behind Anakin’s back. Anakin luckily accepted the embrace. His arms tightened around her. The two just held each other for a moment.

That night the two made love. Anakin’s kisses made Padmé dizzy. He kissed every part of her. She glowed with so much affection with him, it made her head spin. She was drunk off of him. He fucked her that night just right. Each thrust boiled the lust inside her hotter and hotter. She loved each moment of indulgence he brought her. She soaked up each his thrusts, his moans, his calls of her name.

In turn Anakin seemed to worship Padmé. Her name never seemed to leave his lips. When it did, it was because his lips were against her skin or claiming her mouth. She struggled to keep herself together, but she was losing herself. She shivered and writhed in her own orgasm under him as a massive, hot load of cum was pumped into her.

After he left the next morning, Padmé once again found herself at the dining table. The dress holograms had been turned off, but they still sat where they had been left. Padmé sighed. She needed to pick a dress out for the ball today or else the designer may not have enough time to tailor it to her body. She smiled at the memory of Anakin’s comments of an ill-fitting dress.

Her eyes then traveled to the pink flowers from Vader. She leaned over and plucked one of the pink blooms. She brought it up to her face and took a deep breath of its light perfumed scent. She twirled the flower between her fingers as she moved over to the windows to look at morning sun rising over the skyscrapers. Yet there was something nagging at her. Something about the flower. She had smelled this smell before. She again took another deep breath of the flower’s smell.

“But you can’t send sixteen, as that is the number of the royal family. To send pink flowers would indicate youth or a love that is newborn.” She recalled his voice. The gardens. The trestle she was backed into as their lips met for the first time. She had wrapped her arms around him and kissed him over and over again.

She blinked clearing the memory from her mind. That was a memory of Anakin. Their first kiss when he took her to the Tramnee Gardens. She looked down at the flower. The flowers that had been given to her by Vader.

But . . . why? Vader had to have specifically picked these specific flowers. They were all around his table. He had given them to her. Yet they were the same flowers Anakin had once pointed out to her. It couldn’t be just a simple coincidence, could it?

Chapter 18

That night Padmé was alone. Lord Vader had been called away on some business, and Anakin worked at Vader's side. Thus this night Padmé was alone. She had enjoyed the quiet evening. She had made her decision on the gown for the ball. She had met with the designer to go over alterations and tailoring. And now she was heading to bed early.

Yet as she laid in the large bed by herself, she rolled over to the side where Anakin usually slept. She buried her head in his pillow and took a deep breath. She could smell him. There was an earthy scent, but also one of burnt air like what comes out of a blaster. She rolled back over to her side, bringing Anakin's pillow with her. She hugged it to her chest and allowed herself to fall asleep.

Padmé . . .

Padmé.

"Padmé," came Anakin's voice.

She opened her eyes to see the familiar ceiling of her bedroom. She glanced down to find herself completely naked on her back on her bed. Her knees were pushed up and her legs were pushed to the side. Anakin laid nestled between her thighs. He was kissing her inner thigh, making his way closer and closer to her pussy.

Then his soft warm lips were kissing her sensitive skin between her legs. His kissing moved along her folds. Padmé moaned in delight as she felt the warmth of Anakin's tongue start to lick at her folds. It started off gentle. As if he was a bit shy, but the licks grew deeper, longer. Force, it felt amazing. His tongue felt like warm velvet.

"Anakin," she moaned. In response his licks started to focus solely on her opening. His tongue dug deep into her. "Ohhh," Padmé moaned again. She could feel her body heating up. Not just between her legs, but everywhere else as well. Her cheeks burned. Her breasts felt heavy and warm. There was a fire starting to grow in abdomen. Padmé writhed slightly on the bed. Her toes curled and uncurled. Her fists clenched at the sheets. Her breath was thick and warm. She mewled and cooed and moaned nonstop now in utter bliss.

Her back arched slightly as she took a big gasp as Anakin's finger inserted into her opening. His tongue kept up its steady work, but now there was the added pressure of the finger. It added a whole other level of delight. His finger pressed into her. She could feel it not just rubbing against her skin, but the fiery nerves below the skin. Her inner walls clenched at the finger, and then she was treated to a second finger joining the first.

Padmé could feel her pleasure winding up inside her. She closed her eyes as she let go of her self control. She was ready to give in to the sweet dizzying pleasure. But then warm lips were against hers. She could still feel Anakin servicing her pussy, so how . . . she opened her eyes to darkness. The hood of Vader looked down at her. She opened her mouth to say something, but his lips crashed against hers. His tongue pushed inside her mouth. She felt his

large hands grab at her breasts. He squeezed her tits. Rubbed them up and down and all around. He pinched and flicked at her nipple.

It was too much. Anakin warm tongue and fingers were still sliding into her. Vader's tongue was exploring all over her mouth. Suddenly the orgasm took her. She screamed into Vader's open mouth. She twisted and writhed on the bed. Anakin kept licking. He licked and licked at her creamy juices that she had just emptied into him.

"Such a good girl, coming so strongly like that," came the dark voice of Vader. "But you're also a very naughty girl. Having someone else touch you. I think you need to be punished." There was a dark twisted smile under the shadows of his hood, Padmé was sure. Vader rolled her over to her stomach. Then he took a large handful of her hair and pulled her up to his exposed fully erect cock sticking out of his pants.

Padmé opened her mouth willingly as Vader stuck his cock into her mouth. She licked at the hardened head. She pursed her lips around his tip. Kissed it. Licked it. Then she started to push the cock deeper into her. Then she slid it out while her tongue ran all along his shaft. He let out a moan.

Padmé let out a gasp as she felt hands, Anakin's hands, grab at her ass. He was kissing her cheeks. His kisses were moving deeper and deeper towards her center. The kisses started to turn into licks. First small licks, and then long sloppy licks. He licked his way to her pucker hole. His tongue pushed at her back opening. He licked at her over and over. Sometimes he dipped down, starting his lick at her already wet pussy and then licking all the way up to her ass.

She had been distracted by Anakin, something clearly Vader didn't like. His hand tightened on her hair and he slammed his hips into her face. His cock was shoved deep into her throat. She started to gag and cough. Spit dripped out of her mouth and dripped down her face. Vader started to pump into her. For a moment Padmé felt like it was too much. Vader's cock was so big and so deep inside her and being pumped into her at such a relentless speed. But Padmé soon was able to control herself better. She moved her head with Vader's thrusting. She pulled her head back as he pulled away, giving her time to breath and collect herself before the cock was shoved back into her.

With her attention back on Vader, she had lost track of Anakin. That is until she felt his cock slide into her throbbing pussy. Anakin's large shaft pushed into her wanting folds in one smooth motion. He started to match Vader's tempo, which was a vigorous speed. Anakin's huge shaft was stretching her open, but her inner walls desperately clenched at him. She was slick and Anakin thrust into her with ease.

Anakin and Vader continued to fuck her. Anakin pounded into her pussy. Vader fucked her face. There was a warmth growing in her. It started deep inside of her and was growing with each thrust from the two cocks slamming into her. The room was filled with the sounds of their bodies. Clapping. Slurping. Panting. Moaning. Part of Padmé felt so dirty to be dominated by two men like this, but when she gave into it— she loved it. It was amazing. Her body was so full. No part of her was aching for attention.

She rolled her eyes into the back of her head as pleasure started to bubble inside of her. She was close so close. Anakin's huge cock slid almost all the out before being slammed into

her throbbing pussy. Vader's equally large dick slid in and out of her mouth. Her tongue rolling along his hot skin.

A moan, or perhaps a scream, deep inside her chest started to come out as her orgasm took her. Her body tensed for a brief moment right as the onslaught began, but then her body spasmed with joy. Her back arched, her legs and arms trembled. Warm and tingly bubbles exploded inside her body. Her mind was filled with these explosions as they traveled through her. Right when she thought she was going to make her way down, her body exploded with two loads of warm creamy seed from both Anakin and Vader at the same time. Both men pushed into her, pinning her between them as they unleashed their loads.

Padmé lost herself. When she came to she was laying on her side. Two warm bodies pressed against her. One against her back and one against her front. Hands, large and warm and soft, were all over her. Grabbing at her breasts. Grabbing at her ass. One hand was between her legs, very slowly rubbing her sopping wet mound. Then there were the mouths. One mouth was claiming her own mouth. The other mouth was leaving large sloppy kisses along her neck and shoulder.

Her own hands were on the chest in front of her. She barely made out that it was Vader. He was finally naked except for that blasted cloak of his that still hid his face. But she was finally able to touch to his skin. It was smooth, but hard, and warm. It felt good under her fingers. She felt Vader's hands travel down her body lower and lower. Then she felt him guiding in his stiff cock into her still wanting pussy.

Her mouth was opened to let out a soft moan, but instead she gasped in surprise as she felt Anakin guide his large hard cock into her ass. Both men slowly pushed deep into her until she completely filled with both of their cocks. She could feel their balls rubbing gently against her legs and ass. Then the fucking slowly started. Unlike last time when the two men thrust into her with raw and fast thrusts, this time they both took it slow. But they did push deep and hard into her.

Padmé bucked her own hips gently in rhythm with them. All three moved and swayed together. All three lost in the euphoria of each other. Padmé had never felt like this before. It was amazing. Beyond amazing. Both dicks were so impressive. They filled her up so well. They pleased her body so right. Her brain seemed to be constantly pumping love and happiness through her. She kissed at Vader, who was the one in front of her. She would have equally kissed at Anakin if she could get her lips on to him. But his lips were on her. Anakin continued to kiss at her neck, leaving red hickey marks all over her neck.

All three were moaning with pleasure. Padmé hoped their cocks were enjoying her as much as she was enjoying them. They continued at their slow pace. This wasn't the needy fucking from earlier. This was love making. Slow. Peaceful. Padmé continued to roll her hips to push both cocks as deep into her as they could go.

"Yes," Padmé moaned. 'Yes. More. Please more.' Her soft pleas had their intended effect. Both men started to push a bit faster. "Yes!" Padmé shouted joyfully as both cocks pounded into her a bit harder.

"Mmmm, Padmé," one voice said. She wasn't even sure who said it. "I'm going to come all inside of you."

"Yes," she moaned back.

"Take all of my seed," said a voice. She thought it was the other who said it, but she wasn't sure. Their voices sounded so similar.

Her orgasm was coming. She could feel it growing. She was close. She rolled and bucked her hips faster as she was eager for her release.

"Mmmm yes, good girl," one male voice said. "You take my cock so well."

"I love your cock," she replied.

There was a laugh. She thought it came from behind her. From Anakin. "There's nothing else like it, is there?" asked a voice.

"No," she moaned out.

Then she felt lips against her ear. A low husky voice whispered into her. "That's because your sweet little pussy was made for my big giant cock. You pussy is mine. You are mine."

She didn't say anything in response except let out a loud moan as her orgasm finally hit. Again her body trembled. She writhed between the two bodies that pressed into her. Her own orgasm had set both of them off. Warm cum was shot into her ass and pussy. Both men continued to slowly pump their cocks into her as they unloaded fresh creamy spunk into her.

She reached up with her hands to Vader's face to pull him into a kiss. Their lips met. Their tongues slid over each other. Her hands slide up and down his cheeks. Then slowly she pushed her hands up into the hood and pushed it off his face. She pulled back from their kiss to get a good look at him, but she wasn't looking at Vader she was looking at Anakin.

Anakin's beautiful face looked at her. He smiled warmly and affectionately at her. Padmé blinked a few times before she turned her head to look behind her. Had Vader been the one behind her? But there was no one there. The bed behind her was empty. One of Anakin's hands came to rest on her cheek. He gently rolled her head to look back at him. His thumb gently caressed her skin. Then he leaned in to kiss her. Padmé looked up and noticed that Anakin's eyes were not their usual blue, but a golden yellow.

"You're mine, Padmé," he whispered between her lips. "Mine."

Padmé awoke to the dim light of morning coming in through her windows. She was panting. Her heart was pounding. She placed a hand on her chest. She could feel her heart racing under her skin.

"What was that?" she asked herself.

"So are you going to the ball with that guy?" Padmé's mother asked. Padmé sighed and rolled her eyes at the blue holograph of her mother. She had returned from her day at work and decided to call her mother.

"What guy?" Padmé asked.

“Oh you know that guy who have feelings for but cheated on you. I told you to give him another chance. That guy. Anakin was it? Did you give him another chance? Are you going to go to the ball with him?”

“I did give him another chance,” Padmé said. “Things have been going good with him. But no I will not be going to the ball with him. He’s working.”

“Working? The night of the ball?”

“Yes well ends up he’ll be in one of the security control rooms making sure everyone is safe.”

“Well that’s a pity,” Jobal said. “Are you just going to go by yourself then? No other date lined up?”

“I’m just going by myself . . .” Padmé responded.

“Probably be for the best for you and Anakin.”

“Probably . . .”

“Probably?”

“It’s complicated, mom,” Padmé groaned. “There is another guy.”

“Another guy?” The surprise was clear in her mother’s voice.

“I wanted to help Anakin out, so I went to his boss for help. His boss is a complete . . . arrogant ass. And yet the more I’ve been working with him, the more he opens up. The more I realize there was a lot more to him than I thought.”

“Hmmm,” Jobal said. “Interesting.”

“I just . . . don’t know what to do. I keep telling myself I like Anakin. That’s why I even went to his boss in the first place. I wanted to help Anakin, but now I think I’m starting to have feelings for his boss as well.”

A silence stretched between mother and daughter before Jobal spoke up again. “Come home to Naboo. Skip the ball. Come relax. Get away from both men for a while. See what your heart tells you after being away from them both for a while.”

Padmé smiled at her mother. She was going to reject her mother’s proposal. Not going to the Emperor’s ball would be noticed. She would be frowned upon, but beyond that she didn’t see any other negative repercussions. Since Anakin told her he couldn’t go with her, she had been looking forward to the ball less and less. Plus Vader would be at the ball, as security for the Emperor. Did she really want to run into him there?

“You know,” Padmé said. “I think going home sounds like a great idea.”

It was the last work day before the Senate went into recession. The Emperor had called for the rest in honor of his ball. Padmé was tidying up her office. She would be off planet the entire recess. In fact she was leaving tonight.

She had been nervous to tell Anakin. "You're going to visit your family instead of going to the ball?" Anakin had asked. She nodded. "That's great!"

"Great?" she asked. He smiled broadly at her.

"Yes. You deserve a break. Go be with your family," he said. She got the idea that was not the reason he was so happy. There was another reason he liked the idea.

"Is there something going on here I should be aware of? Besides the ball?" she pressed.

"No?"

"I mean you haven't been given another job, have you? You just don't want me finding out?"

"Oh. No. None of that," Anakin said smoothly. "I told you I would be truthful with you Padmé. I'm just going to very busy with this whole ball security thing. I wouldn't have much time to see you anyway."

Padmé hadn't talked to Vader about it. She simply left him a message saying she was going to be gone. He didn't respond. Finally happy with the state of affairs in her office, Padmé decided it was time to head home and prepare for her flight later this evening. She exited the office in to the hallways. A few Senators and staff mingled in the halls. She nodded politely at them.

She hadn't made it far until Emperor Palpatine himself came down the hall followed by two red royal guards. Those he passed, paused and bowed as the Emperor walked by. Padmé moved to the side of the hall to let him pass. As he approached she bowed, but when she looked up the Emperor had stopped in front of her. He was glaring intently at her. Then a warm smile crossed his face.

"Padmé, my child," he crooned. "It has been some time."

"Emperor Palpatine," she greeted. "It has indeed been a while since we last talked."

"Come. Come. Walk with me back to my office," he held out his arm. She fought back a sigh and took the Emperor's arm. He was wearing a lavish purple and red robe. The hood was pulled over his head, which only slightly hid the deformities that had been caused when the Jedi attacked him.

"Now tell me my dear, shall I expect you at my ball in a few days?" he asked. "I have no doubt you will look absolutely stunning in whatever gown you have picked."

"I'm sorry, your majesty," Padmé replied. "I'm afraid I will not be attending your ball."

She could feel the jerk of his head and his eyes bearing down on her. It was one thing not to attend the ball. It was a completely different matter to tell the Emperor to his face. But what could she say? If she lied and didn't show up, that could be worse.

"My family has called me back to Naboo for some personal business," she explained.

"Ahhhh," the Emperor said slowly. 'I see.' A tense silence. "But of course," the Emperor continued. His tone was now softer and kinder. "One must take care of family." They had

reached the hallway to the Emperor's office. Padmé pulled her arm out of the Emperor's arm and bowed deeply. "Please give your parents my well wishes," the Emperor said.

"Of course, your majesty," Padmé said. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm afraid I must prepare to depart."

It was only when Padmé had left the Emperor far behind, that she realized her body had been tense. She rolled her shoulders trying to ease them up. But something kept nagging at her. Thinking back to the Emperor's touch and gaze sent shivers down her. There was something off about the man, especially since he became Emperor. His presence felt oily. Padmé was glad that she was no longer attending his ball.

Emperor Palpatine walked back into his office. He sat down in the large chair behind his desk. With a wave of his hand, he dismissed his guards leaving him alone. He had seen it. As he walked down the hall and his eyes laid on Padmé Amidala, he had seen his vision. The one of his future empress. Suddenly the figure became clear. It was Amidala holding a baby.

Darth Sidious smiled. Padmé Amidala would make a fine empress. Her body was quite delectable. Sidious would enjoy claiming her and shaping her to be his proper bed partner. She had already been cock whipped by Vader into a proper little needy slut. It should be an easy transition for her.

But Vader . . . how had that boy not foreseen that Padmé was Sidious' future empress? He was shoving his dick into the woman constantly. Had he been blinded by his own lust? Or was the boy just that weak in visions? Sidious scowled. The boy was anything but weak. In fact he was strong. Incredibly strong.

Sidious would need to find another target for Vader's needy cock. Vader was slightly easier to control when he had someone to thrust into or a battle to wage. The boy was a person of action. Sidious' thoughts went back to Padmé. The fact she wasn't going to his ball annoyed him. In fact it enraged him. How dare the little whore put anything above the Emperor? Something would need to be done to make sure her only loyalties were to Sidious. Perhaps he could use the boy for such measures. Something nagged at Sidious that it would be best not to use Vader, which was fine. The Emperor had plenty of other agents.

Chapter 19

It was a beautiful night on Naboo. The moon was full and the sky was clear. The stars were out twinkling in the dark sky above. It had been a warm day, but a cool night breeze was gently blowing. Padmé sat in the field staring up the stars. Her hands brushed the soft grass and small white wildflowers. She kept feeling a small pull on her hair.

“You know it’s going to be a nightmare to get all those flowers out,” Padmé said.

She glanced over her shoulder to see Anakin smiling at her. In his hands were a clump of her hair which had woven several white flowers into.

“Then I’ll just have to get them all later,” he said.

Padmé sighed and leaned back. She slumped into Anakin’s lap. Her brown curls filled with flowers flowing all around her. He looked down at her warmly. His blue eyes were full of what Padmé secretly hoped was love. For she had come to realize she loved Anakin. She couldn’t quite explain it. She found it a bit illogical, but yet being away from Imperial Center had made her realize this.

She had spent the first few days on Naboo with her family. She had watched the holonet coverage of the Emperor’s ball. She listened as the hosts critiqued the fashions of the attendees. Only once did the holocamera get a shot of Lord Vader, who stood in his full black hooded robe behind the Emperor. While Padmé had enjoyed spending time with her family, when she was alone her thoughts kept going back to Anakin. Not to Vader, but Anakin.

She then realized she missed him. That was when she invited him to Naboo. She was actually surprised he was able to come. He had said he was going to be busy, but here he was. She hadn’t told her parents about her rendezvous with Anakin at the family’s lake house. It was just the two of them. He had arrived earlier that afternoon. After dinner the two had taken a moonlight stroll into the fields above the lake.

Padmé sat up and turned to look at Anakin. He was still smiling at her. She grabbed at her dress, a beautiful yellow number with flowers printed on it. She slowly pulled it off leaving her in nothing but her bra and panties. Anakin’s eyebrows shot up and he let out a small laugh. She pushed him down into the grass and flowers. She slowly undid his pants, freeing his cock. She pulled off her undergarments before straddling on top of him.

She rubbed and grinded against his cock. Back and forth and back and forth her pussy and ass pressed into him. His cock started to harden. She herself was getting wet and hot from the action as well.

“Anakin,” she murmured softly. “Let me ride you.”

Anakin placed his hands on her on her thighs and gently rubbed them. “I’m all yours,” he said.

She raised herself up and used her hands to help guide his cock into her wet folds. Slowly she lowered herself onto his meaty cock. Her body eagerly welcomed him into her. Her inner

walls embraced him.

“Nghh, Padmé,” Anakin mumbled. “You’re always so tight.”

She started to rock back and forth slowly as he loosened her up. Her body was aching. She had gone several days without sex and now her body was in desperate need. Powerful hot and needy lust was boiling inside of her. It started in her completely stuffed pussy and radiated out. The pressure started to build inside of her.

Anakin grabbed at Padmé’s hips as he started to gently guide her. His own hips started to rock along with her. They moaned together as their bodies complimented the other. His cock slid back and forth into her needy folds. His cock gently pushed at her walls and pressed into her, lighting her nerves on fire. Making her writhe in delight. She expressed this with moans and soft pleas for more.

The fire within was pushing at her primal need. She bucked faster. She used her legs to get leverage, so she could slide his dick further out of her just so she could slam it back into her again. Anakin’s hips thrust to meet her. Both their bodies were desperate for the other. Both wanting the other the moment they slid apart. Both moaning as they came together again. Then they repeated the process over and over.

“Oh Padmé,” Anakin moaned in pleasure. “I’m about to blow.”

“Then blow,” Padmé said.

“I’m going to come all inside of you,” Anakin said between breaths.

They both pushed harder as they worked towards their release. Their bodies slammed and clapped together. Suddenly his cock exploded inside of her, flooding her with a hot, thick load of his seed. It shot her into her own orgasm. Absolute pure sparkling delight coursed through her.

“Ohhhh, Anakin!” she shouted as she arched her back and slammed herself fully onto him.

Her body trembled as she slowly came down from her high. She slumped onto Anakin. Her sweaty body against his clothed one. Their lips at once found each other. His hands wrapped into her hair.

“Anakin,” she said in a soft whisper between their kisses.

“Hmmm?” he purred. His tongue pushing into her mouth. He wasn’t in the mood for talking.

“I love you,” she said softly.

He paused and she pulled back. Her heart pounded in her chest. How would he react? She looked at his blue eyes, and for a moment he just stared at her. Her heart started to ache, but then he smiled the most beautiful smile.

“You love me?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said.

His hand came up to her face. His knuckles gently traced her cheeks. “I love you too,” he said.

Warmth exploded in her heart. She smiled at once. She wasn't aware she could feel this good. It was better than the orgasm she had just had. At once she was pressed against his lips and he eagerly welcomed and accepted her.

Vader left Naboo very happy and satisfied. He had spent three days with Padmé at her family's lake house. Three days they just spent together. They talked, swam in the lake, joked, and took walks in the fields. And of course they fucked. They fucked so much. Vader's cock was never left wanting. He recalled one hot encounter in a large bathtub. Padmé's back was to Vader's front as her firm ass pressed against his hardening cock.

She had said she loved him. Vader had cock sluts claimed they loved him before, but Padmé was different. She had always been different. When she said those words, something inside Vader lightened. He warmed up. Those words had affected him on some deep level. Was he actually in love with her? Sure he had said those words to her, but had he meant it? Is this what love was?

He had some time to think this over before he would see her again. After their three days in the lake country, Padmé had taken Vader to meet her family in Theed. The Naberrrie family was nice and accepting of Vader. They smiled warmly at the couple. But then Vader had to leave. He had left Imperial Center to do a tour of his navy. The Emperor had let him go without much say. The old man hadn't even talked to Vader about the ball and finding his nonexistent Empress.

But Vader needed to remind his captains and admirals of his presence, especially since one day soon he would claim the throne. No doubt one of these fools would challenge Vader's claim. He needed as many loyal men as he could get. As such Vader made sure to keep his killing to a low, unless they were men who truly deserved it such as those loyal to the Emperor.

After a week in space, he made his way back to Imperial Center. Something was nagging at him in the Force. It reminded him of the last time he had been away in space. When he returned he had to deal with that whole Rinthal mess. Vader didn't need any more setbacks with Padmé, not after they had made so much progress. So he had cut his tour short, and made his way back home.

Instead of making his way to the palace, he instead decided to head to his apartment where he kept C-3PO. In all honesty he just wanted to be alone. No servants. No asskissing officers. Sure C-3PO would be there, but there was something comforting about the droid despite its many annoyances. Plus the droid appeared to be happy to see Vader.

Vader turned on the holonet just to have some background noise as he sat down at his work table. He hadn't touched any of his projects in weeks. He was surprised there wasn't a layer of dust, but C-3PO had kept the place clean. Suddenly the nagging feeling grew stronger in the Force. Vader looked up but nothing seemed amiss. He looked back down ready to pull apart some wires when the sensation hit him again.

He groaned in frustration. He wasn't sure what the Force was trying to tell him. He leaned back in his chair. That was when he caught the newscaster from the holonet say the word Theed. Vader jumped up and walked over to the holoprojector. The Force seemed to be

pulling him there. This was what it was trying to tell him. Vader sat down in the chair in front of the projector and looked on in a mixture of horror and anger.

The news showed Theed in a smoking ruin. Huge smoking craters were in the middle of the pristine neighborhoods Vader had visited days earlier.

“This is a horrible tragedy,” the newscaster said. “This bombing has been confirmed to be the result of rebel terrorists. No rebel groups have stepped up to take claim for this yet. This is a blatant sign towards the Empire by attacking the Emperor’s home planet. Confirmed deaths include the family of Naboo Senator, Padmé Amidala. Luckily the Senator, who had been on the planet mere days before, was already back at Imperial Center when the bombing took place.”

Anger surged inside of Vader. The holoprojector started to spark and smoke until it finally cracked in half. He wasted no time in storming from his apartment and into his speeder. He sped recklessly through the busy city traffic. He had to get to Padmé. She had to be hurting. In pain. He needed to help her. Cradle her. Soothe her.

As he approached her apartment, he saw the paparazzi swarming it. The annoying little camera droids buzzed all around the place. Speeders were filled with reporters and holocamera men. Vader reached out in the Force towards the apartment. He felt for the marker he long since put on Padmé, but had barely used it. She wasn’t there. He followed the pull of her marker towards . . . the Imperial Palace?

Something cold slid inside of Vader. He didn’t recognize this feeling. Dread? Fear? The Force slithered around him uncomfortably. He aimed his speeder towards the palace and set off. His anger was growing inside of him. Why was Padmé at the palace? It wasn’t his staff that had her there, they would have notified him. That meant it was the Emperor.

Vader harshly landed the speeder in his private hangar and stormed to his room. He pulled on his blasted black cloak and pulled the hood down. It was times like these he hated having to look the part of Darth Vader. It was something he would do away with once he became Emperor. He marched through the palace following Padmé’s marker. She was in the guest quarters belonging to the Emperor.

He came upon the hallway she was staying in, but as he rounded the corner he was met with two stormtroopers and a palace servant.

“Lord Vader,” the servant said smoothly and confidently. “The Emperor has requested your presence.” Vader looked beyond them. He could make out the door that Padmé was behind. “Immediately, Lord Vader,” the servant said. “He awaits you—”

The servant didn’t even get to finish the words. His head snapped at an awkward angle and fell to the ground. Vader didn’t even spare a second glance at the two troopers as he turned on his heels and made his way towards the Emperor. He found the old man nearby in a sitting room. He sat sipping some expensive wine while reclining on a plush sofa. Two red Imperial Guards stood in the room along with two of the Emperor’s harem girls. They both wore a simple shift dress that was completely see-through with nothing underneath. They were adorned in heavy jewelry.

“Master,” Vader growled.

“Lord Vader,” the Emperor said. His hood was down showing off his full disfigured face and white wispy hair. A tense silence stretched between them. “You forget yourself, my apprentice,” the Emperor said in a low hiss.

Vader reluctantly kneeled down to one knee and bowed his head. “Forgive me, my master,” Vader said between clenched teeth. “My anger had gotten the better of me.” Vader stared at the ground and waited. Would he be punished for his disrespect?

“Understandable,” the Emperor said. Vader was a bit surprised by the old man’s response. Usually he was not forgiving even over the smallest offenses. “Rise Vader.” Vader stood and clenched his hands into fists at his side.

The Emperor took a long sip of his wine. “I know why you are here,” he said finally. ‘It is such horrible news coming out of Naboo. It appears the Alliance finally got wind of Amidala’s treachery.’ *Lie*, the Force whispered at Vader. “I didn’t think they would be so bold to attack innocent civilians.” *Lie*. “Poor Amidala was so distraught over hearing the news, plus with all those horrible reporters hounding her place I offered her sanctuary to rest here.”

Vader didn’t need the Force to tell him of the Emperor’s lies. He knew. The Rebel Alliance wasn’t behind this attack. Vader had too many contacts and spies to know their movements. Plus the Alliance sought to restore democracy and the republic, not do acts of terror. Not to mention that Amidala was never a spy. Vader didn’t dare open his mouth. His anger had only grown inside of him.

“It is a shame we shall lose such valuable asset,” the Emperor said. “I know you were keen on finally finishing up that pathetic group of worms.”

Is this why the Emperor thought Vader was angry? That an attack had been made that Vader didn’t foresee? That he was losing a spy to the Rebellion?

“Indeed, master,” Vader slowly said.

“What done is done,” the Emperor said with a slight wave of his hand. “Amidala is no longer of use to you. Your mission with her is finished. For now I want you to focus on rooting out the Rebels. The public is demanding blood after the shameless and horrific attack on Theed. I’m sure you will provide, Vader.”

Vader was fighting a very hard inner battle within himself. His anger was causing the dark side to react. It hummed and sang as it fed off of Vader’s dark emotions violently swirling inside of him.

“As you wish,” Vader said careful not to lose his grip on his shields. “And what of Amidala?” He had to ask. He had to know.

“Such a beautiful face the public can latch on to and be sorry for,” the Emperor replied. ‘I’ll let the tragedy play out for a bit. Perhaps you can give them a sense of pride in their Empire by providing some well needed victories against the rebels. Then . . .’ He paused. His eyes moved hungrily to his harem girls. He licked his lips. “Then we give them something new to think on. A royal wedding. An empress.”

For the first time in the conversation, Vader was shocked. “An empress?”

The Emperor let out a wheezy laugh. “Yes. Yes. I finally found the empress of my vision.” A searing streak of cold ran through Vader. “It was Amidala!” The cold exploded in him. Grabbed at his heart. Pierced it. Dragged it down into his stomach.

“Ami-Amidala?” Vader managed to ask.

“What a perfect wife she will make,” the Emperor said. He was quite pleased with himself. “The public will love the story. A beauty from my own planet. I comforted her during her time of sorrow. We found love. The press will eat it up. And she’s already trained to take cock so well from you. In no time will she be heavy with child.”

Vader couldn’t speak. He didn’t trust himself. Behind his carefully created shields, he was a whirlwind of emotions. Anger and fear were the strongest. A deadly combination.

“Excuse me, master,” Vader said finally collecting himself. “I will see your orders out at once.”

“Of course. Of course,” the Emperor said a bit absent-mindedly. Clearly his thoughts were no longer on the younger Sith. Vader turned to leave, but then the Emperor spoke up again. “Do not fret, my young apprentice. We shall find you a new little whore for your thirsty cock soon enough.”

“Thank you, master,” Vader said over his shoulder.

He marched out of the room, yet he didn’t head back to his own wing of the palace. He didn’t go to Amidala. Instead he took one of the lifts down to the deep hidden lower levels. His emotions were too volatile. He needed to release them, and there was no better way to release them than violently killing someone. Once Vader got control of his emotions, then he had some planning to do. It was time to for his master to die.

Chapter 20

It had been two and a half weeks since the bombing. Two and a half horrible weeks. It hadn't gotten better as some said it would. The pain was still deep inside of Padmé. No matter how much she slept or tried to will all the pain and grief away, it was always there. There were fleeting moments when she was able to escape it, but then she would see or smell or hear something that reminded her of home, of her family. Then the pain would come crashing back into her. Her heart would break into a million more pieces from the million it was already shattered into.

She was in the Imperial Palace. She didn't want to be here. At first she had tried to ask delicately to be able to go home, but the Emperor said the press still swarmed her apartment. Then she outright told him she would be returning. But was told she could not due to security issues. They still weren't sure what these Rebels were capable of.

Force, she just wanted to be alone. Instead everyday the Emperor requested her presence. Every day she was asked to dine with him, and sometimes asked to walk with him in the gardens. Luckily Anakin had come to see her a few times. She recalled the first time he came. She had thought he was another palace servant. She hadn't even looked up and barked a dismissal at him. But she never heard the door open and shut. When she looked up, he stood right next to her.

At once she was in his arms. He kissed her so softly. He cradled her to him. Rubbed her back gently while whispering sweet condolences and apologies for not being there for her. She listened to his strong heartbeat as her head rested against his chest. It the first time she was able to fall asleep and get restful sleep. However, he was gone when she awoke. He wasn't able to come by as much as she would like. Darth Vader was on the hunt for the Rebels responsible for the bombing of Theed. It kept Anakin away.

Padmé sighed as she looked over the provided gown she was to wear for dinner tonight with the Emperor. All the clothing had been beautiful. The dress was laid out on the bed. Shortly some palace aids would come to help her get dress and do her hair. She looked over the dress. It was a stunning pale purple gown with an asymmetrical top. One side looped around her shoulder, the other side was strapless. The two sides dipped down into a low cut V into a high waisted belt. Was it her or were these gowns getting more and more revealing?

She sighed as she made her way to the large windows of her room. She had just gotten back from Naboo. From the funerals. The Emperor had paid for a beautiful vault made of white and dark green marble. Flowers had been carved into the marble, including ryoo flowers which was the namesake for Padmé's young deceased niece. Thinking back to Naboo made her eyes start to water. Padmé fanned herself with her hands. She couldn't cry again. Not now. Later after dinner.

Dinner went as expected. She dined alone with the Emperor. He rambled around about his great achievements, while Padmé merely nodded. At the end of the meal, she once again asked the Emperor to let her go home.

"I can not think you enough, your majesty, for your hospitality," Padmé said. "But I must return home. Plus right now Naboo needs a strong senator. I have avoided my duties long enough."

"That will not be needed," the Emperor said. "Aipailana and I talked about your emergency replacement."

"Replacement?"

"Of course to give your time to grieve," the Emperor said. His fake sincerity rubbed Padmé the wrong way. "Plus they've already started the voting process for your successor."

"What?" Padmé shouted. "Successor? I did not resign!"

"It is for the best, my dear," the Emperor said.

"No! I will not be cowered by terrorists and hide away the rest of my days! I will need to speak with the queen at once!"

"Of course you won't be hiding away your days, not with your new position."

"New position?"

"As Empress of course," the Emperor said with a crooked smile that showed off his crooked yellowed teeth.

Padmé was stunned. Silent. She couldn't. Had she heard correctly? There was no way.

"I'm sorry," Padmé said. Her voice much softer and calmer than it had been mere moments before. "What did you just say?"

"Why you are to be my empress, my dear," the Emperor said.

Again Padmé was in state of shock. She couldn't be the Empress. She didn't want to be the Empress. She didn't even want to be here this close to the Emperor. How could she think to ever spend her life with him?

"I . . . I . . ." she stuttered.

"At the end of the week, we shall announce our engagement to the press," the Emperor said. "It will give the people something to feel good about. A wonderful love story of the grieving Senator and the soothing Emperor."

"I . . . I . . . I can't," Padmé finally managed to say. "I'm sorry, your majesty, but I can't marry you."

The Emperor was quiet. His sickly yellow eyes pierced into her. "I was not asking your opinion on this, girl," he hissed lowly. The hair on the back of Padmé's neck stood on end. "You are to be my wife, to be my Empress. In three days time we announce it to the galaxy. In three months we shall be wed."

She couldn't move. She couldn't breath. He wasn't giving her a choice. He was demanding this of her. How could she back out? There had to be a way. There had to be something to say.

"I understand this is all quite shocking," the Emperor said. His voice was calm and smooth again. "I'm sure you can collect yourself, and find your happiness for the announcement."

The next day was a flurry of activity. She met with a seamstress who was designing the outfit for the announcement. She met with another seamstress who was designing her a whole new wardrobe. Then yet a third one that would be designing her wedding dress.

Then right after lunch she was ushered into a part of the palace she hadn't seen before. The place was beautiful. The place was filled with plants, fountains, and plenty of comfortable sofas with plush pillows and beautifully woven blankets. A wonderful scent lingered in the air. Padmé wondered if perhaps these were the quarters for the Empress. There was a sense of femininity here.

Then she was brought into a room and Padmé recognized it as a med room. A female human doctor awaited her inside, and luckily the guard and the servant who had escorted Padmé there left. Padmé looked at the doctor. She had light brown skin with dark brown hair that was pulled into a ponytail.

"You'll need to undress," was the first thing the doctor said. She didn't even introduce herself.

"Is there no dressing gown?" Padmé asked as she looked around.

The doctor raised an eyebrow. "Do you know where you are?"

"No."

"This is the Emperor's harem," the doctor explained. Padmé's eyes went huge and wide. *Harem*? She shouldn't be that surprised, but at the same time she was. "You better get used to being naked," the doctor said.

"I . . . I am not a harem girl," Padmé said.

"I'm aware," the doctor replied. Her voice was even as if she was uninterested. 'You're going to be the actual Empress.' The doctor paused as she looked Padmé over. "Sure you may spend your days in the public eye, but at night— Well they wouldn't have brought you to me if you weren't going to be the little harem whore in the Emperor's bed each night."

Padmé's cheeks burned at how crass this woman was being. But then fear spiked within. The doctor probably wasn't wrong.

"Let's get this over with," the doctor said.

Padmé meekly nodded as she undressed. The doctor went through exam. It was a very normal exam and at the end Padmé sat cold and naked at the edge of the examination table.

"Everything is quite normal," the doctor said reading off her results. "Blood pressure is a bit high, though not unexpected all things considering. We're going to start you off a dosage of clomiphene, which will be injected everyday."

"Clomiphene?" Padmé asked.

"Fertility drug," the doctor said.

No. No. No. This couldn't be happening. This was getting worse and worse. She was not only going to marry the Emperor, but she was also going to have to bed him . . . and bare him

a child. She recalled the conversation from Anakin about how the Emperor was hosting the ball to find an Empress to produce an heir. No. No.

Something beeped on the doctor's terminal, bringing Padmé out of her thoughts. The doctor walked over and looked at the screen. Suddenly her head whipped back at Padmé. Her eyes a bit wide.

"What's wrong?" Padmé asked.

"Are you pregnant?" the doctor asked.

"No," Padmé said.

"Are you sure?"

Was she sure? When was her last cycle? She didn't know. She had been so caught up with the death of her entire family and grief she had lost track of such a thing.

"From that look, I'm going to say you're not sure," the doctor said. She had grabbed a needle. "We're going to do a blood test."

Padmé only nodded and held her arm out. The doctor collected a sample of blood then inserted into a machine in her work station. The doctor started drilling her on questions about when her last cycle was, when had she last had sex, if she had been suffering any symptoms. The machine beeped. The doctor at once went to look at the results.

"Well?" Padmé asked.

"Positive," the doctor said. She turned and frowned at Padmé. Her face was white.

"Positive? Are you sure? Can you check again?" Padmé asked. Her heart was beating a little faster.

"There isn't a better test than this. Says you're about four weeks pregnant."

At once Padmé's mind raced through the weeks. It had been two and a half weeks since the bombing. She had spent about a week on Imperial Center after returning from Naboo . . . Naboo. When she was with Anakin at the lake house. There had been a lot of sex. A cold wave washed over as she realized she hadn't taken any of her contraceptives. She had left them on Imperial Center on accident. When she realized this when she first got to Naboo, she thought nothing of it. She wasn't planning on having sex. Then she had called Anakin and now . . .

"You need to fuck the Emperor," the doctor said. There was an edge to her voice.

"What?" Padmé said aghast.

"Tonight if possible. Nine hells, tomorrow too. Fuck him everyday if you can."

"I . . . I can't."

The doctor walked over and grabbed Padmé's arm tightly.

"You don't understand," the doctor said lowly. "If I report that you're pregnant, and not with his child, he's going to kill me. He's going to kill your baby. He might just even kill you too."

The two woman just stared at each other. Neither one moving. It was clear from the doctor's voice and face she very well believed this. The doctor let go of Padmé, leaving a red mark of the doctor's hand on her arm. The doctor went over to the terminal and furiously typed at the keypad.

"I'm erasing the test results," she said.

"You can't be serious," Padmé said. "He'll know! He'll know when the timing doesn't add up."

"We can lie about the timing!" the doctor shouted over her shoulder.

"Wouldn't he know? Wouldn't he find out?"

The doctor paused as she looked over at Padmé. "I don't know. But it's a risk I'm willing to take. It's better than the alternative. Plus he's so desperate for a baby, I think he might blindly accept anything at this rate. He's been trying with those poor harem girls for years."

"And he has yet to have one?" Padmé asked. Surely one of those girls could give him a baby.

"It's not the girls. It's him," the doctor said. "I've pumped those girls with so much fertility drugs, a few of them were permanently damaged and let go. Which I hope wasn't a code word for killed, but it's possible. I've had to deal with two dead girls before who suffered the Emperor's rage. One time I convinced the Emperor to try in vitro fertilization. I was able to get a sperm sample and I tested it. The Emperor is sterile. But I've never told him that. I value my life."

The doctor stepped away from the terminal and approached Padmé. "Listen," the doctor said. "I know sleeping with that man seems horrible, but . . . the things I've seen in here. The injuries I've treated on these poor girls . . . This advice I tell all the girls, just go with whatever he wants. Plus if you're pregnant I doubt he'll hurt you. I assure you, sleeping with him is not the worst possible thing."

"Perhaps your majesty, you would like to go for a stroll?" Padmé said as evenly as possible. The two had just finished dinner. The Emperor agreed and the two made their way through the palace. Padmé's arm was looped through the Emperor's. The red Imperial Guard followed at a leisurely pace behind them.

"Is everything alright, my dear?" the Emperor asked.

"Oh, I'm fine," Padmé said. She hoped her voice sounded light and didn't give away the inner turmoil inside of her. "Today has just been so overwhelming. I thought it would be nice to get some fresh air."

"I hope everything was to your liking," he said.

"Yes, your majesty," she replied. "You were most generous. Everything was more than I could have imagined."

The Emperor let out a laugh. "Of course it was! You will be Empress of the entire galaxy. You will look the part, my dear. Wait until you see the jewels that will adorn you." The Emperor continued to ramble on about the cut and karats of the jewels.

Padmé's mind was elsewhere. She went back to her conversation with the doctor.

"Can you give me something?" Padmé had asked the doctor.

"For what? To abort?" the doctor asked.

"No! I want . . . I want to keep this baby," Padmé said defensively.

"Good, probably for the best."

"I meant an aphrodisiac," Padmé said. "So I can . . . sleep with the Emperor."

"You shouldn't be taking anything with that baby in you," the doctor replied. "Just fake an orgasm."

"I . . . I don't know if I can sleep with him. Please there must be something. A herbal mixture. Something low in chemicals that won't hurt the baby. Anything."

The doctor sighed. "I'll see what I can find."

The doctor in the end had provided. Padmé had slipped the small vial into her dress and had discretely downed the bottle at the end of dinner. She was starting to feel warmer between her legs. She could do this, she told herself. She could seduce the Emperor. She had seduced Anakin and Lord Vader. She could seduce this perverted old man.

The Emperor led them to a balcony. Cool air whipped at Padmé's dress and hair. The Emperor's robes fluttered in the wind. She pushed herself against him. "It's a bit cold tonight," she said. The Emperor unlooped his arm and grabbed Padmé's waist. 'You know your majesty,' she said looking at him with big round eyes. She pursed her lips just a little bit. "It's been horrible sleeping at night, especially since . . . since Naboo."

"I imagine you've been quite lonely," the Emperor said. His hand slid down from her waist and on to her ass. He squeezed it. She fought back a shiver from his claw-like hands and instead leaned in a little bit closer. She avoided making eye contact. Avoided looking at his horrible face. Perhaps if she didn't look, she could get through this better.

"You're quite right," she said.

He continued to squeeze at her ass. His other hand came and grabbed greedily at her one of her breasts.

"Your— your majesty," she said.

"Don't act like you don't want this," the Emperor said in a lusty voice. 'I've waited for this for so long,' he murmured as he leaned in close to her. "This dress is wonderful on you. I picked it out myself." His hands tightened their grip on her.

Then suddenly she recalled a very similar situation. She was laying on a bed with Rush Clovis leaning over her. *"I've waited for this for so long," he murmured as put a knee on the bed. 'This dress is wonderful.' He placed a hand flat on her stomach and slid it up her body. "Such a shame to ruin it," he said as tightly grasped the neckline. His other hand took*

another handful. With one powerful motion, he ripped the dress open. "So much better," he said looking down at her.

Padmé gasped and pushed away from the Emperor. "No!" she cried as stepped forward and desperately clung to the railing. She took several deep breaths. She felt the Emperor's claw like hands on her back.

"My dear is everything ok?" he asked.

"I . . . I . . .," she looked over at him. His face was shadowed in his robe. She couldn't get a read on his emotions. 'I'm sorry,' she said. "I'm sorry. It's just . . . You said the same thing . . . I'm so sorry." She pushed off the railing and rushed back inside, leaving the Emperor standing on the balcony. She didn't care. She couldn't do this. She couldn't sleep with that man.

She ran through the palace. No one stopped her. She wasn't even sure where was. She just had to get away. She couldn't get the feel of that horrible man off of her. In felt like he was still there, grabbing at her. She paused and leaned against a small decorative table to catch her breath.

"Padmé?"

Standing down the hall was Darth Vader in his long cloak and dark hood. With long strides he quickly approached her.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

She stumbled into him, grabbing at his shirt.

"Padmé," he softly whispered.

"I can't," she said as tears filled her eyes. "I can't do this." She reached up into his hood and pulled him down. She pressed her lips against hers. It took only a second, before his lips opened for hers. Their tongues danced with each other and explored the other's mouth.

Then Vader pulled away. "We can't," he said sadly.

"Please," she begged. The aphrodisiac was in full swing. There was a strong fire between her legs. "I need you," she whispered. She needed him to forget Palpatine. To get his horrible touch off of her.

"Not here," he said. He grabbed at her arm and pulled her down the hallway. Then he pulled her into a small room. A storage closet. Most of the walls were filled with shelves. She grabbed his shirt pulling him towards her. She ended up backing up against a wall.

"I need to forget him," she said. "His touch. It won't leave me."

"He *touched* you?" Vader hissed.

"I . . . I . . . tried . . ." she said as her hands clenched tighter at his shirt. "I thought that I could . . . I couldn't do it. I can't do it."

"Padmé," Vader said so softly. A hand came up under her chin and lifted her head to look at him. She looked into the shadows of his hood and wished she could see his eyes. He leaned

in and soft warm lips met hers. She sighed and some of the tension in her body released. She wrapped her arms around his neck.

"You don't have to do anything," Vader said between kisses. "You don't have to let him touch you."

"But . . ." she said, but she was cut off by Vader pressing his lips against hers. His hands traveled up and down her body. She pushed her groin into him and started to grind. She was so wet and hot. His hands grabbed at her dress and started to pull the skirt up. Padmé got lost in his lips. In his touch.

One hand grabbed at her ass to support her, as the other slid her panties to the side. She brought one of her legs around his waist as he started to guide his cock into her. She let out a long sigh as he slowly filled her up.

"I've missed you," he said as he started to thrust into her.

"Mmmmmmm," was she managed to say as his lips kept pressing against hers. There was a deep sense of longing in his kisses. A desperation. She closed her eyes and let herself go.

She was no longer hiding in a closet. She wasn't engaged to the Emperor. She was just here. Making love to the man she loved. She knew his body so well now. Every curve. She knew his thrusts. The touch of his warm lips. She knew exactly how his cock filled her up. How he pleased her so completely.

"Anakin," she whispered.

"Padmé," Anakin responded softly followed by soft kisses.

How was she going to live without him? What was she going to do? She needed to tell him about the baby. He needed to know. Though Padmé recalled the doctor's warning. The doctor had said not to tell the baby's father. Not to complicate the situation further. It would be for the best, but she had to tell them. She opened her eyes and for a moment she was disoriented. Instead of the loving face of Anakin it was Vader. How? She was so sure. She had even called his name. It was *his* voice.

For a moment her mind swirled. She recalled her dreams. She remembered the first one where she thought she was making love to Anakin. "*Anakin*," *she said in a pleased voice.*

"That's not my name."

She finally opened her eyes and looked at him. Yet it wasn't the face of Anakin that she looked into. This man wore a dark hood that deeply covered his face in shadow. A cold chill washed over her.

"Vader . . ." she whispered.

"Ah, yes. That's my name," the man said.

Then there was the other dream, which was much more recent. Where she had dreamed she was getting fucked by both Anakin and Vader, but as the dream ended there was just Anakin.

Padmé slowly put a hand to Vader's face. His lips still were pressed against hers as he continued to thrust into her. His meaty dick pumped into her. It felt so right. She was so full. She gently rubbed his face. What did Vader look like?

"You've seen him without his hood on?" she had asked Anakin. They were having dinner after he had come back from space. Right after Velna Rinthal had first approached Padmé.

Anakin shrugged. "Yes."

"How does he look?"

Anakin smiled at her. "Curious?"

"Who isn't? I think there isn't a person who isn't curious about what Lord Vader actually looks like."

"He's very good looking," Anakin said.

"Are you just saying that to be funny?"

"No," Anakin replied. "He is quite handsome. Shame very little people get to see it."

She was brought out of her thoughts by Vader. "Padmé," he said into her lips. Was she imagining things? Was that Anakin's voice? She opened her mouth to say something, but then he spoke again. *"Tu aras manosi ."*

It felt like a bolt of lightning ran through her. "What— what was that?" she asked breathlessly.

"It's the language of the Sith," he said. "You respond with ' *Nu sua tu\`iea* ' ."

"Nu sua tu\`iea?" she said. She was going to ask if she said it right but again another shiver ran through her. She arched her back. Whatever it was, it felt good. "Nnngh," she moaned.

He laughed a small bit. *"Tu aras manosi ,"* he said again. Again pleasure jolted through her. Goosebumps ran all over her. Her toes curled.

"Nu sua tu\`iea," she responded

"Ir nu sua tu\`iea ," he responded back right as her orgasm hit. It was too much. The Sith magic words and his cock inside of her had sent her over the edge. She let out a long loud moan as her whole body trembled in pleasure. Her whole body was alight and sparkling. She felt him come as well. A warm, creamy load was shot into her.

He slowly pulled out of her and let her leg unwrap from his waist. The two of them were panting. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. She could hear his heart pounding in his chest. He left small gentle kisses on the top of her head.

"Va-Vader," she said into his shirt.

"Mmm?" he purred. A small shiver ran through her. It was so much like Anakin.

"Promise me," she said. She pushed away from him and looked into the shadowed hood. "You'll free Anakin. Even if . . . even if I can't keep up my end of the deal. Please."

His hand came to her cheek. He cupped her face in his hand. His thumb gently rubbed her face.

“Padmé,” he replied softly. “I will set you both free.”

“But . . .” She could feel tears welling up inside of her. She couldn’t cry. Not here. Not now. “How?” she croaked.

He leaned in and kissed her cheek. Then he moved his mouth right next to her ear. “Quite simple,” he said. “I’m going to kill the Emperor.”

Chapter 21

Vader paced his room inside the Imperial Palace. He had another vision last night.

Darth Vader walked the length of the throne room. Court members and military officers stood off to either side. They watched as Vader made his way down the room. He stopped at the foot of the steps that led up to throne. He went down to one knee.

"What is thy bidding, my master?" Vader asked.

"Lord Vader," came a pleased voice from the throne. "Rise. Come to me."

"Yes, my Empress," Vader said.

He stood from the floor and looked up at Padmé sitting on the throne. She looked absolutely regal. She wore a black tight dress with a neckline that dipped down all the way to her belly button. Large slits along the sides went all the way up past the round sides of her hips. Her hair was done up simply, but she wore gold strands through her hair. Gold necklaces, bracelets, and rings adorned her. She was stunning.

Vader walked up the steps and stood in front of her.

"Kneel," she ordered.

Vader went down to one knee and then the other. Padmé lifted up a leg and placed it on Vader's shoulders. Her high-heeled foot hung off his shoulder. Vader glanced up. Padmé was staring right down at him. She bit her lower lip. He knew where this was going. He recognized that look in her eyes. She was horny.

"Lord Vader," she said in a low voice. "I want you to eat me out. I want you to lick my pussy so I can come all over your face."

She tightened her leg on his shoulder as she pulled him in. He let himself be led in. He leaned over placing his face into her skirts. Her other leg came up to his other shoulder. She linked her ankles together and tightened her hold around him and pushing him deeper into her. He started to push her skirts to the side. When he finally did he wasn't surprised to find she wore no underwear.

Vader felt her hand slide into his hair. She pushed him into her. He took only a moment, and then started to service her. He moved his tongue up and down her folds. He swirled it around her clit. He kissed her clit and sucked on it. Then he returned to licking. He made sure to go in deep.

She moaned as she pushed her hips into him. He could feel her nails as they dragged gently across his scalp as her hands went through his hair. He now solely focused on pushing his tongue deep inside of her. Licking at her entrance and the walls. Every now and then he took a long drag along her folds. Tickled her clit. Then he'd be back into her pussy. She was growing warmer and wetter.

"Mmmmm," she said. "So close. Keep going."

Vader said nothing. Just kept going. His tongue slipped in and out. It wasn't long until her legs tightened around him. She grabbed at his head as her nails dug into his skin. Her body arched and spasmed. He felt the warm rush as her cum washed over his tongue.

"Nnnnggg," Padmé said. "Be a good boy and clean me up."

He knew she was going to ask this. He started to lick up her juices. Once again he had to go in deep to make sure he got every last drop. When he was finally down, she let her legs down. He slowly pulled back and looked up at her. She had a wickedly pleased grin on her face as she looked down at him. She licked her lips as she looked him over. His face was covered in her juices.

She bent over and put a finger under his chin. "Come here," she purred softly as she used just the one finger to pull him up. Her hands came to either side of his face as she pulled him in to kiss him. She licked at his lips and cheeks. "Such a good boy," she said softly.

"Thank you," he responded.

"Tell me again," she said in a whisper. "Why do you do this?"

"Because . . ." he paused as he took a deep breath. "Because I pledged myself to you, my Empress."

"Why?"

"Because I failed you."

Her fingers dug into his cheeks. Her nails were sharp. "How?" she hissed. Neither one of them raised their voices. They both knew the court was still watching them. She had made him degrade himself in front of the whole court. In some ways she was crueler than Sidious. But he deserved it.

"I let them die," he said sadly.

"Who?" she said as her fingers continued to dig into his cheeks.

"Our baby," he whispered. "I let our baby die."

She loosened her grip on him. Her nails stopped digging into him.

"Yes, you did," she said.

"What else?" he pleaded. "What else can I do, Padmé? You don't think it hurts me as much as it hurts you?"

For a moment he saw her. The woman he loved. His beautiful Padmé. Her eyes softened. They glistened. She leaned in. Her forehead pressed against his.

"I know," she whispered. "I know. I just . . . my baby . . ."

It was his fault. He should have planned his attack against Sidious better. He hadn't foreseen Sidious would turn against Padmé, striking her in the stomach. She had lost the baby. Her baby. Their baby. The damage had been great. She could no longer bear any more children. And he had just watched. Unable to move as Padmé writhed on the floor in pain. Watched as their child died in its mother's womb.

Padmé pulled away. Once again the mask of the Empress was back in place. With the Emperor dead, she had rightful claim to the throne. Vader hadn't contested it. In fact he was the first to bend his knee and hail her rule. She kissed him once more on the cheek.

"Now go," she ordered. "And I expect you in my bed tonight, so I can fuck my brains out on your cock."

He only nodded as he stood and walked back down the steps.

That dream . . . That vision . . . At the very least it was better than the previous vision. The one with Padmé and Sidious standing on the hill watching as Vader burned below. But it was not a future Vader wanted. He didn't like that cruel twisted version of Padmé, even if some of it had turned him on a bit when he thought back on it.

Yet the part that tore at him, was the small part where she let the mask fall. Where he saw her for what she truly was. A grieving mother. Her heartache, even now Vader could feel it. He couldn't allow anything to happen to Padmé, much less their baby whenever Padmé finally did get pregnant. Vader couldn't allow this future to come to pass. He had to change it.

Padmé sat uncomfortably in her gown. It was a light gray color and the fabric was quite sheer. Her panties could be seen through the fabric of her dress. Beautiful silver lace and beads laid on top of the fabric. She didn't wear a bra, because the dress didn't allow for one. It had a dipping neckline that went past her breasts. There were also large cut outs on the sides, showing off her waist and hips.

The Emperor sat opposite of her. She noticed he wore a gray robe today. Was he trying to match her? Or was it the other way around? Was her gown chosen to match his? They sat at a small intimate table under the shade of a porch on the side of the gardens. The gardens were lavish and consisted of multiple layers. The higher one had in the court or in favor with the Emperor, the higher one could go into the garden levels. The higher one got, the more exotic, rare, and beautiful the plants got.

Naturally Padmé and the Emperor sat on the highest level. Their porch overlooked the many tiered levels of the garden below. Court members were strolling about the paths. A few from time to time, glanced up at Padmé and the Emperor. Of course, the two had to give off the image of a couple enjoying one's company.

The sound of boots marching was heard behind Padmé. She shifted in her seat as she watched a small squad of stormtroopers walk onto the porch. The porch was lined with the red Imperial Guard.

"Right on time," the Emperor said with a smile.

The troopers parted and pushed forward a female figure. It was the harem doctor. Her hands were bound in cuffs. Her face was pale. Her brown hair had come loose from its ponytail.

"Ah doctor," the Emperor said.

Padmé could hear her heart pounding in her chest. The hairs on the back of her neck were standing on end. She had trouble swallowing. Her hands instinctively went to her stomach.

She found her hands were getting sweaty.

“You’re here to share the good news,” the Emperor said. “That my soon-to-be wife is expecting a child.”

Padmé’s hands flinched. Yet nothing else moved. She didn’t even look at the Emperor. Her eyes were still ahead at the doctor. The doctor who looked back at Padmé with wide eyes.

“Your-your majesty . . .” the doctor said. Her voice sounded desperate. “Forgive me, please-please.”

“Kill her,” the Emperor hissed.

The trooper didn’t hesitate. He brought up his gun and shot off one red beam into the doctor’s head. Her body fell to the ground. Padmé jumped in her seat when she heard the sound. The Emperor waved his hand. The troopers grabbed the body and dragged it away. Padmé was left alone with the Emperor and his ever watching guards. Her eyes were still fixed to where the doctor had been. She couldn’t erase the terror she had seen upon the woman’s face.

“Now, my dear, I believe there is something we must discuss,” the Emperor said calmly.

Finally Padmé looked over at him. He was staring at her smiling. His yellow eyes peered at her.

“Are . . . are you going to kill it?” she asked in barely a whisper.

“I debated it,” the Emperor said, “But no.”

A warm wave of relief washed through Padmé. She felt her shoulders lower. She had been unaware she had been holding them tight and stiff, but then a new horrible thought came slithering through her mind.

“Are you going to kill me?” she asked.

The Emperor laughed. “Oh no,” he said. “The public is loving this story of you as its Empress. Who am I take that away . . . yet .” The Emperor leaned over and placed his elbows on the table. “At first I was quite angry that my Empress already had a child fucked into her. I know full well whose child you carry. But then I meditated on it. It was this child who is to inherit my throne. It will be just as strong as its father. But it will be *my* child. He will be *my* prince. *My* heir.

“So Padmé, my dear, you will keep your baby. You can keep your life, as long as you play the dutiful role of my Empress. You understand, don’t you? What will happen if you decide not to play your role? It would be so tragic if the little prince lost its young beautiful mother at such a young age. I’m sure it could be arranged that it was the fault of some Rebels out to finish what they couldn’t from Naboo.” The Emperor sounded quite pleased with himself. Padmé on the other hand sat in terrified silence.

Once Padme had returned to her room at the palace, she asked the servants to help her out of her dress. In truth she wanted to rip the blasted thing from her body. But she allowed

herself to be slowly helped out of it. She told the girls to tell the Emperor she was feeling unwell and would be unable to attend dinner tonight. The girls shared an uncomfortable look and nodded.

Padme slipped into a simple but comfortable brown dress. The servants had just finished putting away her gown, when the door to her room slid open. Darth Vader marched in. The girls all noticeably jumped seeing him storm in. He approached Padme and bowed at the waist.

“My lady,” he said.

It made Padme uncomfortable to see him address her as such, but she didn’t let it show. “Lord Vader,” she replied calmly.

He straightened up. “I have just received my latest report on the Naboo bombings. I came to deliver this news here myself.”

Padme nodded and she walked over the side of her bed. She sat down. Vader had turned towards the serving girls. “Dismissed,” he barked at them. They jumped again, bobbed their heads, and scurried out. Vader walked over to Padme.

“Is that what you’ve really come to talk about?” Padme asked staring down at his lap. “Or was that an excuse to get those girls to leave the room?”

“Both,” Vader said. “I do have the latest intel about the Naboo bombings.”

Padme sighed. “The Emperor said the investigation was running dry.”

“The Emperor is not be trusted,” Vader growled. “He is the one behind the bombings.”

A lump filled Padme’s throat, making it hard to swallow. Hard to breath. She clasped her hands tightly in her lap. “What— what do you mean?” she asked. She looked up at Vader, into his dark hood. “What do you mean?” she asked again but this time her voice was confident. Demanding.

“The bombing of Theed was not done by any Rebel cell, but by a group of hired mercenaries. I interrogated the leader of the group myself. I followed the trail from the leader back to the Emperor. He ordered the bombing on Naboo,” Vader explained.

“That . . . But . . . But why?” she asked. Her eyes were starting to sting as they filled with water. “Naboo is his home!”

Vader shifted uncomfortably. “You want to know my theory?” he asked. His tone of voice had changed. Not as dark. It was softer. Padme only nodded in reply. “I think he did it because of you.”

“Me-me?”

Vader sighed. “He decided you were to be his Empress. If that was the case your loyalty had to be to him, and only to him. Nothing, and I mean nothing, could divide your attention from him. Not even your family. So it was simple for him, eliminate your family.”

The words the Emperor had said to her earlier in the gardens came back to her. *“I’m sure it could be arranged that it was the fault of some Rebels out to finish what they couldn’t from*

Naboo.” He said it himself. He could have her death arranged to look like it was caused by Rebel terrorists. Why hadn’t she realized then?

Large tears rolled down her face and dripped off her chin. She sat unmoving as the tears fell. Vader lowered himself down to one knee. He took his sleeve and gently wiped the tears away from her. His other hand grasped her clasped hands in her lap.

“You-you said you would kill him,” she whispered.

“I will,” he said.

“When?” she asked.

His hood turned away from her. “It’s complicated,” he said.

“Complicated?” she said. Her voice was raising. “He took everything away from me! My family! My job! My home! And now he’s going to take . . . to take . . .” He wanted to take her baby away from her. Vader was looking at her again. His hand squeezed her gently.

“And now?” he asked.

“I’m pregnant,” she said as she looked directly into the hood. ‘He wants my baby.’ She paused. “Our baby.”

Slowly she brought her hands up to his face. She slide her hands across his face and into his hair. Then she pushed the hood off. She knew the face she was going to see.

“Anakin,” she said softly.

Chapter 22

Vader knelt on the floor in front of Padmé. The hood of his cloak laid around his shoulders. Yet his mind was not on that, but on what Padmé had said. She was pregnant! “*Our baby*,” she had said. *His baby* ! He reached out and placed his hand on her stomach. She didn’t flinch or back away. In fact her soft small hand came to rest on top of his. He summoned the Force to him. He slowly expanded his senses. And . . .

“I can sense it!” Vader said as a large smile crossed his face. “It’s tiny. Oh so very tiny, but it’s there! A baby.”

He could sense the small little ball of life inside Padmé. He looked up at her. She was smiling down at him, but her eyes were sad. He stood up and took a seat next to her on the bed. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close.

“A baby,” he said softly. “Our baby.” Padmé had come to wrap her arms around him. The two stayed together for a short while, before Padmé pushed away. She looked up at him. A hand came up to cup his face.

“Your eyes . . .” she said. “They’re yellow. Why?”

That was when Vader remembered he was without his hood. “You knew . . .” he said. “You called me Anakin.”

“Yes,” she said.

“How?” he asked.

She smiled at him. “Did you really think there two cocks in this galaxy as impressive as yours?” He could feel the heat running to his cheeks at that compliment. “Honestly, it clicked when we were in that storage closet together. I had closed my eyes and I was so lost in you. I called you Anakin, and you only responded by calling my name in return. There was no way Darth Vader was going to let the woman he was fucking call another guy’s name.”

Vader laughed. “True,” he said.

“But then I realized,” she said softly. Her soft brown eyes looked at him. ‘I knew this body,’ she placed a soft hand on his chest. “I knew each movement. Each sound. Each curve. I knew it was you.”

He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

“I asked this of you once, but who are you?” she asked. “Are you Darth Vader or Anakin Skywalker?”

“I am both,” he answered. She gave him a frown. “I didn’t lie about my history. I was a slave on Tatooine. After my mother died, Palpatine showed up claiming he was my father. He said he had impregnated my mother while she was a pleasure slave on Naboo. He took me back to Coruscant and I was trained in the ways of the Sith. I was given my Sith name of Darth Vader.”

“But why the act?” she asked.

Vader sighed and shifted slightly. “I had a vision,” he said telling the truth. “Of you and me together and a baby. And . . .” He looked down at her stomach. “I wanted that baby. Even though it was just a vision, I could feel the love coming off that baby. It was so unconditional. So pure. That baby loved me for me. I can’t remember my mother or the love she had for me. Love is something foreign. Something I use to manipulate others. A cheap word I toss around without any meaning.

“But I wanted that. That love. Something that loved me for being its father. I wouldn’t have to manipulate anything to get that love. It simply was. I was . . . I was desperate for it.” He paused as he took a deep breath and then continued. “At the beginning, I’ll be honest, I didn’t care that much about your feelings. I was just wanting to get you pregnant. But . . .”

Her hand grabbed at his. Their fingers laced together. “But?” she pressed.

“Things changed,” he said as he met her gaze. “Especially after Velinna. After I made that deal with you about freeing Anakin. When I saw that you weren’t enjoying our time together, I didn’t like it. It . . . It bothered me. That has never happened to me before. I am Darth Vader, dark lord of the Sith. I claim what I want. I do not care about others, but . . . I did. About you.”

“So you changed,” she said.

“Yes,” he replied back with a smile. “Or I tried to. It was no longer was about getting you pregnant, though of course I did think about it. I was much more focused on just making you happy, because . . . because . . . When we were on Naboo and you said you loved me, I realized I loved you to.”

She leaned in and kissed him on the lips. She smiled warmly up at him, and Vader felt a warm cozy feeling spread through him. He wrapped his arms around her and pressed his lips against hers. This time her lips opened, and the two were able to really kiss. Slowly the two pulled away.

“What about that deal?” she said looking down at that lap. “You said . . . Anakin said . . . you were a slave. You said you would free him.”

Vader let out an irritated huff. “I’m a slave to the Emperor,” Vader said in an annoyed voice. “Anakin. Vader. Me. I am bound to him. I serve him. I cannot escape. Anakin is a slave to the Emperor, but that also meant Vader is as well.”

“But you said, you would free Anakin.”

“Which would mean I would free both Anakin and Vader. I would free myself. And the only way to do that is to kill the Emperor.”

Quiet fell between them. It was clear Padmé was thinking over Vader’s words. She took a deep breath and looked up at him. “You didn’t answer my question from before. Who are you? Are you Vader or are you Anakin?”

“I’m both,” he answered. She frowned, clearly not liking that reply.

“But what do I call you? Like right now. Right here.”

“That’s an interesting question. Honestly, I call myself Vader, even when I go by the name Anakin. Anakin was once my name, but no longer. That name was casted aside when I became a Sith. I still use it. It’s still apart of me, but no longer who I am. It’s like an old pair of shoes. I can still wear it, but it’s no longer comfortable. No longer does it match with the rest of me.”

“So you want me to call you Vader?” she asked.

He looked at her. “You can call me whatever you want,” he said sincerely. “As long as you’re here. With me.”

“Good, because I like Anakin better than Vader,” she said. He let out a small groan. “Oh come now. You just said I could pick. Perhaps I’ll just call you Ani.”

He groaned again. “I knew I was going to regret letting you hear that name.”

She leaned into him. He was aware of her wonderful breasts pushing against his chest. “Tell me, Ani,” she said. “How are you going to kill him? The Emperor? I can’t . . . I can’t marry him. I can’t let him take my baby. Our baby.”

“It’s . . . complicated,” Vader said as he looked away from her.

“How so?”

He gently pushed her off of him and stood up from the bed. He had a sudden burst of energy. He felt like he could no longer stay seated. He started to pace in front of the bed.

“Because he’s a Sith,” Vader growled lightly.

“What do you mean?” she asked. “He’s a Sith?”

Vader paused as he looked over at her. He placed his hands on his belt. “He’s a Sith. My Sith master. He goes by the name Darth Sidious.”

“So . . . he has . . . he can use that Sith magic, like you can?”

“Yes,” Vader growled. “And the most annoying part is that he is stronger than me in Force foresight.”

“Foresight? As in, he can see the future?” There was a clear note of disbelief in her voice.

“Yes,” Vader replied simply. “Force visions. Like the one I had of you and the baby. It’s hard to explain. The future is constantly in motion. It can change wildly from one thing to the next in a second. Sometimes the visions aren’t clear. They can be very cloudy and vague. Regardless, Sidious is a master at deciphering them.”

“So you can’t kill him because he’ll foresee it coming?” she pressed. He could sense the fear rising in her.

“No, I can kill him. I will,” Vader said darkly. ‘It just makes killing him harder.’ There appeared to be a slight sense of relief in her. Her shoulders lowered a bit. He continued, “I just can’t plan anything concrete. The more I commit to one idea, one plan, the more likely he’ll see it. Whatever I’m going to do, will probably have to be spontaneous or very last minute. At least to prevent him from seeing it coming. There is also of course his other Sith

powers to deal with as well. Honestly, the best bet is to get him by surprise. Strike him down in one quick motion. Don't even give him a chance to fight back."

Vader turned on his heels and started to pace again. Padmé sat quietly on the bed. Talking about it killing Sidious was making him anxious. Was he, Darth Vader, scared? Ever since that last vision . . . Vader stopped his pacing and looked over at Padmé, who was pregnant. Pregnant with his child. He couldn't let anything happen to either one of them.

"Let me help," Padmé said.

"No," Vader said immediately. "It's too dangerous."

Padmé pursed her lips. He could tell she was thinking. He marched over to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Padmé," he said in a low voice. His Darth Vader voice. "I am serious. Sidious, Palpatine, is an extremely dangerous man. If I make one misstep, he will kill me. He'll kill you if he thinks you helped me. If I fail . . . and die . . . then at least you and the baby can live."

"What kind of life will that be?" Padmé replied. "Force to play along as his dutiful wife. Watch as he twists my baby away from me into whatever he wants."

"Yes, I'm very aware of what kind of life it is," Vader said softly. Padmé's eyes found his. He brought up one hand and gently placed it against her cheek. "It's a life of enslavement. It's horrible, but . . . doable."

"Anakin . . ." she whispered.

"Please, Padmé," Vader pleaded. "Don't endanger yourself. I'm not that strong in foresight, but I do get visions. And I've seen one . . . of you . . . And the baby it died due to Palpatine attacking you. Please. I can't let that future come to pass."

Vader wrapped his arms around her. She buried her head into his chest. Yet the moment was interrupted by a knock on the door. Vader scowled pulling his hood back on and allowing the shadows of the Dark Side to cover his face. One of Padmé's servants entered. Vader nodded at Padmé and stormed out. As he walked down the hall, he clenched his hands into fists. He didn't want to walk away from her, but for now he must.

Padmé had been able to get out dinner that evening with the Emperor, but not the next. Which was fine by her. By that time she had pulled herself together. She was ready to face the Emperor. Her dress again was very sexy. It was light purple and tightly hugged her figure. There was a large keyhole cut out started around her chest and went down to her stomach.

"Your majesty," Padmé said. The Emperor turned his sickening yellow gaze on her. "Will you not be throwing an engagement party? I do believe it is quite customary for those of the high class to hold such things."

The Emperor tapped one of his fingers against the table. She did her best to make sure her thoughts didn't linger to Vader. Despite whatever that man had said, she was going to help. What Vader needed was a distraction. Something to keep the Emperor occupied, so he wouldn't sense or foresee or be able to block any attack by Vader. And the Emperor was definitely distracted by women.

So she painted a perfect mental image of what she feared the engagement party might be like. She wasn't sure how much of her thoughts he could read, or what he would foresee, but surely he had to pick up something. She imagined herself in one of his horrible gowns. It was beautiful and revealing. It left nothing to the imagination. She imagined the Emperor's hands all over her during the party as he publicly groped her, showing off his property.

The Emperor licked his lips and smiled. Padmé wondered if he had seen her thoughts. "Ah yes how could that have slipped my mind? An engagement party," he said sounding quite pleased. "It would be a good time to let those of the court see you, especially before your belly swells too much. Speaking of which the designer for your wedding gown will need to come by again and make the appropriate alterations to include your stomach for the wedding."

Padmé said nothing. She fought back the sense of victory that was bubbling up inside of her. Instead she looked at the Emperor's hands and imagined him grabbing her ass and breasts in front of the entire court. She let that fear and disgust fill her, and hoped the Emperor didn't see any of her deeper thoughts.

Chapter 23

Padmé sat in a large and lavish sitting room. Her aids stood quietly near a wall as Padmé met with the designer who was making her dress for the engagement party. The Emperor had accepted Padmé's suggestion. He was putting on a "small and personal" party, which she assumed would be neither small nor personal.

She looked down at the holopad the designer was drawing on to. The dress was a scandalous number. It was more suited to an expensive pleasure slave than to the future empress, but that was what Padmé was going for. She wanted the outfit to drip lust. She wanted, no needed, the Emperor's eyes on her. That meant showing off her body.

After the designer left, Padmé was lead to have lunch with the Emperor. Again she wore one of the gowns the Emperor had picked out. Today's dress was a one-shoulder pale blue dress. It almost appeared as if it was one piece of cloth that wrapped tightly around her body. But of course it had large slits that went all the way up to her hips. The fabric was also sheer, and Padmé was sure her breasts could be easily made out through the fabric.

The lunch went as it normally did, which meant it went painfully awkward for Padmé. At the end of the meal the Emperor announced he wanted to introduce Padmé to someone. He extended a white gnarly arm, and she accepted it. He led to her nearby sitting room where a woman stood waiting.

"Your majesty," she said as she bowed. She looked over at Padmé. "My lady," she said with a nod of her head. The woman was human with pale skin. She wore a gold gown with a high waist and flowing embroidered skirts. The dress pushed up and displayed her breasts prominently. Padmé was sure she saw the Emperor's eyes flick down to them. The woman had gold blonde hair, as if to match her outfit, that was pulled back into a gold headpiece.

"Padmé, my dear, this is Danica Kousoth of Anaxes," the Emperor said. "She is to be your advisor."

"Advisor?" Padmé asked.

"I am here to tutor you in ways of the court," Danica answered.

"I do not need such lessons," Padmé said. She had been a queen herself.

Danica's golden brown eyes flashed up and down Padmé's figure. Then she let out a sickly sweet smile. "Being able to hold oneself up in the Senate is one thing, but you will find the court is a much different beast. The future empress should not be one sitting on the side, but leading the court."

"I am sure you will find Danica most informative," the Emperor added.

"Of course . . . your majesty. Thank you for your consideration in this regard," Padmé answeredly.

The Emperor turned towards the door. Padmé followed him to see Darth Vader march in. It had been several days since it had been revealed that Anakin and Vader were the same person. She hadn't seen him since then. He was as he always was. He wore his long black cloak with the hood pulled over his head that shadowed his face. As he entered, he made his way straight to the Emperor and knelt down to one knee.

"My master, you summoned me?" Vader said in an even voice.

"Yes Lord Vader, rise," the Emperor said.

Vader rose effortlessly back to his feet. He turned towards Padmé and bowed. "My lady," he greeted.

"Lord Vader this is Danica Kousoth of Anaxes," the Emperor said as he waved his hand at Danica. Vader faced her and gave a very small nod of his head. "She is to be Lady Amidala's new advisor."

Vader turned back to the face the Emperor. Why had the Emperor summoned Vader here to meet Danica? The Emperor had paused and a horrible smile had spread across his face. His yellow gold eyes were focused right on Vader. She wondered if the Emperor could see past the shadows that hid Vader's face.

The Emperor continued, "She is also to be your wife."

Padmé was vaguely aware of Danica smiling and bowing a bit to Vader. But Padmé's eyes were frozen on Vader. He was tense, she could tell. She knew his body too well. His hands were clenched at his sides. The room seemed to have gotten a bit colder, and made Padmé all too aware of the thin fabric she was wearing.

"Wife?" Vader said in a strained voice.

"Yes, yes," the Emperor said. 'With all this preparation for my own wedding, I realized it was time that you should be wed as well.' Vader said nothing. "Danica here will be a suitable bride for you."

"I am very glad to accept your engagement, Lord Vader," Danica said in polished voice.

Vader's head snapped to her. Padmé sucked in some air and held it in her. What would he do? A tense moment passed before Vader turned back to the Emperor. He bowed his head. "I will do as my master says," he said. There was no anger in his voice.

"Excellent," the Emperor replied in a cheerful voice.

"You need not worry about the wedding," Danica said. "I will see that everything is taken care of. I understand you're quite a busy man."

"Of course," Vader said. "Is that all my master?"

"Yes, Lord Vader. You may return to your duties," the Emperor said. Vader bowed towards the Emperor and stormed out of the room.

Padmé's room was dark, but Vader had no problems seeing. He could easily make out her form in the bed. He couldn't help but smile as he approached the bed. She was awake, but she had yet to notice he was there. He gently sat on the bed, and she quickly rolled over.

"It's me," he said softly. He heard her gasp. At once she was pushing herself up and crawling over to him. Vader opened his arms and eagerly pulled her toward him. Her arms wrapped around him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a whisper.

He couldn't but let out a small laugh. "You really have to ask?"

Her smooth, soft hands came up to his face. He leaned into her touch. He had missed her. "It's too dangerous," she said. "The guards must have seen you. The security cameras—"

"Have all been taken care of," he said. "No one saw me come in." He leaned over and kissed her cheek. He kept kissing her as he moved towards her lips, but then she pulled away. Vader sighed.

"The Emperor," she said. Worry still stained her voice. "What if he finds out? What if—"

Vader pressed his lips against hers. He pulled away and whispered, "Stop worrying. He's preoccupied."

"How do you know?" she hissed back.

"He's fucking my wife-to-be," Vader said.

He wasn't surprised at all that his new fiancée had found her way into the Emperor's bed on the first day. Vader had no misconceptions at whose pawn she really was. This was just another ploy by Sidious to have another way to control Vader. As soon as Vader had left after meeting Danica, he had ordered his intelligence officers to gather all the information they could on her.

Sidious had chosen Vader's wife well. She was from Anaxes, a core world and the most important military wise. The planet had a shipbuilding industry, but it was nothing that compared to Kuat or Corellia. Yet due to Anaxes' proximity to Imperial Center, it was the command base of the sector's military. It was the protector of the core worlds, including Imperial Center. Connecting Vader, Supreme Commander of the Imperial Forces, to Anaxes would cement Vader's position even more.

"He's what?" Padmé asked.

"Fucking Danica," Vader repeated. He smiled as he could feel Padmé's disgust at the idea of sleeping with the Emperor.

"So . . . even the Emperor get be distracted by a nice pair of boobs," she said.

He pulled her close to him again. He loved feeling her body against his. "I don't want to talk about the Emperor," he whispered. He felt her hands slide along his shoulders.

"I get the feeling you're here not to do much talking at all," she teased.

"Well, the Emperor isn't the only one to get distracted by a nice pair of boobs." His hand slid down to one of her wonderful breast. It fit into his hand perfectly. So round and soft. He

started to squeeze it.

“Ugh. I hope you’re not referring to that dress.”

“Dress? More like a napkin,” he joked. He leaned into her. He kissed her cheek. “Though you looked amazing in it.”

“So you’re saying you would like to see me in it again?”

“Yes, but only I want me to see it. No one else.”

“That could be arranged,” she said a sultry voice as she used her hand to push his head so their lips met. Their lips pushed against each other. At once both mouths were open to the other. At once his tongue rolling around hers.

“Mmmm,” he moaned into her mouth. When was the last time he has tasted her? How had he gone this long without this? She was intoxicating. Delicious. Their arms wrapped around one another and slid along the each other’s bodies. Once again he was rediscovering all of her curves and the way her warm skin felt under his fingers. Padmé’s body moved against him and his cock was starting to rise and harden.

When was the last time he had sex? When he fucked Padmé in the closet? Fuck, it had been too long. His hand slid down Padmé’s side and went right down between her legs. His fingers playfully pulled on her panties. It didn’t take long for both of them to completely lose their clothes. Padmé was pinned to the bed as Vader thrust. He was hungry for her. His body swelled in greed as he picked up his speed. His huge cock slammed in and out of her sweet, wet pussy. It had started off so tight, and now it was starting to loosen up as he fucked her raw.

“Ohhh Ani,” she moaned. “I need you. I need you so much.”

“Yes,” he moaned. “Yes.”

Her needy cries only aroused him more. She felt so good around him. He pushed on. He was so desperate for her, all of her. She was his. Completely his. He would claim her over and over. He happily gave himself to his lust as he continued slam his cock into her pussy. Padmé shivered and twisted under him in bliss.

She had started off by sucking her lips and biting back the moans, but now she squirmed and moaned loudly. Her hands clawed at his sculpted body. She left red trails along his chest and abs. She would grab wildly at his back in attempts to bring them together. Her breasts heaved and bounced from her body being powerfully pounded into.

“Keep going,” she moaned between gasps.

The sweet heated pressure was growing inside of him as he hammered her wet waiting hole. He was going balls deep. He embraced the excitement and felt his body spin out of control. He felt her gasp loudly and then she writhed hotly under him. His own cries joined hers as he pumped shot after shot of his warm creamy load into her. Delight pulsed inside him as he rode out his orgasm.

He fell down besides her on the bed. Their bodies at once curved into each other, both still craving the touch of the other. They were both hot and sweaty, but she still felt amazing. His hands ran all over her. Her sides, her breasts, her ass, her thighs. Their lips met and met. He

had tried to move his kisses down her neck and suck on her there, but she begged him not to leave any marks. So his lips stayed on hers.

"Ani," Padmé said when their swollen lips finally parted.

"Hmmm?" he purred. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her tight to him.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"I vote we just stay like this. You in my arms forever."

She sighed. "If only we could. But now you're . . . *engaged*."

"Is that jealousy I hear?"

"Of the woman who is sharing a bed with the Emperor tonight? Please."

Vader let out a small laugh. "You can admit it," he said. "I'm jealous of the Emperor. I'm angry too. I don't like that you're engaged to him. That he parades you around the palace in those dresses."

"You're not going to actually marry her are you?"

"No," he answered without hesitation.

"What if the wedding is tomorrow? They never did say when the date was."

"I would think of something. Some sort of unfortunate accident. But I honestly don't see it happening so soon. The Emperor has everyone focused on his wedding. He wouldn't want anything to compete with him. Most likely he'll wait until after his wedding."

"But that won't happen, right?" she said in a small whisper. A shiver ran through her body, that only made Vader hug her tighter. "I won't get married to him. I can't."

"No you won't get married to him," Vader said gently.

"And you won't get married to Danica." After a small pause she said, "We could get married."

His body tensed up in surprise. "What?"

"Right now," she said. "Let's get married."

"Right now?" His mind raced as he thought of a way to get them both out of the palace unseen. It would be hard. Too hard and too risky.

"Yes right now," she said. "Right here."

"I'm pretty there is supposed to be someone else involved," he said.

"Oh?" she said with a sexy smile. "Wanting to invite someone else to our bed?"

"Do you?" he teased back. "But honestly, there is supposed to be someone to officiate."

"Can't you do it?"

"Officiate?"

“With all those fancy titles you have, none of them allow you officiate a marriage? Hmm Supreme Commander? Dark Lord?”

“You can’t officiate your own marriage,” Vader said.

Padmé’s hands came to his chest and pushed him down on his back. She crawled on top of him and laid flat. Her body pressed against his. His eyes flicked down to see her lovely tits pushing into his chest. His hands came up to her back, but quickly slid down to her ass. Her hands slid into his hair.

“Ani. Anakin. Vader. My love,” she said. Her brown eyes looked down onto him with such love it he could feel it. It hummed in the Force. It swirled around the two, softly encasing them. ‘I, Padmé Naberrie Amidala, love you. With this kiss,’ she paused to kiss him on the lips, “I take you to be my husband. I give you my heart, body and soul. And this kiss,” again she kissed him, “I vow to love and to have and to hold you until the end of this galaxy and beyond.”

She leaned down and kissed him again. He kissed her back. His hands slid up to her back and into her hair. It was simple and short. A vow of love.

“Padmé,” he said. He didn’t know what to say. He was caught completely unprepared. It was in this moment he realized he didn’t even know what one was supposed to say. He had never been to a wedding or watched one.

“Padmé, with this kiss,” he kissed her, ‘I take you to be my wife. To be mine. I would give you the stars if you asked. I would move them so they showed your image across the heavens themselves. And with this kiss,’ he kissed her again, “I offer you everything that I am. I pledge my life to you until the end of this galaxy and beyond.”

The smile she gave shattered Vader’s heart. Each piece floated and burned into a star. His chest was aflame. Again her lips were against his. This kiss was different from the kisses they had before. It wasn’t needy kisses they had when he first came to her this night. The wild passionate ones they had while fucking. Nor the greedy ones they had had moments ago.

This kiss was soft, yet powerful. Her lips felt hot against his. The way their lips and tongues moved, it felt as if they were dancing. He felt her body relax on top of his. She was so warm. It felt like she was melting into him. He couldn’t tell where his body stopped and her body started. They were one.

He took a moment to open himself to the Force and reach out. Again he found the small light inside of her that was his child. It was still so tiny, but warm. *I’m going to protect you little one*, Vader swore into the Force. *You and your mother*. It might have been his imagination, but he felt the little light flare in response.

Chapter 24

Vader sat at the small round table with the Emperor and Danica Kousoth. She was wearing a purple and red dress. The neckline was cut low and pushed up cleavage. Her boobs looked like they might pop out of her dress at any moment. A fact the Emperor had noticed as his eyes kept lingering over to Danica's tits.

The three had sat down to eat the midday meal. Upon arriving the Emperor had ordered Vader to take off his hood.

"No need to hide yourself to your future wife," the Emperor said.

Vader followed the order and slowly pulled the hood down. He watched as Danica's eyes traveled all along his face. She bit her lower lip and then smiled at him. The three chairs at the table had not been spaced out evenly. Vader and Danica's chairs were right next to each. He felt her leg brush against his as she smiled. Vader fought back a snarl.

The lunch continued on with Danica and the Emperor doing all the talking. They talked about the upcoming engagement party and the royal wedding. Danica mentioned a bit about what she wanted for her wedding.

"And when is this wedding scheduled?" Vader asked.

Danica jumped slightly in seat in surprise to hear Vader suddenly speak up. He had been quiet the entire meal. It was the Emperor who answered, "So eager to wed your bride?" Vader only glared at his master. No doubt he was easily picking up Vader's anger and annoyance. "A date has yet to be determined," the Emperor said.

"In Anaxes tradition, a winter wedding means strength and unity," Danica spoke up. When Vader didn't respond, Danica continued. "A fall wedding means perseverance and bountiful." When she said the word bountiful, her leg pressed against Vader's.

"I have no doubt you will be able to choose the season appropriately," Vader said dully. He could feel Sidious' enjoyment through the Force. He liked to see his apprentice squirm.

"Oh!" Danica suddenly exclaimed. "I have forgotten myself. Lord Vader I wanted to thank you for the engagement gift." She put a hand up to the choker necklace around her throat. A black bead sat in the middle, and the rest was gold that spun around her neck.

"A very thoughtful gift, my apprentice," the Emperor spoke up. "A black krayt dragon pearl."

Vader examined the black bead more carefully. A krayt pearl was worth a lot of credits. He recalled some of the stories and legends from his childhood of travelers in the desert finding a corpse of a krayt dragon and harvesting the pearl inside the beast.

"Yes I think it fits your . . . presence very nicely," Danica said. "Did you hunt this krayt dragon yourself, my lord?"

“No,” Vader replied. He hadn’t even given her the necklace. It must have been given to her by the Emperor. Was such thing customary? To give an engagement present? Had the Emperor given Padmé one? Should Vader give Padmé one? Though I guess in one way the two were married, though he would like to have a proper marriage. Though honestly he doubted a real one would be better than having Padmé’s naked body draped all over him as she kissed him.

The Emperor let out a small laugh. “I’m afraid my dear, Lord Vader is just not a man of words.”

Danica smiled at the Emperor and discretely under the table put her hand on Vader’s knee. She squeezed it. Vader glanced at her. She was eyeing him through lidded eyes.

What is this? Vader snarled at the Emperor through the Force. He didn’t like talking to Sidious through the Force. He avoided it as much as possible. He hated letting the man have any access to his mind.

Not used to having it the other way around my apprentice? The Emperor asked back. A crooked smile was on his lips. *You’re so used to the one seducing others, is it so odd to have someone trying to seduce you?*

Vader reached down and grabbed Danica’s hand. “What is it you want Danica?” Vader asked. She blinked and then looked off to the side. It gave off the look of some innocent maiden, but Vader saw right through her deception. “Do you want to fuck?” he asked.

Her head snapped around at him. Her eyes wide and mouth slightly open. Clearly she had not been expecting him to address this so directly. Her eyes glanced down as she struggled with how to answer.

The Emperor saved her. “I’m sure your young bride would love to get to know your more intimately, Lord Vader.” Danica smiled warmly up at Vader.

Vader stood up still clasping Danica’s hand and pulled her up with him. “Very well,” Vader said. “Then let’s fuck.”

“Now?” she asked.

Vader was not in the mood to play the Emperor and Danica’s game by their terms. It took only a small movement, a swipe of a leg, and he knocked Danica off balance. She fell to the floor on her knees. By the time she had recovered from the shock, he already had his cock out of his pants. Her eyes eyed his impressive member. She looked up at him. The question was clear on her face. ‘Right now? Right here?’

Vader grabbed a handful of her golden hair. He could feel the pins coming loose that had held her hairstyle up. “Since you’re so desperate for my cock, here it is,” he growled. “Now suck.”

Danica tried to turn her head to look toward the Emperor. Possibly give him a pleading look. But Vader’s grip in her hair prevented her from doing that. Plus the Emperor wouldn’t save her. The old man had leaned back in his chair. A sick smile had spread across his face. He was enjoying this. It was clear Danica was fighting within herself about what to do.

“You wanted to be the wife of Lord Vader,” Vader said in a low dark voice. “Now be a good bride. Suck my dick so I can claim that pretty mouth of yours.”

She took a shaky breath, and then her trembling hands slowly grabbed his cock. Her hands slid up and down his member which was starting to harden and rise. Seeing him react, she started to gain her confidence. She brought his tip to her mouth and started to lick it. Then she slowly entered the whole tip into her mouth. She slowly started sucking and moving on him.

Vader let his thoughts go away from Danica. His first thoughts went to Padmé, and how she was far better at servicing his cock than the little slut on her knees in front of him. A small pang hit his heart. Once again he wasn't being loyal to Padmé. He paused for a moment to consider the alternatives. He could have done nothing. Let Danica continue to flirt with him. Possibly she would invite him to dinner or to her room later tonight. He then could have not shown up to the invitation . . . but he felt the Emperor's heavy hand this. She was brazenly flirting with him in front of the Emperor. No doubt on his orders. Why?

Vader's gaze traveled over to his master. He was still watching on with a sick smile. His hands were inside his robe. Vader could make out the jerky movement as the Emperor masturbated to the scene in front him. Vader internally scowled. Suddenly he just felt annoyed and wanted the whole thing over with. He gripped Danica's hair tight and slammed his hips into her. She was at once gagging and coughing, but Vader didn't care. Let her sort herself out. He pulled back and thrust into her again and again.

Her mouth, tongue, and throat felt good along his dick. He could make out that spit was dripping from her mouth. Most likely ruining her gown. But Vader didn't care. He kept pounding. He looked down at her. She was looking up at him. Her brows were caved in clear discomfort as if saying this was too much for her. Probably was. She probably had never had dick shoved this far down her throat before.

Vader could feel his orgasm coming. He shoved his cock balls deep into her face. He made sure his hold on her hair was tight. He unleashed a large fresh load into her. He could feel his cum explode in her. He pulled out and watched as his seed came pouring out of her mouth and nose making a huge mess of her face and chest.

He walked over to the table and grabbed a fabric napkin. He cleaned himself up and put himself back together. He sat down back in his seat. Danica was hunched over on the floor still coughing and trying to catch her breath. Vader ignored her. He eyed Sidious sitting across from him. The old man was no longer fapping under his robes.

“Enjoy the show?” Vader asked.

“I always enjoy seeing you in action,” the Emperor responded.

“Is that why you ordered her to flirt and seduce me?” Vader asked.

“Oh come now boy. I know you all too well. You have quite a thirsty dick.” The Emperor waved at Danica. “You seem to work best when you have something to fuck that dick into.”

“I am capable of finding such things by myself,” Vader noted.

“Oh, no doubt about that,” the Emperor said with a sick sparkle in his eye.

“What is this engagement really about, master?”

"I merely thought it was about time you settled down. Is it not the way of the father to see to his child's happiness?"

Vader replied in a dark hushed tone. "Is it not the way of the first-born son to inherit the father's throne?"

Sidious' eyes narrowed at the comment. Vader could feel his master's anger from that comment.

"Danica," the Emperor said. "You are excused. Return to your room and clean yourself up."

The woman said nothing. She rose to the floor on shaky legs and left. The Emperor brought one of his hands up. Blue lightning sparked amongst his fingers.

"Do you need a reminder, *boy*, of is the master?" Sidious hissed.

Vader bowed his head. "Of course not my master."

But the lightning snaked across the table anyways. It hit Vader square in the chest. He fell out of his chair and onto the ground. He clenched his teeth to avoid letting any screams escape. He wouldn't give Sidious that pleasure. The lightning quickly left, leaving Vader panting heavily on the ground.

"Back in your seat, boy," Sidious ordered.

Vader slowly and painfully rose and returned to his seat. A tense silence stretched between the two. Vader waited for Sidious to speak up, but when he didn't, Vader spoke. "Is there anything else you need, my master?" Vader asked making sure his voice was as subservient as he could make it.

"No," the Emperor replied sharply. "You are dismissed."

Vader nodded his head and left.

Vader let the door to Padmé's room slide shut behind him. She was awake and wore a silk nightdress. She sat in her bed looking over a datapad, but as soon as he stepped in, her eyes were on him. He quickly walked over to her. A big smile was across her face that warmed Vader. He sat on the edge of bed and pulled her into an embrace. He let his hands weave into her brown curls.

"I wasn't expecting you to be back so soon," she said.

Vader sighed. "Well the Emperor is fucking Danica again, so I took the opportunity."

"Again?" Padmé asked as she pulled out of the embrace. "I feel like those two should marry each other."

"Well I'm glad he's fucking her instead of you," he murmured darkly to himself.

"I'm honestly surprised he hasn't forced me into his bed yet," she said. "He makes me wear those revealing gowns. I see the he eyes me when I wear them. Whenever we're close he gropes me, and yet he's never gone beyond that."

“Probably wants you to come to him,” Vader said. ‘He gets off on power plays.’ Vader took a deep breath. “Like he did today . . .”

“What happened?” she asked.

“He invited me to have lunch with Danica. He had ordered her to be a very, very open flirt with me.”

“What did you do?”

“I . . . well . . . she gave me a blow job in front of the Emperor.” He didn’t add the fact that he was the one who initiated the act. He watched her carefully. Yet she just seemed curious. No anger played out on her face.

“In front of the Emperor?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“And what did the Emperor do?”

“He just watched. With his hand down his pants of course.”

“Hmmm,” she said.

This was not the reaction Vader had been expecting. Padmé seemed a bit lost in thought at the moment.

“You’re not mad?” he asked.

“Hmmm no,” she said. Her thoughts were still somewhere else. Vader was very tempted to reach into the Force and read her thoughts. But at the moment her eyes cleared and focused back on him.

“I . . . have something for you,” he said. “A gift.”

“A gift?” she asked.

“Danica showed me her engagement gift. Provided by the Emperor I’m sure. I realized I should give you something.”

“You don’t need to give me anything, Ani,” she said in a soft voice that sent a shiver of pleasure through him.

“I wanted to,” he replied in the same tone. He dug into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled up piece of fabric. It was a piece of course tan linen. He handed it over to Padmé. She gently unfolded the fabric. Inside was a necklace. ‘It was my mother’s,’ Vader explained. “I made it for her when she first got sick. It was to bring her luck . . .”

The pendant was made from japor ivory wood. It was a small square with lines and swirls of stars a young Anakin had carved into it. Padmé’s hand curled around the pendant. “Thank you,” she said. “Help me put it on?”

Vader gently grabbed the pendant and the leather cord it hung on. He hadn’t touched the actual necklace since he had taken it off his dead mother’s body. He had kept it wrapped in its cloth, a piece of fabric torn from one of his mother’s tunics. He brought the cord around Padmé’s neck and tied the ends. The necklace rested on her chest.

“I don’t have a gift to give to you,” she said. Vader only smiled.

“You’ve already given me a gift.”

“Oh?”

He leaned over and kissed her stomach. “This right here,” he said. He glanced back up at her. She was smiling. She seemed to be glowing. Her hand laced into his curls. He kissed her stomach again and again. He slowly made his way lower and lower until he was kissing her panties and the warm soft mound under it. She let out a small giggle, as he gently pulled the panties down. He started his kisses again, this time on the bare skin.

Chapter 25

Padmé found herself sitting with Danica at a small table. A holodisc was on the table showing portraits of various members of the court. Danica was prattling on about each one. Yet Padmé's mind was not focused at all on Danica nor her lesson. A hand was absentmindedly rubbing her stomach. Her next doctor appointment was coming up in a few days. Hopefully she'd be able to hear the baby's heartbeat. It was an exciting thought . . .

Except she would be attending the appointment alone. Anakin couldn't come, and there . . . there was no one else for her. Her family was gone. Her mother, father, sister, nieces. No one to help her with this pregnancy. To share their own experiences and stories. To ease Padmé's worries or celebrate her joy. They were gone. Destroyed. All because of Emperor Palpatine.

The man had to die. The scum had tossed away thousands of lives just so Padmé wouldn't be distracted by anything but the Emperor. She had never really wanted someone dead before. She believed in justice. In the Republic. In the system. Criminals should be sent to court and punished accordingly, but that would not do for Sheev Palpatine. She wanted him dead. For Padmé's family, herself, and her baby.

Padmé refocused on the current moment. Danica had her lovely golden hair twisted and braided into a complicated hairstyle. She wore a baby blue and cream colored dress. Padmé noticed for the first time she had very lovely hazel eyes. Danica caught Padmé staring and smiled.

"You don't seem to be paying attention to today's lesson," Danica said in a honey smooth voice.

"Sorry," Padmé replied. "There's just . . . so much going on. The designer came by earlier with my dress for the engagement party. There are these lessons . . . and it's all overwhelming."

The engagement party was happening next week. The dress designer had come by earlier in the morning to do a fitting of the outfit Padmé was to wear to the party. It was very revealing. Almost nothing more than a glorified piece of lingerie, and it was perfect for Padmé's plan. Anakin needed a distraction to kill the Emperor, and she was willing to be that distraction. He had confirmed to her that Emperor was an old horny bastard that would easily watch Danica give Anakin a blow job. Padmé wasn't happy about that event, but it confirmed that the Emperor could be distracted by some tits and ass.

"When was the last time you relaxed?" Danica asked.

"When I was on Naboo with my family," Padmé replied bitterly.

"That was a month and a half ago," Danica chided. Padmé ended up biting the inside of her cheek to keep herself from lashing out at Danica. As if Padmé could simply get over the loss of her entire family in that time. "Let's put aside this lesson. I know just the thing to help."

Padmé's mind went through a whirlwind of excuses she could throw at Danica to get out of whatever the woman was planning. Danica led Padmé only a few doors down into a room. It must have been a guest room, but for now there was only two massage tables and some droids.

"A massage?" Padmé asked.

Danica smiled. She walked over to the closest droid. They were humanoid in shape, but their arms had these rounded soft outer layers.

"My father is from Anexes. His company specializes in droids for military use. He met my mother while on vacation to Hersperidium. She made droids such as these." Danica patted the droid. "These specific droids are of my own creation."

"Massage droids?" Padmé asked.

Danica's hand slid along the rounded layer on the droid's arm. "It's a material similar to synthskin. It's soft and has warmers underneath. They also have human like fingers covered in the material as well, so they can really loosen up those muscles."

Padmé had protested. Had used a few of her excuses she had prepared, but Danica was a woman of the court. She wouldn't take no for an answer. Thus Padmé found herself naked on one of the massage tables. A flimsy sheet was all that covered her. Danica laid on the table next to her. Three massage droids attended both of them. One droid applied a generous amount of warm massage oil. The other two droids started to massage Padmé. One was working her neck and shoulders, and the other rubbed her feet.

Honestly it did feel good. Padmé closed her eyes. The droids were doing a great job. Padmé found herself thinking about the droids. They were quite a marvel. There must have been a lot of work put into them. The sensors in the fingers had to be calibrated to sense muscle firmness so it could adjust to individual sentiments.

"Mmmmmmm."

A moan from Danica brought Padmé out of her thoughts. Clearly Danica enjoyed her massages, yet the moaning didn't stop. It had only just started. It was getting louder and more frequent.

"Nnnngggg. Ahhhhh."

Clearly Danica got turned on by these massages. Padmé was doing her best to ignore it, but she couldn't. She opened her eyes and rolled her head over. Once she saw the other table, her eyebrows shot up and her mouth hung open. It wasn't just a very personal massage. Danica laid on the table on her back. Her legs were bent up and to the side. One of the droids was on the table fucking Danica with a giant dildo that was attached to the droid where a penis would be.

The droid was pounding at Danica with a fast pace. Padmé could make out the squishing noise as the dildo slid in and out of courtier. Danica was clearly enjoying herself. The sheet had fallen to the ground. Her back arched off the table. Her hands grasped tightly to the edges. Her face was flushed. Whenever she wasn't moaning, she had a large pleased smile on her face.

“Oh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhh! Yes!” she started to shout as she hit her orgasm. Her whole body tensed and did a few sharp jerky movements. The droid slowed down its thrusting and pulled out. The dildo folded back into the droid’s body. Danica laid on the table taking deep breaths before she looked over at Padmé with a large smile. Slowly Danica slid off her table and walked over to Padmé’s. Her hips swayed from side to side.

“Amazing aren’t they?” Danica purred as she placed a hand on one of the droids. “They know exactly how to please and relax you, don’t they?”

“Yes-yes,” Padmé stuttered. She tried to push herself up and off the table, but the two droids suddenly tightly grabbed her.

“Oh come now, Padmé,” Danica said. “You don’t want to miss the best part.”

“I’m afraid I must decline this offer, Danica.”

Danica slowly climbed onto the table. She placed a knee on either side of Padmé’s hips. She sat down on Padmé. She settled her ass right on top of Padmé’s pussy. Then slowly she leaned over. First stomach touched stomach and then breasts against breasts. Danica put her elbows on either side of Padmé’s neck so she could support her head with her hands.

“Danica, please get off,” Padmé said softly. She again tried to struggle free, but the droids held her tight.

Danica started to grind against Padmé. The blonde’s pussy rubbed against Padmé’s. The breasts rubbed against breasts. “There is no better way to relax than to get pussy fucked just right,” Danica said as she bit her lower lip. “You’re going to feel so much better after this. I promise.”

“Danica I don’t need to be fucked— Oh!”

Padmé hadn’t noticed the droid climbing on the table, since she had been so focused on Danica. But she felt the soft but hard and slick dildo slide into her. It kept pushing and pushing into her. It went in deep.

“Danica!” Padmé said. She grabbed Danica’s arms and was about to push her off, but that was when the vibrations started. She let out a large gasp and Danica laughed.

“See? They know how to do it just right,” Danica purred.

Padmé’s pussy was filled with lightning as the dildo vibrated inside of her. It pressed against her nerves, sending waves of pleasure through her. *Force*, Padmé thought. She could feel her body starting to react. Her inner walls were starting to loosen up and become slick. Then the dildo started to very slowly slide out of her, but of course it then slid back in. The droid was thrusting at a very slow rhythm.

Danica twisted against Padmé. She let out a moan. “This model has two cocks,” Danica said. ‘For double penetration, or . . .’ She smiled down at Padmé, “for double pussy.” The unwelcome image hit Padmé of what this scene must look like from a distance. Padmé laying on the table with Danica on top of her. A droid with two dildos was thrusting into both of them at the same time.

The thrusting started to speed up a bit. Padmé bit back a moan. She wasn’t going to show Danica she was enjoying this, but the other woman clearly saw through this.

“Just relax, Padmé,” Danica said. “Just take the cock and enjoy it. Don’t fight it. It makes everything so much easier and better.”

“You would know,” Padmé said.

“I would,” Danica said pleasantly. “These pleasure droids were my mother’s life work. As I grew older, I became a test subject. My mother realized that I was a bit too bias towards the droids. I loved all of it. But my mother was right, I had never had a real cock. So she cooked up some strong aphrodisiacs and served it to a squad of clone troopers. She gave me a healthy dose of drug and threw me in their barracks.”

The droid started to pick up it’s pace. Padmé wiggled under Danica. She wasn’t sure if it she was doing it in an attempt to get free or out of pleasure, because it did feel good. The vibrations of the dildo and the thrusting were overwhelming good. Her pussy was on fire. It clenched eagerly the dildo. Her body slightly pushed against the fake cock, so the vibrations could push into her deeper.

“I don’t know if those clones had ever seen a woman before,” Danica said. “Much less a naked one. They really had no idea what to do. Sure I had only been fucked by droids, but I was eager to teach them. They took to my lessons very well.”

“Ohhhhh!” Pamde moaned as the vibrations grew stronger. Her body shuddered in enjoyment. Her whole lower part of her body was enjoying the hot vibrations and thrusts.

“It was wonderful,” Danica continued. “The clones were so full of vigour and enthusiasm. Once they figured it all out, there were cocks everywhere. My cunt was always full of a nice big dick. There was one wonderful moment when I had cock in my pussy, up my ass, down my throat, and a cock in both hands. I don’t know how long it lasted, but I fell asleep on some hard barrack bed with a cock still thrusting into me.”

Primal excitement ran through Padmé. It was starting to overwhelm her. A rush of pure sensation, that was too powerful to resist, surged through her. She was helpless as the orgasm shot through her body. It was strong and sent Padmé shaking and twisting as strong hot sparkling thrills of pleasure raced through her. As she came off her high, Padmé noticed Danica squirming in delight on top of her.

“See?” Danica said breathlessly between her labored breathing. “Don’t you feel so much better?”

Padmé only thought about how crazy and sex-crazed Danica was. No wonder she had flirted and sucked Anakin’s cock in front of the Emperor and spent each night in the Emperor’s bed. Padmé needed to warn Anakin how messed up his fiancée was.

Vader made his way from his private hangar in the Imperial Palace towards his rooms. He was tired. He had been conversing with the military chiefs all day. Only half of them had Vader himself appointed. The other half had been put there due to their connections to Sidious. Vader had been so tempted to choke one of the chiefs. He ended up settling on some poor lower officer who was there as an aid. Even after the reminder of Vader’s power, some of the chiefs were still grating on Vader’s nerves.

Vader was glad to be away from them. He was tired and wanted solitude. However once he set foot into his own wing of the palace, a servant approached him.

"My-my lord," the woman said. She kept her gaze at the floor. Fear radiated off of her like a bad smell.

"What?" Vader barked ready to get whatever this was over with.

"A-a Ms. Kousoth is here to see you . . ."

"Danica?" Vader snarled. The servant confirmed while he realized it was quite late into the night. "How long has she been here?" he asked.

"For a while, my lord. She wanted to wait in your personal room—" The servant flinched as Vader scowled. "But of course she couldn't get past the locks."

Vader allowed no one, not even the servants, into his personal room. It was messy, but it was his.

"Where is she now?" Vader grumbled. The servant hadn't even finished before Vader was storming down the hall towards the guest room where Danica was. The door opened with a soft swoosh. Danica laid on the bed completely naked. Her gold hair pooled around her.

"Lord Vader," she purred as she pushed her up. Her movements showcased her big tits and left her legs open to give a view of her pussy.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. He didn't move any closer to her. "Already done fucking the Emperor's spindly dick this evening?"

"He decided to enjoy some of his harem girls tonight, which has left me freed up. Plus after that amazing display at lunch the other day, I really wanted to taste more of that big dick of yours." Danica's eyes flashed down to Vader's groin. One of her hands slid across her stomach and down to her mound. Her fingers pushed her folds open showing off the wet pink skin below.

"Leave," Vader said. Without another glance or word, he turned on his heels and walked out the door.

"What?" He heard her shout in disbelief. It was soon followed by the sound of feet running after him. She quickly caught up and grabbed his cloak. "You're going to leave? Just like that?"

Vader spun around. The action resulted in snapping his cape free from Danica's grasp. "Yes, just like that," Vader hissed.

"I was led to believe you had quite a thirsty cock, Lord Vader," she said. Then she leaned in close. "And I have quite a drink for you."

Black anger boiled inside of him. A simple wave of this hand sent Danica into the hallway wall. Her hands clawed at her neck.

"Some advice, *wife*," he growled. "I decide when and where I want to fuck."

He let his hold on the Force go. Danica slid to the ground gasping. It was a shame he couldn't kill her. Sidious would most likely be pissed. Vader was sure some sort of deal had

been made for Vader marrying Danica to benefit Sidious. For now Vader needed Sidious' focus away from him. Once he was dead, than Vader would be free to deal with Danica however he wanted.

Vader turned and headed back down the hall. Danica slowly calmed her breathing. Her eyes never left Vader as he disappeared down the hall. Even after he was gone, she stared when he had last seen him. Her hands curled in tight fists. Her well manicured nails bit into her skin. She clenched her teeth. Slowly she pushed herself up and returned to the guest room.

She got dressed and made her way through the palace to her own suite of rooms. Once inside her bedroom, she made her way over to a chest that was sitting on a cushioned bench at the end of her bed. She undid the latches and lifted the lid. The inside of the trunk was filled with small glass bottles. Liquid slightly sloshed inside of them. Danica reached in and pulled one of the bottles out.

“Well mom did teach me everything she knew,” she said with a smile.

Chapter 26

Vader swept into the small dining room. Already seated at the table were the Emperor, Danica, and Padmé. After kneeling to his master, Vader took his seat. His eyes at once went to Padmé. She was stunning. She wore a pale green dress with absolutely sheer fabric. On top of the fabric were silver gems that created twisting trees. They just barely covered up her nipples. Her hair was curled up in silver branches. Vader just wanted to lean over and run his hand along her. Feel her ripe warm breasts under the glitter, but he didn't.

He looked over at Danica. While Padmé wore a scandalous outfit, she managed to still look regal and ethereal. Danica looked like some expensive whore. Her outfit was bright orange. A gold collar ran around her neck and orange fabric spilled from it. It split into two and wrapped around her breast, but didn't completely cover it. There was quite a bit of underboob showing. He wasn't sure what the bottom looked like as it was hidden by the table, but could see some orange fabric wrapped low upon her hips.

The dinner was boring. Danica occupied the entire conversation with gossip from the court. Vader wore his hood up, though all at the table knew him without it. It allowed him to cast side glances at Padmé. A few times he caught her eye. There was something in the way she held herself. She was holding back. She wanted to talk to him. Vader would try to visit her tonight.

Vader was finishing his drink when the Emperor said, "Lord Vader, why don't you escort Danica back to her room?"

Vader fought back a disgusted sigh and merely nodded. Danica smiled as she rose from her chair. She offered her arm, which Vader looped his own arm through. As he left the table, he casted one last look at Padmé. She gave him a tight smile. But then he was pulled along by Danica. Vader let himself be led through the halls of the palace. Danica was rambling on about their wedding, and he had tuned her out.

She led him into a small sitting room that connected to her bedroom. Vader barely entered. He stopped near the entryway. He unlooped his arm from hers. "Good night," he said. He was going to turn to leave, but she grabbed his shirt with both hands. She pushed him against the wall near the door. "Danica," he lightly growled at her. Hadn't he already taught her this lesson?

"Come now Lord Vader," she purred as her hands flattened against his chest. Her hands started rub circles on his chest and abs. They started to creep lower and lower. "You're going to tell me you feel nothing at all?" She pushed herself against him. Her large soft breasts pressed against his chest. They were so warm and plump. Before he even knew what he was doing, his hand came up and grabbed a handful of her one of her tits.

Danica's hands were now undoing his pants. It wasn't long before both of her soft hands dug into his pants and grabbed hold of his cock. She quickly brought it out and hands ran up and down his length. He was quickly growing warm and hard. His hand grabbed and groped at her breast. He slid his hand under the hideous orange fabric and quickly found her nipple.

He started to pinch it, flick it, and roll it around his fingers before going back and grabbing handfuls of her boob.

He got hard quick. His cock was becoming coming painful and it ached for more than just Danica's hands sliding up and down him. He felt one of her fingers rolling around his tip as she smeared the pre-cum along his tip. His free hand came around and grabbed her ass. He pushed her into him. Making body her body grind into him. Her hands started to work faster along his cock. He didn't hold back when his body arched into hers as he shot off a load. It splashed all over her exposed stomach.

She pulled her hands away, completely covered in his white gooey seed. She started to lick her fingers. She would slowly put one finger in, push it all the way into her mouth, and then slowly pull it out.

"I knew you were all pent up," she said.

Vader was only slightly paying attention. His cock was still so hard. He needed more. He grabbed Danica by the arms and pushed her into the room and onto one of the sofas. He wasted no time and ripping her skirt off. He wasn't surprised to find that she had no panties on. He pushed her legs aside giving him a clear view of pussy. He shoved a hand in to her pink folds. Two fingers slammed into hole.

She let out a large gasp that transformed into a moan. He started working his fingers fast and furious in and out of her. His other hand gripped his needy and fat cock. He could feel the veins straining along his shaft. It was so warm. So ready. When his fingers were wet enough, he pulled them out. He wasted no time in thrusting his cock into her. In one swift movement he was balls deep into her.

She squirmed and let out a small scream. He didn't care if it was from pain or pleasure or a mixture of both. He needed to fuck. He needed to fuck now. He started at once thrusting into her. It was a fast and vigorous pace. It took a few thrusts for Danica to sort herself out. But her legs wrapped around his waist. She started to rock with him so her pussy would shove down toward him as his dick pounded into her. Her juicy breasts bounced. He was tempted to grab one, but he kept his hands on her hips.

"Oh stars," Danica moaned. "Stars! Fuck! You're so good!"

"Of course I fucking am," Vader growled at her. "You've never had dick as good as this have you?"

"No!" she gasped. "No I haven't! It's so big! Nnnngggghhh! So fucking big and good!"

He kept fucking into her. His massive cock slid in and out of her, slowly loosening her up. There was this overwhelming pressure inside of him that he needed to get out. He slammed into Danica over and over again. His balls slapping against her body as he went in deep every time. Her inner walls eagerly grabbed at him.

"Your cock is so amazing!" Danica said as she bucked and writhed under. "Come inside of me!"

The pressure was building inside Vader. It consumed his whole being. He just needed it to get out. He needed to fuck. His fat dick slid in and out of Danica, who started to twist and howl as she climaxed. Vader gave her a few more pumps until finally he pushed himself as

deep as he could go. He sighed as the pressure inside him exploded out. His body twitched as he sent shot after shot of his warm cum into Danica. He slowly pulled his cock out of her used cunt. His white cum slowly dripped out of her.

“That was so good,” Danica said between deep breaths. “That’s best damn fucking I’ve ever had.”

Vader unlatched his cloak and threw it to the ground. He had grown hot and sweaty. He pulled off his shirt and threw it to the ground. Danica used her feet to push him back.

“Perhaps we should move this into my bedroom?” she said.

Vader said nothing as Danica collected the clothing from the floor. He followed her into her bedroom. She undid her top, which left her completely naked. He wasted no time in taking off his boots and pants. Her arms were around his neck and her tongue inside of his mouth. The pressure was building up again. His dick twitched as it started to reharden. The craving was still there. He still needed more.

“What shall we do this time?” Danica purred as she licked Vader’s lips. “Shall you take me up the ass?”

Vader said nothing as he roughly pushed her onto the bed. Danica rolled herself over onto her stomach. She pushed her ass up into the air. He slapped her ass hard. She jumped but let out a delighted scream. He slapped her round fat ass again just to see it wiggle. Then he shoved two fingers into her hole. While he loosened her up, his cock was now fully erect again. It throbbed. It begged for more.

Whether she was ready or not, Vader grabbed her ass cheeks and slid his hungry cock in. He let out a sigh as her tight round ass hole gripped his fat shaft. It felt so right. So good. He only paused a moment before he started to fuck her. Again he grabbed at his hips so he could push and pull her against him. She gave out a yowl of pleasure as he slammed into her. The room was filled with the noise of their bodies clapping together. His balls bounced against her ass as he rammed into her nonstop. It didn’t take long of his vicious pounding for Danica to whine and wiggle through his fucking as she came. Yet Vader didn’t relent.

He needed more. *More*. He thrusts were becoming more wild, more desperate. There was something overwhelming him. He had been stripped down to the primal need to just fuck. When he came it felt wonderful. The pressure released inside of him, and filled with him a wonderful sparkling sensation that ran through his body. He pulled his cock out, but it was still hard. It still wanted more. He wasted no time in slamming into her already wet pussy.

“Ohh!” Danica shouted.

A unbelievable fire was growing inside Vader. He brought it all down upon the woman under him. He needed this. He needed *more*. Vader didn’t stop. Without mercy he fucked and fucked and fucked her. He slammed into all of her holes. Her pussy. Her ass. Her mouth. He once even enjoyed a good tit fuck. He squeezed her big plump breasts and shoved his cock through them. He then gave her a facial of a hot gooey load of his spunk.

He was inexhaustible. He still needed *more*. The pressure never went away. Danica twisted and moaned and shouted through climax after climax. Vader felt some sort of twisted glee as

he felt Danica starting to get uncomfortable as she realized she may have gotten over her head.

“Lor-Lord Vad-Vader,” she said between her gasps and his humping. “Pleas-please. I’m done.”

“You wanted to fuck,” Vader growled at her as he slapped her ass. “Well we’re fucking.”

She tried to wiggle away, but Vader kept her pinned down with the Force. He wasn’t done yet. He wasn’t satisfied. He needed to fuck more and *more*. A hopeless panic was settling over Danica as he continued to plunge his thick fat hard cock into her. However her body betrayed as her body arched and tightened as another climax rushed through her.

“See. I knew you were all pent up,” Vader said using Danica’s earlier words.

Slowly Danica started to surrender. The fight faded away from her eyes. She was exhausted. Vader looked down at her after unleashing yet another load of white cum across her body. She was covered in his gooeey seed. His cum leaked from all her holes. It was splattered all across her body, face and hair. She laid in the mess with her eyes rolled back, cheeks flushed, and body covered in sweat. She was spent. Her eyes were fighting to stay awake as her body finally gave into the exhaustion.

But Vader wasn’t done yet. His cock twitched as if saying ‘more.’ He had lost count how many times he had come already. There was a part of his mind that was uncomfortable. That was this wasn’t natural, but he didn’t care. He got off the bed and collected his clothes. As he started to redress he noticed a small trunk at the edge of Danica’s bed sitting on a bench. It held small bottles of liquid. About three were missing. Vader pocketed one of the bottles and swept from Danica’s room. He barely remembered to pull his hood on as he reached the hallway.

He made his way straight to Padmé’s room. His cock strained inside his pants. He clenched his fists at his sides to avoid grabbing himself and pumping his own dick while he walked through the palace. The door to Padmé’s room slid open silently. She was asleep in her bed. He at once stripped himself of all his clothing. He was so ready. So needy. He slid into the bed and wrapped his arms around her. He pulled her against him. He pressed his hard cock against her ass.

“Mmmm?” she said as she started to awake. She rolled her head over to see him. She gave him a beautiful smile that made the heat inside him double and his cock twitch in need. “Ani?” she said, but before she could say anything more his lips were on hers. His hands were sliding up and down her side. He grabbed her nightdress and started to pull it up.

“A bit impatient?” she teased as he pulled the nightdress off and threw it to the floor. She turned in the bed and placed her hands on him. “You’re all sweaty.”

“I know,” he murmured softly as his lips left a trail of kisses on her neck. “I just need more.”

“More what?” she asked.

“More of you,” he said as he rolled her over on her back. He positioned himself on top of her. He took a moment to look at her bare form. He could see her lovely breasts gently

moving as she breathed. He looked at the curves of her hips. "You're perfect," he said softly. He let his hand brush gently against her still flat stomach.

She let out a little snort. "I've started to gain some weight."

"I think you're supposed to do that," Vader said amused. He looked over her again. He didn't notice that she was bigger in an area. Even if she was, she was still absolutely delectable.

"I have an appointment tomorrow," she said softly. "Hopefully I'll hear the baby's heartbeat."

Something cut through the haze he was in. He could sense her pain. Her sadness. "Is something wrong?" he asked as his eyes flicked down to her stomach. He reached out in the Force and felt the small little life still glowing strongly there.

"No, nothing's wrong," she said, but there was still a sadness to her voice. "Nothing with the baby. It's just a routine checkup."

"Then why are you sad?" he asked.

One of her hands came up and gently cupped against his face. "I just don't want to do this alone," she said softly.

"You don't," he said. "I'm here."

She took a painful sigh. "But you can't come to my appointment tomorrow," she said. 'You still have to be Lord Vader who is engaged to Danica.' Padmé almost spat the name. "And I to be engaged to the Emperor."

He suddenly became aware of his still very hard cock and the fire growing deep and low inside of him. The haze slipped back in place. He shifted her legs and slowly guided himself inside of her. "But not for long," Vader whispered. "You're mine. Mine."

Slowly and far more carefully than he had moved with Danica, Vader started to thrust into Padmé. She rolled her hips in time with him. She smiled at him as he leaned over to claim her lips over and over again. When he pulled away, a small trail of saliva went from his mouth to hers.

"Force, Padmé," he moaned. "You're so amazing."

He meant it. She was so good. Her pussy was the best. Even at this slow pace it felt good. Her inner walls gripped tightly to his large cock. He would thought out of the times he had fucked her, she would have been a gaping hole by now. But every time she was still tight. Slowly he brought the two of them to climax together. She gripped and clawed at his back as her body spasmed in pleasure. Most likely leaving red trails along his skin. He kissed her and kissed her.

"I need more," he whispered into her mouth.

"Mmm more?"

"Yes, more," he said.

He hadn't pulled out. His cock was still in there. It was still hard. Still wanting. The pressure inside of him had yet to die. He needed *more*, so he started to thrust again. He was so hopelessly needy. He started to work up to a rapid pace. Padmé twisted under him. Her back arched and she grabbed tightly at the sheets. His hands gripped her waist so he could push and pull her to make sure he went in fast and deep each time.

"Ani!" she gasped.

He smiled as she called out his nickname. The only woman to ever call that name out in the throes of pleasure. The only woman alive he would accept using that name. He kept working greedily to satisfy the overwhelming, burning need and hunger inside of him that kept calling out for more. He was losing his composure as he couldn't hold back any more. Each thrust fueled his lust and desire and made him feel so good. The pressure was building inside of him again.

"Don't stop!" Padmé said. Her cheeks were bright red. She threw her head back. Vader kept pounding on. "Ani!" she shouted as her body shook in climax. A few thrusts later, he was filling up her pussy completely with a warm load of cum. Her body started to relax a little as she came off her orgasmic high. Small after tremors sent shivers through her body. He watched her breasts as they heaved with her chest as she fought to catch her breath.

More, the dark lustful cravings whispered. He pulled out his cock. It was still hard, but he looked at her, his Padmé. There was a look of contemptment and sleepiness on her face. He sighed knowing he shouldn't push her. He slid out of the bed and gently pulled the covers up around her. He brushed her sweaty curls out of her face and left small kisses along her cheek.

"Good night, my love," he whispered. She yawned.

"Good night," she whispered back. Then she closed her eyes and sleep quickly took her. Vader watched her sleep for a moment, before he dressed himself and left her room. He marched in frustration back towards his rooms of the palace. He was still hard. He was still horny. He still wanted, no needed, *more*. He could have his staff bring him some whore from the red light district. Though they hadn't done it in a while, they were well experienced in doing so. Perhaps then Vader could fuck himself out of this craving and haze.

He came to an intersection in the hallway. One hall would lead him to his wing of the palace, while a different hall would bring him towards . . . A twisted smile came across Vader's lips. He turned down the other hall. As he came across the two troopers who stood outside the door, it only took a small wave of his hand and a simple Force suggestion to get passed them. He let the doors slide shut behind him and pressed the code to lock it. It was his personal code, and very few would be able to override it.

"Lord Vader?" came a sweet voice.

Vader snapped his head up. He squinted his eyes at his prey.

"What are you doing here?" the Emperor's concubine asked. He marched over and grabbed her. She wore the big thick gold collar around her neck and a sheer piece of fabric that acted like a dress. He pulled it off of her easily.

"I'm here to fuck you," he said.

“My lord,” the concubine said as her eyes widened in horror. “You can’t. You know this. I can only be touched by the Emperor.”

Vader laughed. “You’ve never wondered what it felt like to be fucked by someone else? You’re going to tell me you actually enjoy that thin little dick of his? With how much you get fucked, surely you’ve wanted to know what a real cock felt like? A real fat throbbing dick.”

He unlatched his pants and brought at his cock. Her eyes went wide as she saw his meaty member. He smiled as he felt her lust grow within. Yes, she had always wanted to know what it felt like to get her brains fucked out of her properly. She tentatively leaned in to him. Her lips were right above his.

“You won’t tell the Emperor?” she whispered.

“Will you?” he whispered back.

She pressed her lips against his as she led him towards one of the many bedrooms of the harem. It didn’t take long for the two to be naked and entwined with one another. They didn’t try to hide their fucking. The whore’s loud moans brought the other concubines out to see what was going on. A few looked on in terror.

“What are you doing?” one hissed. “If the Emperor finds out, he’ll kill you.”

“Let him!” the whore Vader was pounding into moaned. “It’s so good! Lord Vader you’re so amazing! If I die tomorrow, at least I can die knowing what it’s like to be truly fucked.” Her little speech had worked. Eventually another concubine joined them in bed and another and another.

Vader fucked them all. He slammed his large cock into each of their wanting pussies. He creampie’d them and left them oozing his seed. He thrust into their plump asses and down their warm throats. Every part of him had been stripped away to only leave animalistic lust. More. *More.*

“Oh it’s so big!” one girl screamed. “It feels so good!”

“This is what it really feels like?” gasped another. “Oh Force!”

Vader kept going through his frenzied fucking hunger. Eventually all the Emperor’s concubines were enjoying Vader’s dick. He smiled as watched them twist helplessly in pure pleasure from his cock. A pleasure they had never received with the Emperor. He kept going and going until finally the pressure was fully released. The need for more finally died down and went away.

Padmé awoke the next morning to find a small bottle laying on the ground of her bedroom. She didn’t recalled it being there the night before. She realized it must have been Ani’s. He must have dropped it. She unscrewed the bottle and smelled the liquid. It didn’t have any particular smell. She dipped her little finger into it and then licked it. It didn’t have much of a taste either. It wasn’t alcohol. Perhaps it was a medicine? He come to her room all sweaty last night. Was he running a fever? She placed the bottle on her vanity and went to get ready for the day.

It was then she realized she had forgotten to warn Vader about Danica. She frowned. She would try again today. He needed to know how crazy she was. Padmé got dressed and prepared herself for her doctor's appointment.

Vader woke up feeling sore. His body hurt, especially his abs and glutes. There was a consistent chiming going off somewhere. He slowly and painfully sat himself up. He was in his personal room in the palace. He slowly got out of bed, but he did so with a few flinches in pain. As he stumbled through the room, he felt dizzy.

Was he hungover? He had only been hungover a few times in his life. What did he drink yesterday? His mind was a bit fuzzy as he tried to recall the events of last night. There was a dinner. He recalled Danica— another insistent chime broke his thoughts. He noticed his comm unit laying on the floor next to his clothes. He pulled the comm to him with the use of the Force. He had six missed calls.

"The fuck?" he said. That was when he noticed the time. He was three hours late to work. "Fuck," he cursed to himself. He was never late. He moved slowly to the refresher. Perhaps he should just call off? When had Darth Vader ever taken a sick day? When had he ever taken a personal day off? He only pushed aside other duties because something else more pressing came up. He never simply took a day off on a whim.

He stepped into the shower before it had a chance to properly heat up all the way. He leaned his forehead against the cold tile. It felt good. Not only the cool tile feel good against his hot skin, but it felt good to be leaning against something. The world wasn't spinning as much. He had only had one thought as the water started to warm and wash over him.

"What the fuck happened last night?"

Chapter 27

Padmé laid on the examining table in the med bay of the Imperial Palace. The doctor was an elderly man in white medical coat. He was applying a generous amount of cold jelly to Padmé's stomach. He picked up the smooth round probe of the imagining machine and put it against her stomach. They both stilled as they listened. It was quiet. Perhaps it was too early to hear the heartbeat.

But then Padmé heard it. A small and quick thump, thump, thump. She brought her hand to her mouth up as she listened to the steady beating of her baby's heart. It made it seem so real. There was a baby inside of her. The doctor moved the wand probe back and forth. His brows were scrunched up.

"Is . . . is there something wrong?" Padmé asked as fear started to snake its way into the joy she had felt moments before.

"Hmmm," the doctor said. "Listen closely."

She listened again to the little thumps of the beating heart inside of her.

"There are two heartbeats," he said. "They're very closely in sync. But pay close attention. The second one comes right after the first."

She listened again. She even leaned her head forward as if that would help. Then she heard it. Thump-thump thump-thump thump-thump. It was just a beat behind. Easy to miss, but there was clearly something there.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Most likely twins," the doctor said.

"Twins?" she said.

"Congratulations," the doctor said as he put the probe back on the machine.

Padmé walked through the palace hallways. Her hand had yet to leave her stomach. There wasn't one baby, but two inside of her. It was exciting. A warmth was spreading through her chest. She was already so full of love for the both of them. But she was also afraid. She feared she couldn't even protect one child from the Emperor, how was she going to protect two? She prayed to all her gods that her plan would be successful. The engagement party was only two days away.

But now she needed to tell Vader. He needed to know. No doubt the Emperor already knew. She had feeling the doctor had reported directly to the Emperor the moment she left the med bay. But Vader would be busy and she had an appointment with Danica for their court lessons. When she came to Danica's sitting room, the woman wasn't there waiting. Padmé sighed. She was slightly grateful. The less she had to deal with that woman the better.

However, something caught Padmé's attention. Sitting on a small table against a wall was a bottle. She recognized it as the same bottle she had found on the ground this morning in her room. She had assumed it was something Vader had dropped the night before and thought perhaps it was medicine. She walked over to the table and picked up the bottle. It was about half-way full.

That was when she heard the sounds. Padmé slammed the bottle back on the table. Danica was quite noisy when she was getting pleased. She must be fucking around with her massage droids. Padmé turned on her heels and started to walk across the room. She was going to leave. No way was she going to be around those stupid droids again, but then she heard a sound that made her stop in her tracks. It wasn't the sound of Danica but . . .

She turned towards the door that separated the sitting room from Danica's bedroom. Padmé slowly walked over to it. She pressed her ear against the door. There was no mistaking it. Danica was having sex, but not with a droid. With someone else. A man from the sound of the deep grunts. The hair on Padmé's head stood on end. Her hand hovered right above the door panel. Surely she was just imagining things.

It wasn't until she heard the soft swoosh of the door open that she realized she had pressed the button to open the door. The lights were off in Danica's bedroom. The curtains were pulled closed, but some golden light of the late morning streamed in through some cracks. It gave enough light to see there were clearly two people in the bed having sex.

The sounds were now much louder. Grunting. Moaning. The wet clapping of bodies thrusting and grinding together. Padmé slowly walked into the room. Her eyes were on the larger figure. Danica laid on her back on the bed. The other figure hunched over her, thrusting into her. Danica's well sculpted nails were digging into the man's arms. The two figures were going at it at a vigorous pace.

Padmé was now half way across the room. Neither figure had noticed her intrusion as both were too consumed with each other. Goosebumps ran up Padmé's arm as she still inched closer. Her whole body was tense and quiet as she listened to the grunts of the man.

This couldn't be, she told herself. This couldn't be.

It was Danica that gave it away. She arched her back, flung her head back and moaned, "Ohhh Vader!"

Razor sharp cold ran through Padmé who stood frozen as she watched Vader fucking Danica. The ice shards slowly pooled in her chest and stabbed at her heart. Stabbed at her stomach. This couldn't be! She glanced around wildly. She noticed a chest at the end of Danica's bed filled with those stupid bottles. Bottles that had come from Danica! Padmé marched over to them no longer caring if they saw her. She grabbed a bottle from the chest and hurled it at Vader.

The bottle sailed over his back and crashed into the wall above the headboard. Danica and Vader both paused as they looked first at the wall and then over at Padmé. Danica was first surprised but then she smiled.

"Padmé!" she said. "Is it time for our lessons?"

Yet Padmé wasn't looking at Danica. She was looking at Vader, who had a look on his face she couldn't quite discern. His eyes were wide. His curls hung loose into his face. Yet his mouth was slack. It looked as if he was still processing what he was seeing. Frustrated, Padmé grabbed another bottle and threw it at Vader again. This time it landed against his shoulder. The bottle bounced off and rolled on the bed. Vader only stared blankly at it.

The sharp ice that had been stabbing her quickly melted away to form boiling anger. She grabbed another bottle and threw it at him. Then another and another. She screamed as she threw each bottle until there were no more bottles left.

"All done?" Danica said. She rubbed Vader's arms as she tried to coax him back down on her. Vader still had the same vacant expression as before, except now his brows were slowly creasing.

"Fuck you!" Padmé shouted as she turned sharply and marched out of the room. She didn't look back as she stormed out of the sitting room and back into the hallways of the palace. Her hands were clenched tightly at her sides. They ached by the time she made it to her own room. Once inside she screamed. Then she took a deep staggering breath and screamed again.

She walked to her bed and collapsed on to it. Hot burning tears at once started to slowly trickle down her cheeks. How could she be so stupid? She believed him. She thought . . . Force, she didn't know what she thought. Her heart ached. It felt like it was being squeezed by thick icy tendrils. An ache in her stomach made her remember the two small lives growing in her.

The babies!

Now fat heavy tears were pouring down her face. What was she going to do? She couldn't do this alone. She couldn't leave their fate up to Palpatine, but she couldn't trust Vader either. What was going to happen to them? Eventually her sobs lulled her to sleep, and she dreamt.

She walked through the long halls of the Imperial Palace. She wore a long silk nightgown that trailed on the floor behind her. The palace was dark, cool, and quiet. There were no other sounds. No other people. Just the long, long hallway. Eventually she saw something ahead. As she walked closer she noticed she was no longer in a hallway, but in the throne room. The room was empty save for large dark mound on the floor right at the edge of the steps leading up to the throne.

Padmé's feet never stopped though she didn't want to continue. Eventually she stood right in front of dark bundle of cloth in front of the steps. She crouched down and reached out a hand to grab the cloth, but a white gnarled hand snaked out and grabbed her arm. She tried to jump back and yank her hand away, but the grip was tight and cold. Another hand raced out and squeezed her stomach.

"Mine," a voice hissed. Two glowing yellow eyes emerged from the cloth. Slowly the face the Emperor appeared. She saw his pale skin drooping off his cheeks. The dark purple skin 'around the eyes. Mine!' he hissed louder. "They will be mine!"

"No!" she screamed as she tried to pull away, but couldn't. Her feet like they were cemented to the ground. "You can't have them!"

“They are mine!” the Emperor screeched. He opened his mouth to speak again, but all that came out was a ear-splitting scream. Blood started to pour from his mouth. Slowly a red glow started to grow behind him. It got brighter and brighter. The Emperor’s eyes got wider until they rolled back into his head.

“No, they are mine,” a dark and heavy voice said. The Emperor’s body fell to the ground. As it did, it finally released its hold on Padmé. She collapsed to the ground. She looked up to see Vader sitting on the throne. His gold eyes were directly on Padmé. A cold twisted smile slowly spread across his lips. Padmé glanced back down at the Emperor, but there was nothing there. It was just the smooth tile floor of the throne room.

Padmé glanced back up at Vader, who was no longer alone. Four naked women were crawling all over the throne and him. She noticed one was Danica and another was the dark-skinned Velnna. Vader shared a deep kiss with Danica while he groped another woman’s tit then slapped another’s ass. Padmé huffed in disgust and pushed herself to her feet, but found herself jerked to the floor before she could stand all the way.

“Where are you going?” Vader asked.

Padmé glared up at him. “I’m leaving,” she said.

Vader laughed. It was a sinister laugh that sent chills through her. “You can’t,” he said. ‘Or did you forget? You’re mine.’ He brought up his hand which now held a golden chain. Padmé followed the chain down the throne and steps. It led all the way to her and connected to a golden collar around her throat. She grabbed at the thick metal around her neck and tried to pry it off. Vader only laughed. The women on his throne joined him. Their laughter echoed through the room. “Don’t strain yourself too hard, my love,” Vader called out. “Don’t want to hurt the babies.”

Padmé glanced down at herself to find her stomach was large and round. Two large hands slid along her stomach. Her head snapped up to see Vader kneeling in front of her with his hands on her stomach. For a moment Padmé thought of Anakin. The man she had fallen in love with. His dark blond curls framed his tanned face. But the blue eyes were missing. Instead they were a glowing yellow. The same as the Emperor who had moments before been in the very spot Vader was now in.

“Mine,” Vader hissed. “They are mine.”

The Emperor summoned Padmé to dinner. She tried to decline, but the servant insisted very seriously she must attend. Perhaps she could find a way out of dinner early. Luckily the summons had not been accompanied by a dress, which meant she was free to pick what to wear. She picked a soft and comfortable dark red dress. There was nothing sensual about it. There was no low cut, high slit, revealing cut outs, or see-through material. It was a dress she would have worn as a senator.

It made her feel confident, something she felt like she needed. She had bags under her bloodshot eyes from. She tried her best to hide away the signs of her breakdown with makeup. A servant escorted her to dinner, but didn’t take her to the dining room. She was tempted to ask where they were going, when a cold dread started to build low in her. She

recognized the long hallway. The hairs on her arms started to stand up as she recalled her dream from hours ago. They were going to the throne room.

However, this throne room was well lit. The Emperor sat upon his throne. The servant left her at the doorway, leaving Padmé to cross the room alone. At the foot of the stairs, she paused. The memories of the dream flashed before her. She managed to bow, but was sure it wasn't graceful.

"Your majesty," she said.

"Rise," the Emperor said in his raspy voice. "Come here."

She slowly rose back up and walked up the steps. She paused at the top, but the Emperor beckoned her closer. She clenched her teeth as she recalled the cold hands grabbing on to her from the dream. "*Mine*," the Emperor had hissed in her dream. She stopped right in front of the Emperor. He wore all black robes today. His hood was pulled up, casting his pale and disfigured face in shadow.

"I hear congratulations are in order, my dear," he rasped. 'The doctor has told me the good news. *Twins*.' She shivered when he said the word. There was a hunger in his eyes when he said it. "As such I've decided that a celebration was in order."

He raised one white hand. She tensed. If he grabbed her would she let him? Would she bat him away? But he did no such thing. He merely raised his hand, and shortly a servant rushed out of a secret door from the side of the room. He carried a chair, which he placed next to the throne.

"Have a seat," the Emperor said with a wave at the chair. Padmé cautiously sat down as the servant left the way he came. "Now then let's begin the festivities."

Danica was escorted into the room. She was dressed much more conservative than normal. Less slutty. Her dress was a mix of reds. Mainly a bright red and a deep dark blood red. Black and gold detailing wove around the dress. Her golden hair was swirled up into a red headpiece that had strings of red jewels dripping down the side. A servant led Danica over to the side of the throne room, where she stood rather reservedly. Her hands were clasped neatly in front of her. Her head slightly lowered.

Once Danica had taken her place, Darth Vader was brought in. He walked down the center of the throne room and paused a few steps away from the steps. He gracefully bent down to one knee and greeted the Emperor in his usual manner. He kept his position as he waited for the Emperor to respond.

"Darth Vader," the Emperor hissed. A coldness seemed to be growing from the ground. Padmé trembled and clenched her hands into her skirts. The Emperor raised his hands and lightning snaked from his fingers. It spread down the steps and lashed into Vader. Vader tensed up, but otherwise didn't move or scream. The lightning died away and Padmé could tell Vader was breathing hard under his cloak.

"You ungrateful whelp," the Emperor hissed. 'You dare to touch what isn't yours?' Again the lightning zapped into Vader. The harsh light of the lightning caused Padmé to look away and blink several times. Luckily the lightning died away soon. Vader still knelt on the floor, but he was hunched over now. A hand rested on the floor supporting his weight. "You didn't

just fuck one of my harem girls, but you fucked all of them!” Again there was another round of lightning.

Padmé was now gripping the fabric of her dress above her heart. What? It hadn’t just been Danica? Anger and pain grew inside of her amongst the horror and fear at seeing the Emperor’s lightning. She was torn. Vader deserved to be punished, yet at the same time this was not the punishment she wished on him. Vader’s head slowly rose. The usual shadows that blocked out his face were not there. While the hood was still up, Vader’s face was visible. His gold eyes shone with anger as he glared up at the Emperor.

“Unlike you,” Vader said. His voice strained with pain. “I didn’t have to force myself on them. They were quite eager to take a real cock, and left quite pleased.”

A scream erupted through the throne room that caused Padmé to jump in her seat. She saw a black blur move to her side. It was the Emperor jumping down the stair at a speed Padmé didn’t know the old man possessed. A bright beam of red light shot out from the dark folds of the Emperor’s cloak. A red lightsaber was in his hand as he slashed out at Vader. Padmé’s view was blocked by the robed figure of the Emperor, but she heard Vader scream. The scream froze her where she sat. It felt the air itself was pushing on her. Squeezing her. Her heart pounded inside her chest.

What had happened?

The red beam of the Emperor’s lightsaber disappeared. Padmé could just make out that Vader had fallen over. Had he been killed? Tears at once started to pool her eyes, but she fought them back. *No. He couldn’t be dead. He couldn’t.* A hand went to her stomach.

The Emperor slowly turned and made his way back up to his throne. Vader lay writhing on the floor. Padmé let out a small breath of relief seeing he was still alive, but something was wrong. There was a horrible smell filling the room. It made her think of blaster burns. It smelled of burnt flesh and fabric. The Emperor finally sat back down on his throne. His hood was pointed down at Vader. Then a wheezy laugh filled the room.

“I didn’t give you permission to move, boy,” the Emperor said once his laughter died down. “Back on your knees.”

To Padmé’s horror, Vader slowly rolled himself to his knees. His left hand was gripping tightly to his right side. His breathing was deep and labored. His whole body shook as he took each deep ragged breath. As he made his way back into a kneeling position, she noticed something on the ground. It was . . . It was his arm. His right arm was laying on the floor next to him.

“Danica, come,” the Emperor said.

Padmé had forgotten about the other woman. She glanced over at her. Her eyes were lidded as she stared at Vader. A smile graced her lips. She walked gracefully across the room to stand near Vader. She bowed to the Emperor as she stopped.

“Your majesty,” she said.

“Explain yourself,” the Emperor hissed.

“Your— your majesty,” Danica said clearly uncomfortable. “You said I should use a higher dosage. That a normal dose would be too weak on him.”

“I wanted him pussy whipped,” he growled. “Not fucking his way through the entire palace!”

“Yes, I understand your majesty,” Danica said as she looked down at the ground. “Though I do believe I was able to get the dosage right. Earlier today—”

“Enough of this!” the Emperor said. “Leave. Both of you.”

Danica bobbed her head and quickly scurried from the room. Vader rose unsteadily to his feet. Padmé expected him to pass out from pain at any moment; however, he did no such thing. He slowly made his way out of the room. A servant silently moved across the room, picked up Vader’s arm, and left leaving Padmé alone with the Emperor.

“I know what you are thinking,” the Emperor said. He looked over at Padmé. ‘I was far too lenient on him. If he was any other, he would have died. But he is still needed. Though,’ the Emperor smiled as his eyes flashed down to Padmé’s stomach, “I look forward to having two new apprentices to replace him in time.”

Padmé said nothing. She didn’t even move. She could barely breath. She tried to swallow, but found her throat was tight.

“I do hope you enjoyed the entertainment, my dear,” the Emperor said. “Let it serve as reminder of the consequences of any disobedience against my wishes.”

Chapter 28

Vader looked down at his new prosthetic arm. It was black and gold. The best money could buy. He flexed his fake fingers. The pain was still there even after a dip in a bacta tank. Vader scowled. Of course it was his lightsaber arm. He had yet to try practice dueling yet. He had only lost his arm twenty-four hours ago. But there was an itch inside Vader. A burning need for vengeance. He should have killed Sidious weeks ago when he announced Padmé to be his bride. It would have prevented the rest of this mess.

His mind went to Danica. Though he had been in an extreme amount of pain, he still recalled Sidious' words to that whore and her response. The *dosage* she had said. He had been drugged. She had overdosed him on aphrodisiacs. That was why he had been so horny. So unsatisfiable. And so hungover the following day. And Padmé . . . Padmé.

His Padmé. What was he going to do? She had been so angry. So hurt to see him in bed with Danica. At the time he had been under the influence of Danica's drug to properly react. He should have pushed himself off Danica and gone to Padmé. Yet he stood there just watching the whole event unfold. What was he going to do? How was he going to fix this with Padmé?

A chime of his personal comm brought him out of his thoughts. "Vader," he hissed. Whoever it was better have a really damn good excuse for bothering him.

"Lord Va-Vader," one of his servants said. "There is a Lady Padmé Amidala here to see you. She said it was quite urgent when I insisted you were in no state to have visitors."

Vader paused. "Show her to my room," he said then turned off the comm. His mind raced. Why was she here? What was he going to say? There was a chime at his door and used the Force to open it. Padmé slowly walked in. She looked around his disheveled room. She eyed the bed pushed into the corner. The large work desk covered in mechanical parts and tools. The clothes that littered the floor.

He stood shirtless by the foot of his bed. Her eyes at once caught sight of the prosthetic. He could feel her pain and worry sing out in the Force. Her warm brown eyes were filled with concern. Her silky brown hair hung in loose curls. He longed to just pull her close. Let her proximity ease his pain.

"I'm fine," he said. He sat down on the edge of the bed. She cautiously walked toward him. "Why are you here?" he asked.

"I . . ." she started. "I wanted to make sure you were ok after yesterday . . ."

He held up his new arm. "As you can see, I am fine," he said. "You can go."

"Your face . . ."

The pain of his arm easily drowned out the pain of his face. A bright red scar cut next to this right eye. "I am fine," he said annoyed this time. "Now go."

The concern washed from her face and was replaced with determination. She straightened her back and held her head high. Vader fought back a scowl.

"I came here to talk," she said.

"Well I'm not in the mood for talking," he growled at her. "I'm a bit in a foul mood at the moment. Leave."

"No," she said.

He stood up and took two large steps to her. He placed his hands, both flesh and metal on her arms. It felt weird to feel her warm soft skin with one hand but not the other. It made him scowl and only darkened his mood.

"Leave, Padmé," he growled softly at her.

She leaned in towards him. Vader didn't move. Her let her come closer. He could smell her sweet smell. Like the dainty white wild flowers he had once wove into her hair on a moonlit meadow on Naboo. She looked up at him. Her large eyes stared up at him. They were so full of pain and worry and love. Vader clenched his teeth and tightened his grip slightly at the last emotion.

"It's . . ." she said. "The doctor . . ."

"The baby," Vader said as he recalled she was supposed to go to the doctor yesterday. His heart beat quicken. "Is everything alright?"

"Yes," she said softly. "It's . . . the doctor thinks it's twins."

He couldn't breath. He couldn't move. He just looked down at her, and she looked up at him pleadingly. "Twins?" he said finally as breath made its way back into his lungs.

"There were two heart beats. Almost in sync with one another. You had to listen very closely to hear it," she explained.

Vader's hand, his flesh hand, slid off her arm and down to her stomach. He pressed against the warm skin there and closed his eyes as he reached into the Force. He quickly sensed the small flickering light of the child inside Padmé, but now he looked closer. It was just barely there, but yes, there were two little flames. They were so close and so small that he hadn't noticed it before. But now that he knew to look for it, he could see it. Twins! *Two babies!*

He recalled his visions. He remembered seeing the blond hair boy and the brown haired girl. One that looked like him and the other that looked like her. What had he done? He remembered the visions. Padmé smiling as she handed the little babies to him. The warmth, the love. His hands slid off of her as he stepped away from her. He sagged down on to his bed. At once his elbows rested on his knees. His hands raked into his hair with only one hand that could actually feel his wavy dark blond hair.

"I . . ." Vader said. What could he say? What could he do? He squeezed his eyes shut. Why did it hurt? His heart, why did it hurt so much? Sharp pain stabbed into him skewering his heart. Each beat it took caused pain to radiate through him. His cut on his face and the skin around his prosthetic burned.

Then he felt small soft hands lace into his hair. He felt the soft touch of her dress against his knees and arms. Her hands gently stroked through his hair again and again. He slowly brought his hands down and gently wrapped them around her waist. He pressed her face against her stomach. Her hands kept going through his hair. Gently. Calmly.

"I'm angry," she said even though her voice was calm and even. She was hiding it well. A true politician. Yet he could sense the anger simmering under her facade. The flames of her anger licked against him in the Force. "I thought . . . I thought after Velna things would be better. I believed you. I *believed* you. But . . ." She paused.

The flames were turning into a hot liquid that was melting. In the Force it felt like hot splashes of lava against his skin. Burning him. Suffocating him. Each drop rolled down his skin, burning him with her sadness and grief. Then he felt real drops against his head. Small dainty ,cold, wet drops. Tears. She was crying. He wanted to stand up and collect her in his arms. Wrap her up in the blankets of his bed and never her allow to leave his side again, but didn't. Couldn't. He was lost in the fury of her emotions that cemented him in place.

"Everything has gone so wrong!" she cried. Her voice cracked a small bit. "I can't . . . I don't know . . . I hate it all! I hate all of this. I hated seeing you with her. I hated hearing you not only slept with her but gods know how many harem girls. I thought you had changed. You were going to be better. I believed your words. You said you wouldn't make that mistake again. You promised me there wouldn't be another surprise like that!"

The hands in his hair tightened. He could feel her nails against his scalp. For a brief second he recalled his most recent dream. The one of Padmé on the the throne. Her hands pushing his head into her warm pussy. Her nails dragging through his hair. Then the real Padmé's hands relaxed some and Vader was brought back to reality.

"When I saw you getting hit by that lightning . . . Part of me . . . Part of me enjoyed it. You deserved that punishment. But then when the Emperor moved down the steps and I couldn't see you and there was the red slash of the lightsaber and . . . and . . ." She paused again as her body trembled with sobs. Her squeezed her tighter. She slowly lowered herself down into his lap. He eagerly welcomed her there. He wrapped her in his arms, pulling her close. Her own arms wrapped around his neck. She buried her head into his neck and shoulders. Her face was damp with her tears and shortly his own skin where it met hers was as well.

He didn't feel anger towards her for wanting him to feel pain. He was a Sith. He was all too familiar with anger and finding the joy and the power of other's pain and fear. He easily and quickly killed those in his military he annoyed him the slightest bit. Even now Vader toyed with the idea of how to get his own revenge against Danica and the Emperor. He would make this right. He would make sure the good future came to pass where he was the Emperor with Padmé as his Empress. They were together with their little children.

Finally Padmé raised her head. Vader looked down at her. Her face was red, puffy, and stained with tears. He slowly leaned over and kissed her wet cheek. Then again and again. If he could, he would kiss away each of her tears. Each of her pains. Yet he was the cause of this.

"I'm sorry, Padmé," he said into her hair. It was the only thing he could think of saying.

"I feared he killed you," she whispered against his neck. Her delicate lips moving gently against his skin.

Inside of him a part of him scoffed at such an idea. As if Sidious could kill him, but the other part of him knew that was a very likely possibility. If Sidious has brought his saber down an inch to the right it would have slashed through Vader's chest instead of his arm. Vader had barely sensed Sidious' attack. His master had moved so fast and had a mastery of the Force, that Vader received a warning only a fraction before it happened. By then it was too late. The blade first sliced across his face and then through his arm.

Finally she spoke again. "I . . . I fear what's going to happen next. What will the Emperor do? I know that as long as carry these babies, he won't harm me. But then once they're born? What will happen to me? To them? To watch what the Emperor did to you . . . how can I ever protect my own children?"

She leaned away from him. Their eyes met. Her eyes were the same brown eyes he had seen a little princess look at him with in a vision. A little princess that would soon become a reality.

"I will kill him," Vader said.

"You've said that before," Padmé said doubtfully.

"I will," Vader growled.

She sighed. "And then what?" But he didn't answer. He just looked at her. 'But then what?' she asked again. "You kill him and then what? You become Emperor? What of me? Of the children?"

"You will be Empress," he said. Wasn't that part obvious?

"And you sleep with another woman? Get your own harem? Fuck your way into earning new interplanetary treaties and trade agreements while I stay at home in the palace raising our twins?"

"What? No."

"No? We've been through this once before, *Vader*," she said. She rarely called him that when the two were alone. She preferred to call him Ani. Hearing her use that name felt wrong. 'How is this time any different?' She paused waiting for him to answer, but when he didn't speak up she kept going. "I don't want to be Empress. I never have. But . . . I also don't want to be without you. I don't want my children growing up without their father. But I can't keep doing this. If this is you, your life, then I don't want to be apart of it."

No.

His eyes widened at her words. His heart was pulled from his chest. Thrown from his body and torn apart piece by piece. No. She was his. Mind, body, and soul. He couldn't— He— No — She had to be part of his life. Hadn't she vowed to be with him? Hadn't she offered her life to be with him?

Hadn't he done the same? He recalled the vow he had made to her. He repeated them in his head. About a few words in, he realized he was saying them out loud.

"I would give you the stars if you asked. I would move them so they showed your image across the heavens themselves. I offer you everything that I am. I pledge my life to you until the end of this galaxy and beyond." His voice was soft and even. Barely more than a whisper. Silence stretched between them. The only sound was their breathing.

"If you were Empress, we could rule the galaxy side by side. You could right all the wrongs that Sidious has created. We could finally bring peace to the galaxy. I, with the military, could cease the constant bickering of the governors and moffs. You in the senate could bring about new laws. The very laws you once fought for. Remember? For education? You've seen what I've done. The Lake District." He paused, "But if you don't want to be Empress," he said slowly. "Then I do not want to be Emperor."

"What?" she asked. Her eyes were wide with shock.

"I would give you the stars if you asked," he said. "I would lay the galaxy at your feet. Or . . . or . . . I would walk away from it."

"You would?"

He brought up his flesh hand and summoned his lightsaber to him. It had been tossed on the ground with his belt. The silver hilt floated over to him. He held it before her.

"The Sith value power above all else," he said. "They use the power of the dark side of the Force. Anger. Hatred. Fear. Love is not a part of it. Love has not been apart of my life in a long time. In fact I have forgotten what it was. What it felt like. Until you."

Slowly he levitated the lightsaber over his palm. Piece by piece the lightsaber spread apart until it stretched almost double its original length. All the pieces floating in line next to each other.

"You see that crystal?" Vader said. "It sits in the middle of the lightsaber. It is what gives the lightsaber its power. It's a kyber crystal formed only in the heart of the strongest stars." Slowly the red crystal rose from the line. The rest of the lightsaber put itself back together. Vader grabbed the hilt with his prosthetic hand and the crystal with his flesh hand. He held the crystal out to Padmé.

"The lightsaber is the heart of a Sith," he explained. "There are no naturally occurring red crystals. To turn them red is a process called bleeding where one pours their rage, hate, and pain into the crystal. Everything that makes me a Sith is in this crystal." He paused as he looked at the red crystal in his hand. "Everything I am is a Sith," he said softly.

He put his lightsaber hilt on the bed next to him. He then used his free hand to gently tug one of her arms loose from his neck. He placed the crystal into her open palm and gently closed her fingers around it.

"Everything I am is yours," he said. "You now hold it in your hand. You can decide what to do with it. Throw it out a window. Destroy it. Keep it." She opened her hand and looked down at the crystal. He took a deep steadying breath. "You, Padmé, are the only power I truly want. The power I crave as a Sith. Without you . . . I lose everything I am. If you do not wish to be Empress, then I will not be Emperor."

She looked up from the crystal. Her eyes pierced into him.

“Padmé, I never wanted to sleep with Danica. The night before she had asked to sleep together, and I told her no. I’ll admit I let her give me a blowjob, and that . . . I thought . . . Force . . . I didn’t know what else to do with the Emperor watching. He was expecting something. You see what happens when he gets displeased. That was not my first time on the receiving end of his Force lightning. He wanted to the tables on me. Make me a sex slave to Danica as I had done to all those other women.”

“So they drugged you,” Padmé added in a whisper.

“Yes,” Vader growled. “Padmé I would have never slept with any of those women if I had been of my right mind. I also know that I have no way to prove that to you. I have hurt you. Again. And it hurts me. Everything you feel, I feel. I feel your pain and grief and hatred.”

She again looked back at the crystal. She rolled it around in her hand. “Let’s run away,” she said. She looked back up at him. “You and me. Let’s just run away from the Emperor. Danica. Velinna. Everyone. Everything. We can raise our babies together.”

Vader smiled and he cupped her face with his hands. He kissed her softly on the lips. “If only it were that simple,” he said. He pulled away from her. Let his hands fall from her face. At once he missed the silky smoothness of her skin. He wondered what his prosthetic hand felt like to her. Was it cold? Harsh? ‘The Emperor would never stop hunting us. For one, I know too much about the Empire. The military. And to betray my Sith master is a death sentence. Not to mention he would never let my children go freely.’ He glanced down at her stomach. Padmé did as well. “The only way for use to really be free is for the Emperor to die.”

Neither one moved. They sat there in silence. Each going through their own thoughts. Vader thought of Padmé. What would she do? Would she forgive him? Accept him? Or was he now irredeemable? Again he recalled the vision where she was empress. Where he knelt before her freely. He had made himself her servant . . . her slave. For he’d rather be in chains at her feet than without her.

Her fingers curled around the crystal and then she pushed against his bare chest. Her fingers uncurled and he felt the crystal dig into his skin. She looked at him. Her eyes were no longer the warm brown he usually saw. They were on fire.

“Kill him,” she said. “My family is gone. I’ve wanted Palpatine to pay for what he did to them, but his death won’t change anything for my family. It won’t bring them back. But his death will change something for my children. They will have a future. A good future. For that I want him dead.”

Vader placed his flesh hand on top of her hand against his chest.

“As you wish,” he said. Her hand slipped away leaving him with the kyber crystal. She watched in silence as he used the Force to put it back into his lightsaber. Once it was together he gently lowered into his flesh hand. He could sense the power of lightsaber. It vibrated and hummed. No longer was his crystal filled with hate, anger, and fear. Padmé had changed it. She had filled it with her love. Her passion. He would take it to kill the Emperor.

Vader was dragged from his thoughts as Padmé’s soft hands cupped around his face. She pulled him for a kiss. At once his lips were against her soft, luscious, plump lips. He gently licked at them, and that was all it took for her to open. Their lips barely left each other as he

pulled her soft dress over her head and she pulled his pants down. They kept kissing as he pulled her on to the bed on her back, and she raised her knees up.

Still they kissed as he moved inside her. His rock hard cock thrusting into her slick, wet, warm pussy. Her walls clenched at his shaft slid in and out of her. He kept kissing her as she twisted and gasped and moaned in pleasure. She kept her lips on his as she bucked wildly against him, making sure he went in deep and hard with each thrust. They were a writhing mass of kissing and thrusting.

Vader was lost completely to her. He needed her. All of her. Her hot steamy breath pouring into his mouth was all the life-giving air he needed. Her warm pussy around his cock was all the subsistence he needed. Without her he would wither away. With her there was a swirl of pleasure, heat, and pressure growing inside of him. It was growing hotter and harder and more powerful.

“Ani!” she cried between his lips causing his pulse to quicken.

“Padmé!” he cried back. “I crave you so much. You are so good. So fucking good! I never want anyone else. I’m not ashamed to admit it. My cock could never touch another pussy as long as I have yours.”

Her lips were pressed against his. There was a soft whisper of, “Damn right,” from her that only made Vader smile and pump into her more vigorously.

“Shout it out,” she said between moans and kisses. “Shout it out! Let the whole galaxy hear it!”

“I am yours!” he shouted.

“I don’t want to share your cock,” she gasped. “I want you all to myself.”

“You have it. *Nu belong Kia j’us. Tik Tu,*” he groaned the last words in the Sith language. “*J’us Aras Nuyak Viskas.*”

The heat grew too much for him to handle. The pleasure burst through him. Causing his whole body to sparkle with lightning. It was so different than the Sith lightning that had coursed through his yesterday. Instead of lightning every nerve on fire and pain, every nerve was in pleasure. Every nerve was singing and rejoicing. In his mind fireworks were going off as he body did strong slow thrusts into Padmé as he shot forth his warm load of cum into her. Padmé writhed under him. Her body was tight as it spasmed through her own orgasm.

Finally it died down. Vader had yet to pull out, but held Padmé close to him. The small after tremors still slightly shook his body. He was covered in sweet. His cut on his face and the irritated skin around his prosthetic burned. Yet he just focused on the body that was curled against him. Padmé’s body raised and fell as she took deep calming breaths. Vader matched her tempo both coming in sync with the other.

Chapter 29

Padmé stood in the side antechamber to the great hall where the engagement party was being held. Already the party had started. The guests had filed in. There was a crowd of around 200, which was what the Emperor considered small and personal. They varied from military commanders, moffs, governors, royalty, senators, and more.

The Emperor had already gone into the party himself. Against the far wall they had set up a temporary throne. It was set up on a raised dais so the Emperor could stay seated while being able to look over the party. Padmé only knew this from a security holo she was watching. The original plan was she would wait here until the Emperor announced her. Meanwhile Danica was supposed to be her side informing Padmé of the various guests. Yet Danica hadn't shown up.

Padmé shifted uncomfortably. She wore a simple, large black cloak over her outfit. Already the outfit was getting uncomfortable and she had yet to even enter the party. Padmé looked at a chrono on the wall. It was getting closer to her scheduled appearance. The hallway door opened and Darth Vader walked in with a swirl of his black cloak. He paused as he glanced around the room and then let out an audible scowl. She couldn't see his face as it was hidden amongst the shadows of his hood.

She said nothing as he paused and looked her over. He nodded his head briefly and turned to leave. "Wait!" she called. He faced her again. 'I . . . I . . .' She hated this. Not knowing how to express herself. She was a politician. A senator. A queen. Words were her battleground. Yet now she kept finding them failing her. "Why did you come in here?" she finally asked hoping to buy some time while she sorted herself out.

"I was looking for Danica," Vader growled. 'I believe she's avoiding me.' She heard him give an amused huff. "Rightfully so," he said lowly.

"What are you planning on doing to her?" she asked cautiously. Danica had drugged Vader causing him to lose control, which in return caused him to lose his right arm. Padmé glanced down at his right hand and noticed it was gloved while the other was not.

"It is not your concern," Vader said.

"You're going to get revenge?" Padmé pressed. "Are you going to kill her?"

"Again, not your concern," he repeated. "Is that all?"

"No," she said. 'I . . . don't have an answer for you. Not yet.' His stance seemed to relax. No longer where his shoulder held up high and tense. "But . . . Whatever may happen. I do know I want to be with you. I want my children, our children, to grow up with their father."

He walked over to her and placed his left hand, his flesh hand, on her shoulder. He lightly squeezed it. "I'll join you in whatever you decide," he said. She smiled up at him, but felt it was a bit weak. "I must go," he said.

“One more thing,” she said. She took a step back and started to fumble with the latches on her cloak. “I thought you should be the first to see this,” she said as she undid the latches. The black cloak fell to the floor revealing her red and gold outfit underneath.

There was a sharp intake of air from Vader. She noted his hood tilt up and down as he took her in. Then the shadows that usually hid his face seemed to disappear, giving her a good look at his face. His eyes were wide. His mouth hung slightly open. Was he so shocked he had let the shadows slip from his face? She couldn’t help but smile.

“If that’s how you react, I wonder how the Emperor will,” she said.

“The . . . You . . . You cannot go out dressed like *that*,” Vader said with a wave of his hand.

“Oh? I believe I can.”

In a smooth and quick motion, Vader had undone his cloak and swirled it off his shoulders and on to hers. His large cloak quickly enveloped her. It pooled at her feet. She let out a small giggle at his reaction.

“Thank you, Ani, but your cloak won’t be necessary.”

“I can’t believe you’re ok with this. I’ve seen lingerie cover more than that outfit.”

“That’s the point,” she said.

“The Emperor,” Vader hissed.

“No, he had nothing to do with this outfit. I helped design it.”

Vader paused as he looked her over. There was a clear question etched across his handsome features. His new scar by his right eye was still red, but it gave him a certain rugged sexy look. She slowly took his cloak off and hung it off one of her arms. She stepped forward and handed it to him. He slowly took it. His eyes were focused on her body. She felt her cheeks burn.

Finally he broke the silence by asking, “Why?”

“Simple,” she said with a smile she could no longer fight back. “You wanted a diversion. Here I am.”

It took a minute for him to process exactly what she was saying.

“No,” he said. The word was heavy and definite.

“Yes,” she said trying to put as much weight behind her word as he had his. She took a step closer to him. The two were almost touching. ‘I want him dead,’ she hissed in a whisper. “I saw the way you looked at me. I see the way you look at me now. I want the Emperor to do the same so you can come up behind him and cut him down.”

“No,” he replied again. “Padmé, please—”

“You gave me that crystal,” she pushed. “You said it was everything you were. You said I held it and was free to do with it as I please. This is what I want. I want the Emperor dead.”

“Padmé,” he said in a voice that cracked full of worry. “Please. No. I have seen— I can’t — You . . .”

"I don't care," she said. "I can't do this much longer. I don't know when you'll have another chance."

"Padmé, listen. I saw this—"

"I don't care what you saw!"

"But the baby died!"

Her breath caught in her throat. Her eyes went wide as she stared up at him. His gold eyes were slowly slipping into a beautiful blue.

"In the vision, Sidious attacked you with lightning. You survived, but the baby . . . babies . . . did not. It left you infertile. I can't . . . I can't let that happen."

The words slowly sunk into her. They traveled like heated oil down past her heart and into her stomach. Into her womb. It was probably her imagination, but she could feel the little heartbeats pounding inside of her. Her breath was shaky and uneven. Vader took a small step forward, completely closing the distance between them. He gently placed his hands on her shoulder.

"Padmé," he said softly. Her hands grabbed at his arms. She looked up at him. Their eyes locked.

"You can do this," she said.

"What?"

"You can do this. Here today. Now. Kill him."

"Did you not hear what I said? What if he—"

She cut him off, "What if he lives? What if you die? What if we do nothing? What will happen to *our* babies then? This was never without risk, Ani. We're trying to kill the Emperor, who two days ago filled you with lightning and cut your arm off." She squeezed his arms tighter. "What happened to all that Sith nonsense you told me yesterday? How your power was fueled on anger, hate, and fear. Are you telling me you are not angry at the Emperor? You do not hate him? You do not fear for the future he will bring if he lives? Use that and strike him down!"

His eyes darted back and forth across her face as he contemplated her words. She didn't drop her gaze. She stood straight and tall. She held her head high and stared right back at Darth Vader, dark lord of the Sith. Slowly his blue eyes faded back into the golden yellow. She knew then he had made up his mind. His hands dropped from her shoulders. He grabbed his cape and with an elaborate swirl, put the cloak back on.

"Just . . . Be careful," he said.

"You too," she said as well.

Neither one had dropped their gaze yet. He took a small step forward and she did as well to meet him. At once his hands were sliding around her. One hand cupping her face while the other slid around her waist pulling her close. Her own arms laced around his neck. There was

no hesitation as the two leaned into each other and pressed their lips against each other. They both quickly opened their mouths, eager and willing to accept the other.

There was something to this was a something desperate and sad in their movements as their tongues rolled over each other. As he sucked her bottom lip. As she gently bit his. Their breath grew warm in the others mouth. Each warm rush seemed to carry the silent words of 'I love you.' The hard presses of lips against lips whispered soft 'Goodbyes.' The tongues exploring the other's mouth seem to write 'Please be safe and careful.'

When they finally parted, they said no words. That kiss had said everything that needed to be said. Vader pulled his hood up. His face again hidden by the deep shadows. He hesitated briefly before he left the room.

The great hall had gone silent as the Emperor rose from his seat.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said. His voice which was usually rapsy, ran clear and loud through the hall. "Thank you for coming to my engagement party. I would like to introduce to you my future bride and empress, Padmé Amidala."

He waved a hand towards the large double doors of the hall. They were old doors that swung open on hinges. The crowd parted and created a pathway that led straight from the doors to the throne. Padmé walked in. Head held high. Back straight. She called upon her training as queen, recalling how to roll her feet so it appeared as if she glided across the hall. Her simple black cloak was on again. As it gently swayed when she walked, it gave hints to the red silks underneath.

She had cleared her mind. As much as it revolted to her, she focused on the Emperor. She imagined herself all over him. Kissing him. Her hands all over him. All over his cock. Thinking of him like this was hard. She was tempted to scan the crowd for Vader. Tempted to worry about him. Fear for him, but she couldn't. She came to a stop in front of the steps leading up to the dais.

She took a deep curtsy. "Your majesty," she greeted. Then she rose up and as she did, she let the cloak fall to the floor. Gasps and murmurs were heard across the great hall. She fought back the embarrassment and shame at wearing such an outfit in front of any crowd. But the Emperor's sickly golden eyes had zeroed in on her.

When the servants and the dress designer were getting her ready earlier that day, they said she looked like some Nubian nature goddess. She hadn't corrected them, but she could see why the outfit gave off that look. Red silk wrapped tightly across her breasts, pushing them up and together. The red silk was clasped together by a gold latch. Gold leaves then peaked out of her bra-like top. The leaves snaked up to her shoulders and created the straps. Red silk cascaded down her sides and back from her top making it look almost like a dress.

A gold collar with three gold bands hugged tightly at her neck. A large red jewel was in the center. Hanging off the choker were golden chains that led to even larger red jewel that hung right above her breasts. From the jewel another chain slid down between her breasts and went all the way down to her hips. There the chain supported the thin piece of fabric that covered her mound. Another strand of gold leaves hung low on her hips. In truth it was part

of a gold g-string. Only the fabric from the top covered her backside. Any harsh movement would cause the silks to blow, revealing a very bare look at her ass.

Her wrists both had large red jeweled bracelets. Golden leaves wound up her arms. Her hair was pulled into a high bun with two braids looping down the side and met back up in the middle. Gold leaves were delicately placed into the bun. A tiara of leaves adorned her head. A large red jewel sat in the middle. Her outfit was completed with red high heels and snaking gold leaves around her lower legs.

Her eyes started to move to look around, but at once she forced them back on the Emperor. Where was Vader? This reveal was one of his best chances, yet nothing had happened. The Emperor still sat very much alive on his throne. He licked his pale lips as his eyes traveled all over her. Padmé took a deep breath as she started up the steps. The red Royal Guards, four of which stood around the dais, did not stop her as she climbed the steps. Her heart was starting to beat faster and faster. Her hands were growing sweaty. She now stood in front of the Emperor. She gave a small bow and then did a swirl that showed off her outfit. It also allowed the silks to catch the air and reveal the very bare back of the outfit.

Still nothing happened. Had Vader chickened out? Surely not.

“You look absolutely, amazingly, delicious my dear,” the Emperor said very pleased. Padmé gave a weak smile and nod. ‘Come closer,’ he said. She inched closer until her silks touched his black robes. He leaned forward. “Should you not give your husband-to-be a kiss, my dear?” he said in a sickly sweet voice. The twisted smile that graced his disfigured face only sent chills through her.

This was too close. She shouldn’t be this close. For the first she really thought on Vader’s words earlier. She thought she would still be down at the bottom of the steps when Vader attacked, not leaning over the Emperor. Would Vader still kill the Emperor with her this close? What else could she do? She took a deep breath. She could still provide the diversion. One way or another Vader would prevail. She had to believe it.

White clawed hands grabbed at her ass dragging her closer to the Emperor. One hand left her rear and cupped her face. His fingers dug harshly into her cheek. Her pulled her in and she could do nothing but press her lips against his limp cold lips. The first thing she noticed was his smell. It was unpleasant. It was wet and moldy but there was also a hint of cologne. As if he was trying to hide the wet smell of death from him. Then there was the feel of his skin. Wet and cold and oily. Luckily it was short lived and he let her pull away. She resisted the temptation to wipe the back of her hand across her face to rid herself of his presence.

“Now,” the Emperor said in a low voice that only she could hear. “On your knees, girl.”

She stood there confused for a moment. On her knees? But as the Emperor’s lips again turned into a sick smile, relationization dawned on her.

“You do not mean . . .” she said.

“I mean for you to show your loyalty to the Emperor,” he said. ‘And I mean to show the galaxy who you belong to.’ There was a pause as she just stood there. Her mouth agape. “Now *kneel*,” he hissed.

There was a tug on her knees. The Emperor was using the Force on her despite what she wanted. She knelt between the legs of the Emperor, who was now eagerly digging through his robes. She could hear the sounds of his pants unclasping. *No*, she said to herself as she squeezed her eyes shut. A cold hand gripped her hair tightly and started to pull her toward him. She opened her eyes to see a white harden cock poking through the Emperor's robes. It was on the smaller side. Nowhere near the impressive huge cock of Vader. It was also thin and the tip seemed purpleish in color.

Her heart was now slamming in and out of her chest. She could her feel dress tremble against her skin due to how hard the beating was. Sweat dripped down her neck and rolled down her back. Her whole body trembled. Her hands grabbed large handfuls of her red silks.

"Now open up, girl," the Emperor hissed. "Let me claim what is rightfully mine."

She wasn't. She couldn't. Even if she and the Emperor were alone, she still wouldn't give him a blow job. No way was she going to allow that dick inside her. The hand that wasn't in hair snaked out and grabbed her arm. At once she jumped as a jolt of electricity seared through her. She gasped in pain and barely had time to process as the hand on her head pushed her forward. The white cock slid into her mouth. Both hands grabbed tightly on to her head. They pushed her head back and forth along the cock.

No. No. Tears started to form in her eyes. Where was Vader? Why hadn't he attacked yet? There was a movement in the corner of her eyes. She tried to turn her head as best she could, but the hands and the thrusting cock prevented her from moving too much. She saw movement again. Something, someone, wearing black moving up the dais from the side. Relief washed through her. She closed her eyes and let a few tears race down her face. She opened them up preparing to see Vader . . .

Danica stood next to the throne. Her gold hair was beautifully pinned up in a black headpiece that made Padmé think of horns. She wore a tight black dress that hugged her curvy figure that cupped around her ass then the skirt flowed out. Of course the dress was cut so it fully displayed her big boobs, which looked like they would fall out with a simple tug of her dress. Black and gold jewelry snaked around her neck, arms, and waist. It made Padmé think of a snake.

What was she doing here? Padmé thought. *Why now? Why here?*

Danica looked down at Padmé. Her hazel eyes pierced into her. Then her lips started to curve upward into a smile. For the first time, Padmé could no longer hold the fear back. It ran through her like a tidal wave. It crashed into her heart and pooled low into her stomach. Why hadn't she been in the antechamber with Padmé earlier? Why was she here now? The smile now stretched from cheek to cheek on Danica. She looked down at Padmé with lidded eyes as the Emperor's cock was stuffed into her mouth over and over again. Danica twitched an eyebrow ever so slightly as she caught Padmé's gaze.

Danica knew. Danica knew that Padmé and Vader were planning to kill the Emperor. How, Padmé didn't know. But that raised eyebrow said it all. Danica had done something to Vader.

Chapter 30

Danica Kousoth of Anaxes had grown up with everything she ever wanted. Her parents had made and secured their fortunes by the time Danica was born. On Anaxes, her family was respected. All doors opened for her. But it was never enough. The Kousoths moved to Coruscant once the Empire had taken over. While the family had the money and the connections to be apart of the social elite, they didn't have the history.

In fact older families scorned newer families. Some made it a past time to try and scare little upstart families away. But Danica's parents were not scared, especially her mother Oriana. She no qualms of getting her hands dirty to climb the social ladder and she made sure her daughter had the same drive.

For Oriana Kousoth was not afraid to use her daughter as a pawn. Oriana had perfected her aphrodisiac poison. She became quite adept at slipping it into drinks at social gatherings. Horny people were so easy to manipulate, especially those of the older generation. How easily they enjoyed a fresh, young tight body like Danica's. Slowly the Kousoth family rose to power, but it was shadowed by nasty rumors.

Danica carried on her mother's work. She was determined to rise higher in the social circles. She mastered her mother's art of poisoning. She was already a master at seduction. It was no surprise to her when the Emperor called upon her during one night at the opera. Two days later she received a personal invite to meet with the Emperor at the palace. He had invited Danica over to fuck, and she let him.

In truth the Emperor wasn't that great in bed, but Danica wasn't about to let him know that. She had long since mastered the art of selling a great sex performance. The Emperor invited her back again. And then again. On the fourth visit, she was surprised to find a bottle of her poison sitting on a table in front of the Emperor. She had never used it on him. Why would she when he was already desperate to bed her?

But the Emperor revealed he knew quite a bit about Danica and the Kousoth family. He knew about her mother's work, Danica's whoring, and even her pleasure droids. That was when the Emperor gave her a proposition. One she would foolish to decline. It was everything she ever wanted. She would be the most powerful woman in the Empire. In the galaxy. All she had to do was seduce Lord Vader and be his wife. It would be far too easy and quite enjoyable.

Yet Vader had been a bit of a challenge to finally lure into bed. Yet the chase was worth it. Vader had a cock of a kriffin' god. It was huge and thick. It was attached to that body that looked like a marble Nubian god of lust. Stars, the man was toned. And he knew how to use those muscles when it came to fucking. Not every well muscled person knew how to use their body to its fullest potential when having sex. But Vader? He knew how to pump and screw his dick into a pussy just right. If there was ever was going to be a man and a dick Danica would have to take her whole life, she could settle on Vader. Because just thinking of that man got her panties soaked.

But Vader just didn't seem quite that interested in Danica, and now she knew why. He was already pussy whipped by Padmé Amidala. Danica had to admit, she was impressed Padmé had managed to tame Lord Vader. Even more so that she planned to kill off the Emperor. True, Danica had mused about the idea herself. Once she married Vader, killing off the Emperor and Padmé would put Vader on the throne and make Danica empress.

Danica didn't care if the Emperor lived or died today. What she cared about was power, and currently her power rested with the Emperor. With him gone, she had no doubt Vader would call off their engagement especially since it had yet to be publicly announced. Danica needed the Emperor alive until she could secure her own power, and that meant she had to ruin that whore Padmé's plan.

After over hearing Padmé and Vader's plans in the side antechamber, Danica waited at the end of the hallway. When Vader exited the room, he saw Danica. She knew he was looking for her, and he started marching right for her. But she didn't wait. She gracefully moved through the halls at a brisk pace. Luckily she didn't have far to go or else he would have caught up to her. She led him to her private sitting room she had requested for the party.

She stood at her vanity, her back to the door, when Vader entered. She saw him in the mirror. Nothing but a storm of tall, clothed in black, and hooded face.

"Danica," he hissed. The mirror cracked as he said her name. She put a smile as she turned to face him.

"Lord Vader," she said in pleasant tone. His left hand went up to to his right arm. He ripped the glove off his arm, showing off the black and gold prosthetic underneath.

"I believe I have yet to thank you for your engagement gift," he growled. His hand raised and his fingers curled. At once Danica felt a tightening around her throat. Her hands grasped at her skin, but there was nothing there. Nothing to grab hold of. The sensation around her neck was tightening. Her vision was becoming blurry. Her mouth desperately moved to bring in air, but the only thing it did was make awful wet noises.

Then it was gone. Sweet air rushed into her lungs. Her legs were unsteady and she fell back against her vanity. Her whole body trembled as she took deep breaths. After a few short moments, she finally looked up. Darth Vader lay in pile of dark clothes on the floor. One of Danica's pleasure droids stood next to him. The needle glinted in the low light of the sitting room.

She smiled as she strode over. Using her high heel, she kicked him over. The shadows were gone, which gave her a great view of his handsome face. She wasn't too surprised to find he was still awake. His face kept flinching, kept scrunching up, as he struggled to fight off the sedatives running through his system.

She let her shoe hover over his chest and slide down past his belt. Then she gently pressed her pointed heel against his groin. He let out a small groan, which only made her smile widen. She pushed in deeper into the large soft bump. One of her hands slid over her breasts. She squeezed a handful of her own warm tit as she thought about Vader's massive hard cock. She had last tasted it two days ago before they had both been summoned by the Emperor. Her lower body was getting heated just thinking about it.

Danica took a quick glance at the chrono on the wall. She didn't want to miss Padmé's entrance. She wanted to watch her squirm as she realized Vader wouldn't be there. There was still a bit of time left. Surely enough time for a quickie. She could feel herself already getting wet.

"Droid," she purred. "Prep a syringe full of the love potion."

She licked her lips as she lowered herself to the floor. Her hands trembled a small bit in excitement as she reached for Vader's belt.

Rage. Hot, molten, burning rage was pouring out of Darth Vader. He clenched his teeth. He was going to kill Danica. Slowly and painfully. But first he had to get off the damn floor. The drugs Danica's droids had pumped him with were still keeping him down. He had yet to pass out, but he could barely move. Danica had left a few minutes ago after she was done using him.

He had to push the drugs out of his system, so he focused on his rage, pain, and fear. He pushed himself into the Force. It was slow to respond, but it had to. He willed it to. The Force did *his* bidding.

He focused on his pain. The searing pain of losing his arm. The scar on his face. He thought of the training he had undergone as a child under Sidious. He recalled the heartbreak of losing his mother.

He focused on his rage. His rage at Sidious for taking him. Raising him. Lying to him. Using him. He focused on his rage for Danica. She was just another Sidious. He was a tool to her. Darth Vader. Dark Lord of the Sith. He was being used by slut. But worse than that was . . .

He focused on his fear. His fear for Padmé. She was expecting him to be there. Danica knew. She had told him while she used him. She had heard Vader and Padmé's earlier conversation. She knew they planned on killing the Emperor. Something she couldn't have happen quite yet. Her position wasn't in place. She craved power, and if she knew Padmé was pregnant, she would kill the child and Padmé.

His child! His children! His little unborn babies who had done nothing wrong. No! There was no way he would let any harm come to them! He had failed his mother. He wouldn't fail Padmé. He wouldn't fail his children.

He clenched his hands and summoned all of his power to him. With a scream he pushed that power out. The room vibrated and shattered as his power lashed out of him. The pleasure droids were thrown against the cracking walls. They sparked and sputtered as their metal bodies bent in on themselves. The mirror shattered. The furniture was blown into the walls. When it was done, he took deep heavy breaths. Slowly he climbed to his feet. He felt unsteady, but he pushed himself out of the door.

He stumbled through the hallway. He was constantly having to put a hand out to catch himself against the wall to prevent from falling to the floor. But he pushed on. Not just down the hall, but with pushing the drugs out of him. The servants and guards he passed in the hall, all gaped openly at him. His hood was around his shoulders. His face could be clearly seen.

He wasted no time in killing them. It wasn't because they had seen his face, no he needed their fear and deaths to fuel him.

He needed more. He needed more power. A stronger connection to the Force. With each death came a spike of fear that Vader instantly soaked up. He didn't care how many he killed. They were useless to him. He had to get to Padmé. He had to kill Danica and Sidious. Nothing would stop him. Anyone else would be mere cannon fodder for his connection to the Force.

Finally the door to the great hall slid open. It was a side door mainly used by the servants as they fetched fresh horderves and drinks. No one was looking at him as he walked into the hall. All eyes were on the raised dais in the back of the room. Sidious sat on his throne with Danica standing next to him. She was turned so her back was to him, but he could tell her head was looking down to . . .

Padmé!

She was on her knees in front of the Emperor. Her head pushed into his lap . . . which was . . . thrusting into her. With far more control than he thought he had at the moment, he gently reached out into the Force. It wasn't hard to find her. He could sense her fear and pain. It was like ice cold water sliding through him when he was already nothing but lava on the inside. The water sizzled, steamed, and seared at his insides as it made its way down.

No more. No more. His pain was one thing, but her pain. Her fear. He grabbed her fear and pulled in to him. It hurt. He could feel everything she felt. He felt her tears stinging her cheeks. Her felt the burn in her jaw. The horrible ache in her chest. He pulled it into him. Closer and closer until it reached his heart.

Padmé's pain was like a lightsaber to the heart. Burning. Piercing. Agonizing. The wound continued to burn. It didn't close and heal. It was gaping burning hole inside of him. And it was giving him power. Far more power than those weak and quick deaths in the hallway. In an instant, Vader pushed the drugs from his system. His mind was clear headed. His body was strong. And the Force not just hummed, it sang. The call was clear. Inviting. Vader just had to reach out.

At once power surged through him. More power than he had ever wielded before. For a brief moment, he didn't know what to do. It was too overwhelming. With a short yell he released the energy building up inside of him. Force lightning snaked out of his fingers. It crashed into the great hall. Streaks zapped into those closest guests to Vader. Their bodies lit up. Their screams filled the hall. Those who weren't hit by the lightning started running for the door.

The lightning slowly feld from Vader's body. Black scorch marks snaked all around him and out into the hall. Charred and burned bodies laid in blackened heaps. The distinct smell of burned bodies filled the air. The four red Royal Guards that had surrounded the dias, had climbed the steps to surround their Emperor. More guards were pouring in. Most wore white, but there were a few in red as well. Their Force pikes were already ignited with yellow energy.

"Lord Vader!" Sidious hissed as he stood up from his throne. He had tossed Padmé to the side. She lay on her side on the floor. A sight which only fueled Vader's anger. "What is the

meaning of this?” the Emperor demanded.

Vader said nothing as he started to walk forward. The extra red guards at once rushed forward. Their high-tech battle armor could not stop a direct blow of Force lighting. The red guards crumpled to the ground with their armor with a blackened hole in the middle of their chest.

“Treason!” the Emperor shouted pointing a finger at Vader. “Treason!”

Vader wasted no time in calling forth his saber. With his free hand he used the Force to tighten around a group of soldiers’ throats. A snapping sound was heard as their necks broke. They fell to the ground with a sickening thud. He reached out into the Force at the blasters the troopers held. It was barely a wiggle of his finger to bypass the blasters’ energy settings. The stormtroopers raised their blasters and pulled the trigger. Each blaster exploded in a light of bright red energy. The troopers, or the pieces of them, fell to the ground.

Those that were left, Vader lunged at them with his saber. He used the Force to power his jumps and allow him speed to his thrusts and turns. In mere minutes, Vader had cleared the reinforcements. But he was no fool. He knew more were on the way. The hall was deserted of the guests. The living had all fled. The only ones who remained were Sidious, his four guards, and Vader.

“So it has finally come to this,” Sidious said as he moved past his guards. Perhaps Sidious had delayed any more reinforcements. Deciding to deal with his traitorous apprentice himself. The Emperor kept the fact he was a Sith lord a secret. He would not want any witnesses outside his own guard, who already knew the secret.

“All these years,” Sidious said. “Gone to waste.” He raised his hands and lightning at once poured out of them. Vader tensed. He was so used to being struck by his master’s lightning. So used to letting it hit him.

“No more!” Vader shouted as he brought up his saber. The red beam caught the large strings of electricity that aimed at Vader. Several other strings of lightning danced around him striking the floor and ceiling around him. He could feel his hair standing on in as the power danced all around him. Finally the lightning faded away. Sidious faced was etched in a hideous scowl as he let out a raspy growl that sounded more like a hiss.

That was the only moment Vader had to collect himself before Sidious launched himself into the air. His own red lightsaber slashing down at Vader. Vader couldn’t help but smile. This he could win. A saber duel of strength, wit, and speed. His master was good. He had defeated that troll Yoda. However, since the fall of the Jedi, his master had grown lazy as he enjoyed the spoils of his new Empire. Meanwhile, Vader had only honed his skills as he hunted down surviving Jedi, including many of the Jedi Council.

Vader met Sidious’ blade. Their blades sizzled and hissed as they met. Sidious was still strong. Vader forced the blades apart, but they quickly met again and again. The two moved through the hall of bodies and scorch marks. Sidious moved with a violent speed. Never letting up for a moment. He was unrelenting in his attacks. He was constantly on the move to get into Vader’s space looking for the first moment of weakness to strike.

Vader met Sidious with his own determined and powerful blows. At times he had to give ground, but he would soon be pushing Sidious back. The blades clashed continued to clash.

Sidious came in low, and Vader quickly knocked his blade aside. He lunged forward bringing around his leg in for a kick. Yet Sidious did an impressive Force assisted jump away. The Emperor let out a volley of lightning, which Vader brought his saber to defend against. As soon as the lightning receded, Sidious' blade was slamming against Vader's.

In the Force, Vader saw it. The black hole that was Sidious. He sucked in all the Force around him and used it for power. He had no filters. He used pure power to push its body beyond its limits. Vader on the other hand was a supernova. Power exploded from him, which in turn Sidious was only sucking up. As long as this continued, Vader would never be able to beat Sidious.

How could Vader cut Sidious off from his connection to the Force without getting killed himself? If Vader stopped using the Force, cut his own connection, Sidious would strike him down without hesitation. A strong blow to the head or good injury might cause Sidious to waver, but Vader had yet to even get a good strike in with his lightsaber. Sidious smiled as the two continued their duel through the great hall. Every now and then he let out a cackle.

Vader only growled as he saw the glee in the sick glowing eyes of his master. The Emperor's body had become a decaying mass over his years of extensive Force use. It deformed him. It was no wonder he was infertile. Eventually the physical body would weaken to the point it could no longer contain the dark powers. Sidious smiled with a mouth full of crooked yellowed teeth. Disgust ran through Vader as he thought about Padmé. Of having that mouth on her. He couldn't lose.

A spray of sparks flew at Vader as Sidious slashed at the ground in front of him. Vader backstepped only for Sidious to come in fast from the side. Vader met the blade and sent out a Force push, which only knocked Sidious back a few feet. The Emperor pushed himself into the air and brought down his blade in a fast downward strike. Vader dodged and allowed his momentum to swirl around and bring down a powerful blow. Which of course the Emperor met, but caused him to stagger back a few steps.

"You're tiring, Darth Vader," Sidious rasped. "You are no match for me, a true master of the Dark Side. A man with unlimited power!"

Sweat was dripping down Vader's face and back. His breathing was starting to become labored. Yet Sidious seemed unphased. Surely his body must be more tired than Vader's. Was the old man pulling on the Force that much?

That's when Vader realized how he could kill him. He dashed forward and as expected the two red lightsabers deadlocked against each other. Vader pushed himself forward and grabbed hold of Sidious' arm. He started to pour all of his energy into Sidious.

"What are you doing, boy?" Sidious hissed. "You think this will hurt me? You are only giving me more power!"

Vader said nothing as he felt everything being drained of him. His body was growing weak. The red sabers were inching towards his body as Sidious pressed forward. But Vader didn't relent. He kept calling for the Force. He kept his anger going. His pain. His fear. His passion and love for Padmé. He couldn't fail. Not here. His children would share the same fate as him and Padmé the same fate as his mother.

The power kept flowing into Vader from the Force and then right back into Sidious. The man was laughing as he surged with power. The sense of victory spread through the Force as Vader continued to weaken physically. Then suddenly the Emperor stopped laughing. He took in a big gasp as he stepped back. His sickly yellow eyes were wide. He coughed. Then he coughed again. A huge coughing fit rocked the robed figure. Black mucus fell to the floor as the Emperor wheezed and coughed. His whole body shook violently. Black blood started to run from his nose.

“What— what did you do?” the Emperor gasped between the coughs. “What did you do?!”

The four remained red guard, sensing their master’s trouble, started to approach Vader. With his final bits of Force power, he called forth bolts of lightning into the four guards. They quickly fell dead leaving the Emperor and the apprentice. Sidious was hunched over. His hands on his knees. His lightsaber laid deactivated and forgotten on the floor as his body continued to spasm. Vader pulled himself up and walked forward.

“You may have unlimited power,” Vader snarled as he approached Sidious and raised his blade. “But your body can only hold so much. It has finally reached its limit, old man.”

“No,” Sidious snarled. “No! No! This cannot be! I am the Emperor! I am the supreme being! I am—”

Vader swung his lightsaber his all his remaining strength. It slashed cleanly through the Emperor’s neck. The head fell to the floor, eyes wide and mouth in a snarl. Black blood dripping from the nose and mouth. The body fell with a heavy thunk. Vader fell to his knees. His strength finally failing him. He just stared at the empty eyes of Sidious. He thought he would feel happiness. Victory. But all he felt was tired.

Chapter 31

Cold claw-like hands were squeezing around Padmé's throat. She couldn't breath. She couldn't talk. She tried to move, but her body felt as if a hundred pins were sticking through her pinning her down. There was a scream stuck inside of her that couldn't break free. Then she felt her mouth being opened and something being pushed into her. Back and forth it went. She couldn't breath! She couldn't breath!

"Padmé!"

Hot tears ran down her face. She still couldn't move. Couldn't breath. Oh Force, she was going to die!

"Padmé! Padmé! Open your eyes!"

A warm hand was on her cheek. The thumb gently rubbed the tears away. Another metal hand was slipping under her head. She still couldn't move. She still couldn't breath. Her chest was burning as it ached for air.

Soft warm lips pressed against hers. "Padmé," the other lips whispered against her cold lips. "Padmé, wake up." The lips pressed against her again. A tongue gently pressed against her sealed lips and pushed its way through. Warm air flowed into her mouth from the other lips. She sucked it in. Then she took another breath and another. The lips stayed against hers.

Using all her strength, she slowly pried her eyes open. She thought she would be met with a disfigured old face with drooping white skin and sickly sulfur eyes. Instead she was met with a golden-tan face god. Warm honey eyes searched her face. They were so full of love and concern.

"Padmé?" he asked.

She didn't say anything. She only rolled over so her body pressed against his. She pressed her cheek against his. She wrapped her arms around his large warm body. He said nothing. His arms wrapped around her small form securing her against him. Her heartbeat was slowly coming down. The tenseness in her muscles was easing away. It was just another nightmare. It wasn't real.

She took a deep breath and completely took in the smell of him. There was a woody scent but also something musky with a tinge of blood and burnt ozone. A rational part of her mind told her that she would be afraid of that deadly scent. She knew Vader was a killer. She recalled one of her first encounters with him as Darth Vader where he killed Senator Sruddi Thekkas of Brigia. But in truth, it oddly comforted her. Yes, he was powerful. He had killed Palpatine. But she knew without a doubt he would never hurt her. He would protect her.

She was safe with him, just as she was now in his arms. Breathing in his scent, feeling the warmth of his body wrapped around her, she fell asleep.

The sky was just now starting to lighten. Morning was slowly coming. Darth Vader had a long day ahead of him. He would have to get up soon, but for now he enjoyed laying in bed with Padmé. She had suffered another nightmare last night. They had plagued her ever since Sidious' death. However, they were getting less and less frequent over the two months since his death.

Two months . . .

He took in a deep breath. Two months of freedom. Of complete freedom. Two months of being the Emperor. Two months of having Padmé by his side every night.

After killing Sidious in the great hall, Vader at once located Padmé hiding in her room. She was quite shaken up. He brought her to his personal wing of the palace. He wanted to stay with her and rest, but he couldn't. Already the news of Sidious' death was spreading and with it so was chaos and mayhem. Vader couldn't wait for Padmé's decision on whether or not he would be Emperor. For now he took the throne.

It hadn't been easy. There were many who opposed Vader's claim, especially since he murdered Sidious. But he wasn't without allies. The majority of the military stood by him, as well as several of his allies he been building in secret due to his various projects such as the Lake District. Though his biggest ally, the one that had truly swayed the public to him, was Padmé.

After several days of resting, she came at the media dressed like a regally dressed goddess of vengeance. She tore Palpatine apart. She revealed that she was being blackmailed by him to marry him. Then she revealed a lot of his shady doings, which Vader had provided her information on. The public rallied behind her. She was a beloved senator who always seemed to have the public's best interest in heart.

Of course the public had also ate up the love story between Vader and Padmé. The senator and the Sith had fallen in love, but it was the evil Palpatine who tore them apart. Who wanted Padmé's unborn children for his own. Vader had been uncomfortable about sharing their relationship, but she had argued it was for the best. It made him more human instead of the scary enforcer and Supreme Commander.

She had been right. The public was seemed to warm up to their new Emperor. In fact there were some polls that said they preferred him to Palpatine, though Vader had barely been in charge. He hadn't even really brought in any new laws or changes. They just liked him better. He knew it was because of Padmé.

Every few days Vader would ask her if she wanted to leave. All she had to do was the say the word, and he would cast it all aside for her. He would drop the crown, the titles, all of it—for her. He had expected her to. But so far she hadn't. In fact he would say she was warming up to the fact of being an Empress. She had become involved in several committees that helped promote better quality of life for citizens.

The more time went on, the more he liked being Emperor. The more Padmé seemed to be at ease with it as well. She took to leadership naturally. There was a clear passion in her as she talked to him about all the ideas she had. All the ways they could make the galaxy better. How they could open talks with the Rebel Alliance. How they could work to end slavery.

Sometimes he didn't even fully listen. He just watched her. She would pace about the room filled with so much energy, so much determination, and so much happiness.

There were still those who threatened Vader's reign. There were some moffs that had broken away from the Empire creating their own Alliances. He would deal with them in time. Though his biggest headache was Danica. She had disappeared the day Sidious died. Vader had placed a large bounty on her head. An alive-only bounty as he wanted to be the one to slowly kill her. He thought perhaps she would weasel her way in with those who opposed him, but none of his spies had reported seeing her. He hated that this matter with that whore was left so unfinished. No doubt she would be a headache in the future, but for now he would just have to wait for her to reappear. Vader had other important things to focus on.

Padmé stirred in her sleep. Slowly her head rose from where it had been buried in his shoulders. As soon as her sleepy brown eyes saw him, a lazy smile spread across her face. He could sense her joy. It radiated off of her. It only made him smile as well. He leaned over and kissed her forehead.

"Good morning," he said.

"Mmm," she replied as she rolled away.

Instantly he missed her heat, but he enjoyed the view of her naked body. She arched her back as she raised her arms above her head and stretched. His eyes followed the curve of her body. He looked at her lovely breasts and then followed her skin lower to her stomach. She was just starting to show with a small baby bump.

He couldn't help himself as he reached over and placed his flesh hand against the bump. At once he could sense the two little lights of his children. The glowed strongly and contently. The babies appeared to be sleeping. Sometimes if they were awake, he swore they would acknowledge their father when he reached out in the Force toward them. Their little lights would blaze brighter for just a brief moment as if saying hello.

"That's their way of saying they love you," Padmé said when he had explained this to her.

"I don't think that's what it is," Vader had answered.

"Why not?" she mused. "Of course they already love you."

Isn't that what he had wanted all along? Isn't that what had started this string of events? He recalled the dream. Of Padmé holding a baby with blond hair. She handed it to him. In that dream he could sense the love coming off that child. That baby loved him, loved Vader, its father. The love was so unconditional, so pure, and so innocent. It was untainted. It was simply love. That was what Vader had chased after as he seduced Padmé. He had been after that love.

At the time he thought he would only achieve that with the child Padmé would give him. He didn't think he would find it within Padmé herself. He wondered what it would be like when the child was finally born. When both children were finally born. How would he handle that much love? There would be three of them that he would love so fiercely. That he already loved so fiercely.

Padmé slowly pushed Vader over so he laid flat on his back. Then she climbed on top of him. His hands came to rest softly on her hips. She laid down on top of him. Her soft warm

body pressed against his. Their lips met at once. Both opening for the other. He would never tire or get bored of this. Of her. Of all of her. He loved every part of her. The taste, the smell, the feel. He loved her soft moans into his lips as her arousal grew stronger. He loved hearing his name whispered softly, even that silly nickname.

“Ani,” she begged softly. It sent a shiver through him that ignited a fire deep in his gut. His cock started to harden. She let out a small giggle as she realized what she had done. It only pushed him further. Her lips left his. She left a trail of kisses down his neck and on to his chest. She kept going lower and lower. Her kisses went down along his abs to his hips to his upper thigh.

Then her hands wrapped around his erect shaft. Her touch completely hardened him up. Then he felt her lips again. They slowly and gently pressed against his tip.

“Ngghh, Padmé,” he moaned. He tightly gripped at the bedsheets. She kissed him again and again. Her kisses trailed down his throbbing member. All the way down to the base where she buried her head into him and kissed at his balls. Then she kissed her way back up to the top where precum was already start to weep out. Her tongue licked it away.

He glanced down at her. He could tell what was going to happen next, but he still had to ask. “Are you sure?” After being violated by Palpatine and having nightmares . . . he wouldn’t blame her if she never wanted another cock in her mouth. Yet whatever concerns he might have were quickly washed away as pleasure shot through him as she slid his cock into her mouth.

“Force,” he moaned. “*Force.*”

She slid his cock back and forth inside of her mouth. Her lips kept a tight ring around him. Her tongue rolled around his shaft. He was losing himself into a midst of heat and pleasure. Her hands stroked his lower shaft as she continued to push his cock deeper into her. Moans spill from his lips as her mouth and tongue continue to do the most amazing things to him. There was a rush of excitement that sent a shot of tingly bliss through his whole body.

Padmé was worshipping his cock. There was a soft moan that escaped her, that only caused Vader to arch his back. He was so tempted to start to move his hips. To grind into her, but he didn’t. She needed control here. The last thing he wanted was to cause her to remember Sidious. So he let her move at her pace. He just watched as she sucked him down. The fire inside of him was burning hotter and hotter. The pressure was growing stronger. She was pushing him to the edge. He was so ready.

Then his cock slid completely out of her. Vader let out a gasp. It was a mix of surprise and want. He looked down at her to see she was crawling back up him. “Mmmm not yet,” she teased as their lips met.

“Padmé,” he begged.

She shifted her body so she lined up with him. He smiled as she slowly rose. Her hand going down to guide his shaft into him. Then he felt her slick warm pussy. She lowered herself slowly down at his full length until his huge cock was all the way inside of her. Her walls were tight. They clung to his needy shaft. She paused as her body adjusted. He bit his lip as he looked up at her.

Then she started to move. It was slow at first, but then it got harder and faster. Padmé hammered up and down his cock. Vader's hands gripped her waist tightly. He pushed and pulled as his hips moved in beat to her body. They feverishly fucked each other. Their bodies moved as one. He was happy to let himself go. To give himself to her. She was intoxicating and it felt incredible.

He wondered, very briefly, if this is what he gave all those cock sluts. This moment of insane bliss and ecstasy. She could have asked anything of him and he would give it to her willingly. No wonder those sluts had ached after him with dripping pussies. If Padmé left him, what would he do? Luckily he didn't have to dwell on such thoughts. Instead he focused on the moment. He thrustured desperately and excitedly into her.

Her warm pussy was loose, but it still clung hungrily to him. His cock moved within her. She was so warm and slick. Each time she slammed down, she took his whole cock. Each time he completely lost himself to a haze of heat and desire. Each time he lost his grip on his sanity as his mind faded into this craven desire of lust and heat and flesh.

They came at the same time. His body arched off the mattress as he unleashed his hot creamy load into her. She screamed as her own orgasm caused her to writhe on top of him.

"Fuck, Padmé," he gasped as he gripped her hips tighter.

She collapsed on top of him. Their sweaty bodies heaved with deep breaths as they fought to catch their breaths. Once they had calmed down, Vader gently rolled her over onto her back. With a satisfied pop, he pulled his cock out of her. He took a moment to watch the juices seep out of her.

Then he positioned himself between her legs and lowered himself down. He gently nuzzled her soft lower curls with his nose, which made her giggle. He started to kiss at her warm skin. His kisses trailed lower until they reached the moist hot pink skin of her folds. He then started to lick at the skin. He tasted both of them as he licked at the cum. His tongue grew bolder. His licks pressed harder and went longer. Padmé wiggled delightfully. It was revenge for earlier when she had him at her mercy.

He continued his work. His tongue moved in toward the center. He pushed his tongue into her pussy. She gasped and one of her hands grabbed a fistful of his hair. He sucked on her clit and then returned back to chewing her out. He made sure his tongue went in deep inside of her licking at her walls. Then slowly he brought up his metal hand and inserted one the fingers.

"Ani!" she moaned.

He had thought she wouldn't like his prosthetic hand. It would be too cold, too impersonal, but instead she loved the metal fingers. She especially loved them when they were slicking into her pussy. His black metal finger pushed into her and then slid back out all while his tongue kept licking. He could feel her body trembling in excitement. He pushed a second finger in. The fingers curled up as they went deep inside of her causing her to gasp.

He continued his ministrations. His tongue kept licking. His fingers kept pumping. She started to move her hips, to grind into him. To push him deeper into her. His fingers started to go faster. He pushed them as deep as he could get them. He couldn't feel with them, but he

could sense pressure. He could sense her walls clenching on to his fingers. He kept fingering and licking her until at last she came.

Warm creamy cum gushed out, which only gave Vader more to lick up. Once she was fully clean, he finally crawled up beside her. She grabbed his prosthetic hand and put the two fingers that had been inside of her pussy into her mouth. She sucked the two fingers clean of her own juices. Watching her lips pucker around his fingers was making him aroused again.

Of course that was the moment C-3PO decided to walk in. "Master Ani!" he cried in his usual distressed voice. "Master Ani!"

Vader groaned and Padmé laughed. The droid was unphased by their nakedness. He had seen the two in this state plenty of times. This included walking in them while in the middle of hot fucking. Now that had thrown the droid off. By now, Vader thought, C-3PO was just happy to see them simply naked instead of having sex.

"Master Ani, it is time to get up! We must get you ready!" the droid said.

Vader sighed. Padmé grabbed his face and came in for a quick kiss. "We can finish this later," she whispered. He smiled back at her.

Padmé looked over herself in the tall the mirror. The gown was stunning. It was the only remaining gown that Palpatine had paid for. The rest had been burnt starting with that horrid red outfit from the engagement party. It had been Anakin's idea to burn the revealing gowns Palpatine had made her wear. Though a few had been worn one more time. The only person who saw her in it was Anakin and he made short work to tear the dress from her body.

But this gown she kept. In truth Palpatine had never seen it. It had been in the works when he died. Keeping this dress made her feel strong. She could reclaim herself from everything Palpatine had done.

The gown was stunning. It was a cream soft yellow with a swooping but still modest neckline. It had short sleeves and flowing from them was a silk cape that flowed and billowed as she walked. The dress tightened right under her breasts and again at her natural waist. The top was beaded with light yellow, white, and silver crystals. The dress flowed out from her waist. It gave plenty of room for her baby bump. In fact she felt the crystal beading accenting her growing stomach nicely. The beading continued in the skirts and formed dainty flowers.

She decided to wear her hair loose. Her long curls cascading down her back. She wore a golden tiara on her head that radiated out into points. It made her think of a sun. A sun that was rising after it had fallen. Cascading from the tiara was a long soft veil.

"My lady?" one of her handmaids asked. "Are you ready?"

Padmé smiled as she turned from the mirror. She followed the handmaid through the halls of Varykino, her family's lake country estate. The handmaid paused at the double doors that would lead out to the balcony. Padmé nodded and the maid pushed the doors open. Padmé walked onto the terrace. The sun was just starting to set. Warm golden light sprinkled through the leaves and bounced off the crystals in her dress.

Waiting for her was him. Darth Vader. Anakin Skywalker. He stood in a stunning well fitted black outfit with gold detailing. A long velvet black cape hung from his shoulders. His wavy hair shone blond in the sunlight. The biggest smile she had ever seen on him was spread across his face as he looked at her. Standing next to him was C-3PO.

She made her way across the terrace and took Anakin's hand. The officiant stepped forward wearing a simple brown robe. He started the ceremony. It was a wedding that Padmé had always dreamed of. A wedding on Naboo, in the lake country, as the sun set. The only thing that was missing was her family. But at least she was marrying here at her family estate. Nubian religion believed the dead would be returned to the life force of the planet. All around her was life that flourished. From the trees to the flowers to the birds. In one way, her family was here.

During the vows, Anakin brought out his mother's pendant. Though he had gifted it to her months ago, he now laced the simple cord around her neck as he renewed his vows. Once the necklace was secured he gently placed his flesh hand on her stomach. She knew that as he spoke his promises of being faithful, loving, and protecting, he was also speaking to the twins. To all of them. He was swearing himself to this family.

And this time she knew he meant it. His eyes were blue and warm. His words were laced with love, conviction, and sincerity. As she gave her vows to him, she knew he was taking these words to his heart. She had no fear going forward that he would cheat on her again. They had gone through too much, most of which was his fault, but in the end they were only stronger. It had opened his eyes. Changed him for the better.

As they took each others hands and leaned in to kiss, sealing their union, she knew he was completely hers as she was his.

Bonus

The lights were off as Vader entered the room. He could make the form of Padmé laying bed. He could sense her fast asleep. As quietly as he could he slipped off his boots, undid his belt, and started to undress. That was when the first soft whimper was heard. Vader froze. After a minute, there was no other sound. Vader continued to strip. When he was finally down to his underwear the noise came again. This time it wasn't just a soft whimper, it was a cry that was growing louder.

Vader sighed as he walked over the crib next to the bed. Padmé stirred in her sleep as the baby's cry woke her. Vader leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered to go back to sleep. Then he stepped over to the crib. Inside were two little babies swaddled in blankets. One's face was all scrunched up as they cried. The other was awake as well, but they just calmly looked up at their father.

Vader was well practiced by now scooping both babies out of the crib and nestling them against his body in both arms. He walked swiftly from his bedroom and into the nursery next door. There he sat in the large rocking chair. As he rocked the little babies, the crying died down. Vader looked down at them. Both pair of large eyes were looking back up at him.

Vader smiled down at his two children. Luke and Leia. They were exactly like he saw them in his visions. Luke looked like his father with blonde hair and blue eyes, while Leia took after her mother with brown hair and brown eyes. They were absolutely everything Vader had hoped for. They were perfect.

Already the twins were strong in the Force, which shouldn't have surprised Vader considering how well he felt the two in their mother's womb. The only downside were the twins were incredibly focused on the presence of their parents. Their small hearts were absolutely filled with love for Vader, Padmé, and each other. They almost knew of nothing else. However, it did cause a few headaches.

Like when just now when Vader was kept late as he tended to his empire. He had hoped the twins would stay asleep when he came home, but they had sensed him in the Force. The moment they had, they had woken up and demanded to be held by their father. Now that they were in the arms of their father, their little eyes were starting to droop. Little yawns escaped their mouths. Very slowly their eyes closed for good and they fell asleep.

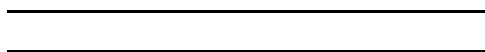
Vader continued rocking for a while. He just enjoyed his children. He loved feeling their small warm bodies nestled against him. He listened to their soft breathing. He took in their delightful baby smell. Finally, he reached out into the Force and gently brushed against their minds. The two were truly fast asleep. As gently as he could, he rose out of the chair and carefully made his back to his bedroom. He lowered the twins back into their crib. Then he finally crawled into his own bed.

Padmé stirred gently in her sleep as Vader slid up next to her. He wrapped his arms around her and buried his face into her silky hair. As he fell asleep, he realized that this is what he

had always truly wanted. This sense of happiness and love. He just never knew it, but he had been searching for it.

The Force sending him those dreams of Padmé and the babies had been Vader's wake-up call. The start of the search for something more and meaningful in his life. As he thought about the events of the past year, he couldn't believe how close he came to destroying the happiness he had now. And on multiple occasions. How foolish he had been. Now, he couldn't even imagine what life would like without Padmé or the children.

Right before sleep he took him, he felt the presence of each of them in the Force. He brushed softly against all three of their minds sending them warmth and love as he accepted their love back in return. Darth Vader, Emperor of the Galaxy, fell asleep with his wife in his arms, his children by his side, and a smile on his face.



This is some behind the scenes of this story. I know not a lot of writers share things about their writing process or thoughts, but I know as a writer I like reading about such things. So just some various things that happened while I wrote this fic.

I have a fic under my main account called The Bargain. It is a dark Vader/Padme AU. It originally started out as a smut fic. I wrote about the first four and a half chapters of it. But then I decided I would not make it a smut fic and started to rewrite into what is today. However I still wanted to write a smut fic, and thus came about this fic. I got the inspiration from this fic from reading a few other fics that involved Senator Amidala and Vader along with the fact that I just really wanted a smut fic with Vader and Padme. So I just decided to write what I wanted to read. I plan out my plots on bullet point lists, which I call plot points. I do not plan it out chapter by chapter. I just kind of end the chapter when I feel like it's a good spot to end it. Some chapters could have multiple plot points, while others had none. Here's some plot points from SAS (Literally copied and pasted. This is what they look like): > Emperor decides to host a ball in hopes his vision empress will come. IDK. sounds like a cinderella plot. Does the shoe fit? Padme discusses going with Anakin. Because they really should do some other stuff besides fucking. Or at least think about it. Vader is thinking like "but I just REALLY like the fucking part." > Anakin/ vader have to leave for a while on vader business. > Padme meets with one of Anakin's old cocksluts who warns the senator that Anakin is just some whore for Vader to get women addicted to his cock to get them do whatever it is Vader wants, but then for Anakin to leave once his mission is over. > So now Padme is like . . . sceptical I classify this story as smut. Porn. But there is a lot of plot to it. Hell there were chapters (I think like five or so) with no sexy scenes at all. But I think plot makes things sexy. Give me that drama and character growth. The parts I had the hardest trouble writing were the sex scenes. I would go read other smut fics to see how they wrote it. Sometimes I would find a word I hadn't used before (like pulsating), but often I couldn't find anything useful. I just said 'screw it' and just wrote my fic. Just my personal preference, but I do not like naming genitals as "the sex." Used in the following example: *Her hands slid down into his pants and grabbed his sex.* Sometimes I would change things based on comments. Generally small things, but one thing that never changed was the Anakin/Vader reveal, when Padme finally knows Vader and Anakin are the same person. Some people thought it would have more drama. That Padme would be all over him about deceiving her, but how it

happened was how I planned it. HOWEVER, the Anakin/Vader reveal that happened in the story was the second version of the scene I thought of for the reveal. The original reveal was suppose to go down as follows: > Right before Padme goes out into the engagement party, she talks to Vader. She and him have mutually come up with a plan to kill Sidious prior to the party. Padme thinks this plan will help free her and Anakin. But she tells Vader she can't be with him after the Emperor is dead. This is because she is in love with Anakin and is pregnant with Anakin's child. > (There are some traces of planning for this scene still in the fic, in that Padme clearly knows it's Anakin who gets her pregnant. There is no doubt who the baby daddy is.) > Vader pulls down his hood revealing he is in fact Anakin and is very happy she is pregnant. Padme is very shocked and confused. Another scene that changed from how I imagined/planned it to how I ended up writing it was the death of the Emperor. Originally Vader was suppose to just come up behind the Emperor's throne while he's on it with Padme at his feet. Then Vader killed him in front of the whole party. Then he kicked the Emperor's body off the throne and announced to everyone he was the emperor. I talked about Padme's outfits from time to time, especially after she gets engaged to the Emperor. I had a collection of images saved up for inspiration after I found it hard to think of outfits for her to wear. It was better to have something to base it off of. That being said I think Vader/Anakin only had like three outfits in the entire story. His Vader outfit with cloak and hood, his Anakin military uniform, and then like his casual outfit. Coming up with names is hard. Any time I had to come up with one it always meant like twenty plus minutes of me digging around the web for inspiration. I originally wrote Padme's family into the wedding scene, completely forgetting I had killed them off. WOOPS. Didn't you mention something about how long you wanted to make the fic? Well I did have more of the story planned passed the Emperor dying, however the Emperor dying was a really good spot to end the story. So I was debating if I should continue the story pass the Emperor dying, which would mean more story but not as strong of an ending. If I was going to continue it, I wanted to go ahead and start introducing those elements into the story. I clearly decided to stop the story with the death the Emperor. What about that extra stuff? I might write more. But what about Danica? She got away! I know. It's so she can pop up in the sequel. I wrote her with the full intention that she would live to come back in the sequel. SO YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE A SEQUEL? Maybe. Hopefully. We'll see.